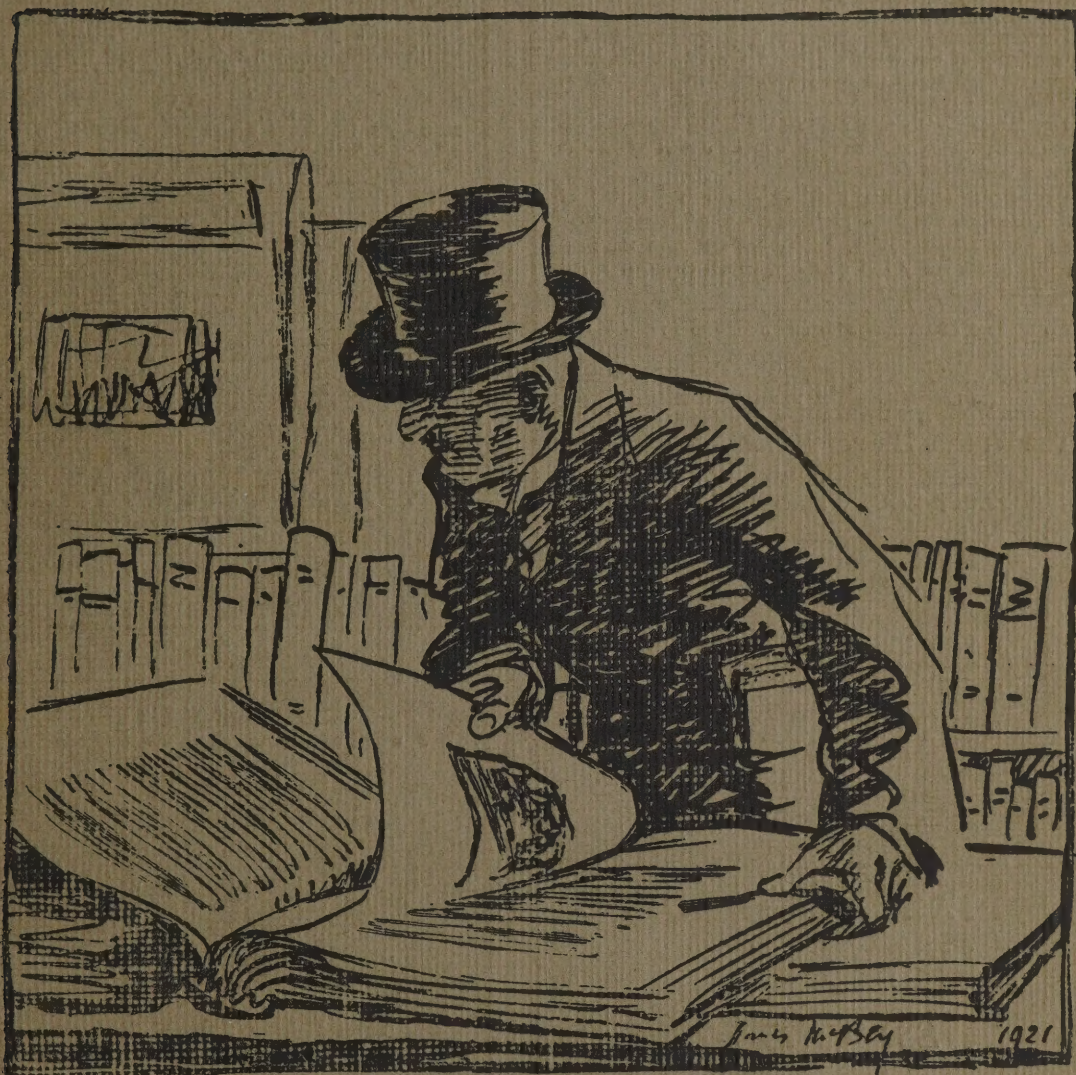


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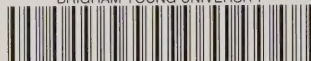
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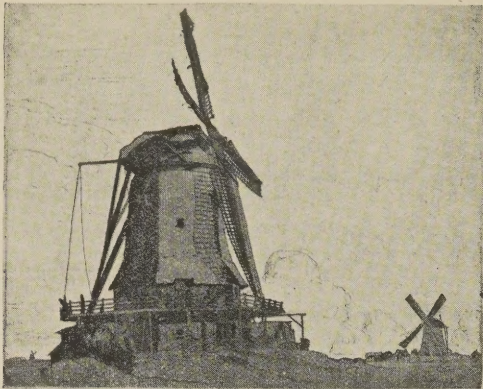
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\* \* \*

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## AND PRINT COLLECTOR

VOL. VII (New Series) No. 14

### CONTENTS

NOVEMBER, 1922

	PAGE
ANATOLE FRANCE AND THE PASSION OF COLLECTING—Wilfred Partington ...	33
UNWRITTEN BOOKS—Bassett Digby ... ..	35
AMERICAN NOTES—G. H. Sargent ... ..	37
VOLUNTARY ILLITERACY ... ..	39
OLLA PODRIDA... ..	40
THE ETCHINGS OF F. L. GRIGGS, A.R.A., R.E.—Malcolm C. Salaman ... ..	41
A CATALOGUE OF THE ETCHINGS OF F. L. GRIGGS ... ..	44
A RARE TRACT RELATING TO AMERICA ... ..	48
BROWSINGS AMONG NEW BOOKS ... ..	49
EXHIBITION NOTES ... ..	54
BOOKS IN THE SALE ROOMS ... ..	55
FIRST EDITIONS: THE MONTH'S DEMANDS ANALYSED ... ..	58
BOOKSHOP CATALOGUES ... ..	59
CORRESPONDENCE ... ..	61
MEN AND MATTERS ... ..	63

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# THE BOOKMAN'S JOURNAL


## AND PRINT COLLECTOR

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Editor: WILFRED PARTINGTON.

November, 1922

### ANATOLE FRANCE AND THE PASSION OF COLLECTING—By WILFRED PARTINGTON

 NATOLE FRANCE has long since taken his place in that select bibliography of makers of great books who have immortalized by their pens the passion for collecting. For that passion burns in his heart with gentle fierceness, like the love that sometimes blazes out in adolescence never to be quenched even by the douche of Time—like the romance of his own incomparable Sylvestre Bonnard.

For years Anatole France has been gathering pollen from the flowers of his library to fill those combs of knowledge and imagination which yield us so much sweet food. He is the ideal collector. Picture him in his home. Tall and thin, robed in a long clerical dressing-gown of delicate colour, his keen features—the high forehead and long sensitive nose—and the silvery hair, moustache and beard, finely set off by the eternal crimson velvet skull-cap. Thus garbed—with such a slightly but expressively bent figure as the Princess Tépoff so memorably recognised at Naples—he would fit just as happily into the setting of some mediæval library as he harmonizes with his own "City of Books" at the Villa Saïd, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Note with what caresses he handles his morocco bound books "so delightful to the eye," and those old vellums "so soft to the touch"; see with what tenderness he gazes at some piece of his exquisite sculpture or at some of his wonderful tapestry redolent with its old, old tales. Among his many treasures in books and *objets d'art* is one, a glorious winged Tanagra Cupid poised on tiptoe ready to fly, and Paul Gsell in his *Anatole France and His Circle* quotes the Master as saying of it

I believe it is authentic. And what is still better, it is delightful.

Mark, my friends, those words. He *believes* it is authentic—he is not sure; he doesn't know; will probably never know. Some of the learned archæologists, who have visited the Villa Saïd to pay homage, have declared warmly for its authen-

ticity; other experts have also admired, but implied, perhaps, certain doubts. But what does it matter? The important thing is that it is *delightful*. That fact is beyond everything. Some artist has crooned over it, fashioned it from a shapeless mass to perfect loveliness.

Does not this appreciation of Anatole France for his statuette typify the sentiment of all true collectors? We have, all of us, in the course of our wanderings and searchings become the possessors of some book or other object around which is a tantalising element of mystery or doubt, but which we dote on for its beauty, or its quaintness, or its appeal to some intimate association—or even for its mystery. Though we are collectors, the new possession does not come within the scope of our specialised field; perhaps we have not the time or the opportunity to unravel the mystery surrounding it or to settle its authenticity. And perhaps some day, that longed-for day of more leisure, we will investigate the matter if only for the sake of establishing for it some additional importance or value which will ensure it a succession of fond owners. Perchance we may discover it to be an unique specimen . . . or else an excellent copy; or we may discover that our little investment is an unknown gold mine . . . or worth just less than the sum the dealer made us pay in the eagerness which, forgetting our rule, we allowed ourselves to show. But what does it matter if we dote on it? So we turn to the bigger or smaller gambles of Life; and whereas ordinarily we should leave nothing undone to settle, say, the authorship or period of new acquisitions, we are in no hurry to find out all about this particular treasure which has so much charm. We weave romances around it and dream dreams; it is very satisfying without all the facts because it has an exceptional appeal for us . . . because, especially, *is it delightful*. It is the "little in-offensive madness" of collecting, as M. France says.

How truly does the Master know all the pangs



and all the exquisite delights of the collector. Is there anything of its kind more impressive than the description in *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard* of the old Member of the Institute bidding in the auction-room for No. 42, the MS. which he so ardently desired and which could have been in no better hands than those of the scholar. This unpublished MS. was, you recall,

*La Légende Dorée de Jacques de Voragine* : traduction française du quatorzième siècle, par le Clerc Alexandre. Petit in —4. A superb MS. on vellum, ornamented with two miniatures, wonderfully executed, in a perfect state of preservation, the one representing the Purification of the Virgin, the other the Coronation of Proserpine; containing also the Legends of Saints Ferréol, Ferrution, Germain, and Droctoveus, and the Miraculous Sepulture of Monsieur Saint-Germain d'Auxerre. Formerly part of the collection of Sir Thomas Raleigh.

Sir Walter Raleigh's librarian had catalogued the miniatures as "finely executed, in a rather imperfect state of preservation"—so that they had become more perfect with age! Oh! the rascality of it! But what mattered the miniatures to Sylvestre Bonnard; all he cared for were the legends of Alexander, so that his erudition could give them to the world. The bidding starts at 300 francs. "Three thousand!" yelled the crier. "Three thousand," dryly repeated the auctioneer. There was a buzzing in the old scholar's head. "Three thousand and fifty!" he murmured. Then the duel begins with Signor Polizzi, who with a sudden bold stroke raises the bid from 4,500 to 6,000 francs, which represents the limit of Sylvestre's resources—of one who "does not accumulate money by poring over old texts."

I risked the impossible." "Six thousand one hundred!"

Alas! even the impossible did not suffice.

"Six thousand five hundred!" replied Signor Polizzi, with calm.

I bowed my head and sat there stupefied, unable to answer either yes or no to the crier, who called to me.

Six thousand five hundred, by me—not by you on the right there!—it is my bid—no mistake! "Six thousand five hundred!"

"Perfectly understood!" declared the auctioneer. "Six thousand five hundred. Perfectly clear; perfectly plain. . . . Any more bids? The last bid is six thousand five hundred francs!"

A solemn silence prevailed. Suddenly I felt as if my head had burst open. It was the hammer of the officiant, who, with a loud blow on the platform adjudged No. 42 irrevocably to Signor Polizzi. Forthwith the pen of the clerk, coursing over the *papier timbre*, registered the great fact in a single line.

I was absolutely prostrated, and I felt the utmost need of rest and quiet. . . . I went home in despair . . .

True, it is not likely to be given to many of us who may be called upon to undergo the same trial at Sotheby's or Hodgson's to receive, a few days later, the treasure which was so cruelly snatched from us enclosed in a Christmas log accompanied by a shower of Parmese violets from

a Princess Trépoff. But because we are all children—even the driest old bibliophile among us—we are very happy that Anatole France thus gave the manuscript of the *Légende Dorée* to the old scholar. For even if we have not our Princess Trépoffs, is there one of us to whom Fate does not play some such kindly trick? Think of the opportunities we have missed and mourned; and then, on some unlikely day long after—when Time had dissolved our regrets—the desired book or piece came to us easily and unexpectedly. Yes, the moral of the Master is just.

Paul Gsell records Anatole France as saying—

I am not wealthy and yet my collection is pretty creditable. With collectors as with lovers, passion makes up for riches.

In very truth—and only the passionate know how riches may be surpassed. Do we not recall that those half-dozen Elizabethans were purchased out of what, one year, should have gone to meet a heavy insurance premium? And what better form of insurance forsooth? The Law, Life and Death Company would give but a scrap of paper and a yearly bonus, and instead we had good books well clothed and a bonus every day of the year in enjoyment and companionship. And there was that superbly joyous and roguish bronze Pan who lured us with his pipes into parting with gold which that day should have been handed to a miserable tailor whose only music was the click of his scissors. Thus did the passion of our youth make up for riches. . . the recollection thrills us still. And do not let us be abashed if Monsieur France adds, with perhaps a suspicion of laughter in the corners of those searching black eyes behind the huge horn spectacles:

However, to gain the victory over women and masterpieces, it is better to be both rich and passionate.

Mark again how carefully chosen are his words even in casual conversation: it is merely "better"—not "essential." The prizes for good lovers and good collectors are—well, what they are.

\* \* \*

The prints, tapestries, sculpture, furniture and faïences in the collection of Anatole France have been acquired largely in coincidence with the period and during the writings of each of his works, and they live again in the atmosphere which his magic pen has created in such books as *Thais*, *Jeanne d'Arc*, *Le Lys Rouge*, and *Les Dieux ont soif*. So much Paul Gsell confirms, but he does not include the novelist's library in these variations of collecting interest. And why? Because the building of his beautiful City of Books began with the early youth of Anatole France, and has grown ever since. But like all



good book-collectors he has confined himself to no one field. He has chosen them from second-hand booksellers' catalogues, picked them up in the "miscellaneous" boxes, and borne them away triumphantly from the sanctorum of his bookseller friends such as Sims, of the Rue de Seine, who supplied most of his folios. His praise of booksellers' lists—"I do not know any reading more easy, more fascinating, more delightful than that of a catalogue"—is a classic echoed year in and year out by famous bookmen. Frequently has he written of the adventure of the "miscellaneous" box :—

Ye old rapacious Jews of the Rue du Cherche Midi, ye artless book vendors of the quays, my masters all. How greatly am I beholden to you! . . . . It was you, good folk, who displayed to my enchanted gaze the mysterious tokens of a bygone age and all manner of precious memorials of the pilgrimage of the human mind. (From *My Friend's Book*.)

Those good retailers of the Mind, who are always in the open air, with blouses loose to the breeze, have become so weather-beaten by the wind, the rain, the frost, the snow, the fog, and the great sun, that they end by looking very much like the statues of cathedrals. They are all friends of mine, and I scarcely ever pass by their boxes without picking out of one of them some old book which I had always been in need of up to that moment, without any suspicions of the fact on my part. From *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*.)

In Gsell's book is this testimonial by Anatole France, which we might apply (with slight variations) to other booksellers besides he of the *Rue de Seine* :

Listen. I know no more cheerful person than the excellent Sims. . . . . He has two equally laudable passions : good old authors and the generous wines of France. When he tells me, in confidence, that he has just made an extraordinary dis-

covery, I never know whether he is speaking of dusty old bottles or an exceedingly rare incunabulum.

And France tells this story of his bookseller :—

The other day I found him with a terrible cold in his head. . . . . He informed me that the day before he had bought a host of old books. But his shop was chock-full, so he had had to carry them up to his room, which was already very encumbered. He had even been obliged to pile many of them on the end of his bed. The inconvenience of this proceeding was apparent to him when he retired to rest. Fortunately the head of the bed was near the window, and the window looked on to the roof. So he could contrive nothing better than to open the casement and drag the mattress just a little towards the spout. And having done this, good old Sims, with his body in the room and his head outside slept like a child. Alas, in the middle of the night a furious storm broke and all the cataracts of heaven descended on his head! "Ah, so that is how you caught a cold?" I said. "Do you think so?" he exclaimed. I love Sims because he accepts the most convincing reasons only with extreme circumspection.

\* \* \*

So there is Anatole France browsing in his beloved catalogues, among the "miscellaneous" boxes, and in the company of his bookseller. Our story does not end with Monsieur France cataloguing his collections for sale to provide a dowry for a charming Jeanne who can bring her husband "nothing but her chemise." And as we also must have an ending—and it must be a happy ending—may we offer this study of the Master as a collector in appreciation of his genius as an artist and of his immortal pages written to the honour and glory of good books, good bookmen, and good book-collecting.

## UNWRITTEN BOOKS—By BASSETT DIGBY

**W**HAT foolish fellows there are in the world! Several of them aver that all the books worth writing are written; though I will say this for them—they do not pretend that all the books worth reading are read.

There ought to be a book about rooks and rookeries. A man with patience, a good pair of binoculars, a passion for conscientious observation, the knack of vivid narration—and yet more patience, ought to sit him down in a chair under the rookery in his garden and tell us everything that he sees. He should tell us everything that he sees from early February until April, and until the great battle that ensues when the younger generation are driven out by their parents and relatives, to found a new colony in the big cold world. Rooks are extraordinary fowl, with social codes and lights and shades of leadership and communal functioning that await—and deserve—a classic commemoration. Thus far we have had only scrappy notes.

Then there ought to be a book of the real life stories of the gentlemen and ladies whom the circus owners somewhat bluntly term "freaks." Most of them are now in the United States. Passing through the "freak" annexe of Barnum's circus in the Madison Square Gardens in New York, having duly paid your extra fifty cents for the privilege, you muse long over the inner ego of the heavily-bearded lady, the wild man who inhabits a cage with the big ape, the blue gentleman, the living skeleton, the fat lady, the dwarfs, the Siamese twins, and the rest of them. De la Mare has given us the wonderful *Memoirs of a Midget*. Who will gain the confidence of the souls of these aloof-sitting, gnarled and malformed bodies, and reveal them to us as De la Mare has revealed, with such art, his tiny lady?

\* \* \*

Again, there ought to be a book about all the queer beasts, insects, reptiles, fowls and fishes that are eaten in the world, their prime cuts, and the methods of cooking employed upon them.



(From the ada, the ahu, and the boa constrictor to the spider, the yak and the zebra, every creature that swims, runs, flies, burrows, creeps, shuffles or crawls on or under the earth is appearing at table this evening while you are eating your commonplace mutton-chop.) Indeed, there is such a book. I happen to know, for I have written it, though no publisher yet feels confident enough that it will bring him in sufficient paltry thousands of guineas to show any alacrity to print and distribute it.

\* \* \*

Once more—there should be a book of the history of mankind's pets. It would contain the first pictures and accounts of pets among the old races, the Babylonians, the Egyptians and the Chinese, and trace them through the Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Aztec, Early Scandinavian and Early British civilizations, through mediæval Europe until the present day. It would end with a review of the kinds of pets kept in each country to-day and tell us about the strange creatures tamed by remote natives in the back blocks of India, in Central Africa and up the Amazon. In this latter connection we should be told which peoples and tribes have a "flair" for taming pets and interesting generalizations would be made on the reasons for some races' love of pets and other races' apathy . .

\* \* \*

There is a book worth writing to be written about geographical influences upon music. It would contain a bird's-eye view of the state of music in all the countries, and the nature of the musical instruments employed. It would tell us about the general characteristics of music in the far north, the sub-Arctic zone, the temperate zone, the sub-tropical and the tropical belts. Broadly speaking, I have found that banging or tomtom music constitutes the instrumental medium of the far north; further south, blown or tapped music; further south still, twanged music. But when you come down into the tropics you find banged or tomtomed music again. There are no guitars, whistles, trumpets or pianos in the Congo.

You encounter, going south, that curious gap along the southern shore of the Mediterranean, among the Arabs and Moors, who have hardly any music.

Why is it (our author might tell us) that none of the many quite melodious compositions of Africa, India, China, Japan and Malaysia are set to music in Europe: I remember a quite jolly song that the Japanese fisher families of the Inland Sea sing on the beaches as they drag in the seine nets. Soft and melancholy as the great semi-circle of the net becomes an ever smaller horseshoe, it rises at last in an exultant crescendo as the shimmering catch begins to leap and flash

in the surf and is dragged up high and dry ashore. It is quite as pleasant a composition to our Western ears as, for instance, that haunting song of the men who tow the great Volga barges. . .

\* \* \*

A book that is sorely needed is "Manners for the Multitude." It would tell, alphabetically, from Actor to Zebra-Tamer, every profession, calling and trade in the community where it commonly offends and falls short. Actors would be reminded that their histrionics are rarely of the faintest interest as a vauntful monologue in general company. Barmaids would be reminded that homeward bound gentlemen, buying a glass of ale at a railway buffet, do not expect to be talked to with that vulgar *insouciance* that passes for wit and *cameraderie* among beanfeasting 'Arries and Berts. And so on.

There would be a large public for a book called "Gaps," which would supply those elusive details which we miss in all autobiographies of "self-made" men. Always we are told how, as a penniless boy of 18, the modern magnate, my Lord X—, went out to Canada, or California, or Australia, where, "a few years later," he found himself controlling huge tramway systems, railways, trusts; chains of shops, banks or factories, with the foundations laid to his present financial eminence. Never do we hear just what went on in that gap. That is what we want to know, for who is not a criminologist at heart?

\* \* \*

We need more cheap books that will tell us the story of our wonderful motherland and make vivid its past to us. "No one but old 'beavers' and 'fossils' buys county histories," my book-seller told me the other day. Why, oh why, is it that publishers assume that only monied and eccentric antiquaries are interested in the story of country districts? True, the story of seaside places is told, after a fashion, in cheap guide-books. But every household in the kingdom ought to have, and to prize, a little book telling brightly and discursively the history of its district. Two or three chapters of this book should comprise a careful reconstruction of social life in the district, say 200, 400 and 600 years ago. If your parish church dates from 1546 a chapter ought to give you a kind of report of a day's doings in the parish at that date—what manner of people lived there, how they dressed and talked and earned their livings, and diverted themselves of an evening and a Sunday. What they read and believed and played at, what they thought of wars and kings and the world beyond the seas. Competent students, well-versed in old English social history, could write these chapters efficiently and make the past live for us.

These and many other books should be written.



# AMERICAN NOTES—By G. H. SARGENT

## LITERARY CENSORSHIP AGAIN—MORE ADDITIONS TO THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY—BOOK AUCTION PROSPECTS—A NEW BIBLIOGRAPHY.

**W**HETHER James Joyce's *Ulysses* is responsible for a suggested literary censorship for American publishers or not, the "reformers" have been getting busy in this country, and a certain Mr. Sumner, who represents the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, presents a plan for a literary censorship on somewhat novel lines. Mr. Sumner suggests that "a conference of publishers be held to discuss the feasibility of the creation of a committee or a jury, which would have the respect of the publishers, to judge manuscripts where the publisher himself is in doubt as to the propriety of publication." He argues that "aside from the question of improving literature from the standpoint of decency," it is unfair to allow one publisher to issue a book which another publisher has refused on account of its salacious character.

The suggestion that a jury of censors created by the publishers themselves would have before them for consideration a manuscript which one of their number was willing to publish on account of its salacious character has a certain *naïveté* about it. However, the matter is attracting some attention among the literary journals, and Robert Keable's *Simon Called Peter* is no longer obtainable in the Boston bookstores, although one would not have to go to a far distant city to obtain a copy. Meantime Mr. Keable's new book, *The Mother of All Living*, a novel of Africa, with its primitive emotions, went into a nineteenth printing on the day of publication. Probably if the waters had not been stirred, the book banned in Boston might have sunk out of sight. Actually there is little demand for pornographic literature in America, and the present call for a censorship is one of those movements which periodically affect literature—a manifestation of the present unrest among those who, in the language of a Chicago writer, would "make the world safe for hypocrisy."

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The books which are most talked about, among the new productions, are those which deal with certain present-day problems, and above all others is Mr. Hutchinson's *This Freedom*. Opinions are thoroughly divided about its handling of the question of divergent interests in the home, but there is no question of the instant popularity of the book. Critics have called it "an emotional jag" and "the novel of a generation," but

everybody has been reading—and discussing—it. Sherwood Anderson has come along with *Babbitt*, a story of an American business man, a kind of novel that could not possibly be written in England, and provoked another series of discussions. That the author of *Main Street* has kept to his locality is shown by the selection of a name for his hero, as it happens, curiously enough, that George F. Babbitt is the actual name of a Boston journalist of high standing who for many years was an editorial writer on the *Boston Herald*, but whose fame does not appear to have reached Main Street in the Middle West. Edith Wharton's *The Glimpses of the Moon* presents another field for discussion, for few American society folk in Europe will wish to imagine themselves as silly as those she depicts. For the rest, discussion would be largely a waste of time. The new fiction has come in piles, but heaps of books of the same sort that can be found in the piles of last year, and the year before that, and the year before that, *ad infinitum*.

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For the class of book-lovers who are not troubled by the flood of fiction there is matter of interest in the final decision of Congress to eliminate from the new tariff regulations the duty on books more than twenty years old, although these must pay a duty on their bindings, if they have been encased in new leather wrappings within that period. The elimination of the proposed foolish duty on old books, which would have put a tax on scholarship, hampered the makers of great private libraries and accomplished no useful purpose whatever, was largely due to the efforts of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of Philadelphia, Charles E. Lauriat, Jr., the Boston bookseller, and Frederick C. Melcher, of *The Publishers' Weekly*, who placed the situation so plainly before Congress that the obnoxious clause had no defenders when the measure came up for passage. Accordingly your English dealers may look for a continuation of business in old books with American customers, who certainly would have stopped buying if obliged to pay duties under the unreasonable amendment proposed in the original draft of the tariff bill.

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Probably no man in America would have felt this embargo more keenly than Henry E. Huntington, whose purchases in England have run into the millions of dollars. And if Mr. Huntington has not been making extensive purchases abroad this summer, he has not been idle. Recently he secured the collection of printed material relating



to George Washington which was formed by Walter U. Lewisohn, of Boston, during many years of active collecting. It contains some twelve thousand "items," including biographies, broadsides, funeral orations, etc., and a remarkably large collection of books relating to the agricultural activities of our first President. These, added to Mr. Huntington's already large collection of Washington letters and documents, form the finest Washington collection in private hands.

Mr. Huntington has also purchased the Civil War collection of Colonel John W. Nicholson, of Philadelphia, formed during a half century of active collecting, and enriched, in recent years, by purchases of valuable items from the Lambert and Burton collections, two of the largest and finest collections of Civil War material sold in this country. These purchases materially strengthen and round out the magnificent library which is now being placed on the shelves of the building erected for it by Mr. Huntington on his estate at San Gabriel, California.

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The American book auction season opened later than usual this year, but not altogether owing to a lack of material. Beside the sales which come naturally to the auction houses from American patrons in the settlement of estates, a tremendous amount of English material has found its way to this side. The opening sales, as usual, show little of importance, but another month will see the season well under way, with some important announcements to be made. That prices will rule higher than the average of last season is generally expected, although the experience of the last few years has been such as to stabilize values. For any offerings of an extraordinary character, however, there is sure to be keen competition, and probably some record prices will be made.

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A *Bibliography of Thomas Holcroft*, which is appearing in the "Bulletin of the New York

Public Library," the work of Captain Elbridge Colby, of the United States Navy, is soon to appear in book form. It is an excellent piece of work, and contains an essay upon the work of this author, who was born in 1745 and died in 1809, penniless. English readers who have forgotten Thomas Holcroft will now recall him as the author of the play *The Road to Ruin* (which Holcroft seems to have travelled) and the ballad of *Gaffer Gray*, as well as the translator of *The Adventures of Baron Trenck*. His works, now known only to book collectors and antiquarians, passed through many editions, and Captain Colby is entitled to thanks for recalling the memory of a most interesting man.

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It is significant of the pleasant relations of American dealers in rare books with their customers that nearly every important record of library gifts to any of our great public libraries includes the name of some rare-book dealer. Gabriel Wells, who broke up an imperfect Gutenberg Bible to offer collectors an opportunity to possess some portion of this greatest of books, has given the New York Public Library three leaves to take the place of facsimiles in its copy of the work, which has been incomplete for many years.

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The first portion of the Sturges library, to be sold at the Anderson Galleries in New York on November 21, 22 and 23, consists of works in American literature, in which the library is especially rich. The catalogue contains many of the rarest of American first editions, such as Poe's *Tamerlane*, many of them being in the state so ardently desired by the present-day collector, in "original wrappers" or "boards, uncut, with paper label." The late Henry C. Sturges, of New York, was one of the most fastidious of collectors, and the various portions of his library will present some of the best copies of rare works that have come into the auction market in some years.





# VOLUNTARY ILLITERACY

**A**MONG the many people who enjoy seeing the film "version" of a great novel at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, or the London Opera House, or any cinema theatre, there are some who are disinclined to read the books from which the film purports to be taken. They are, indeed, unable to read that or any other kind of book. As bookmen we are so accustomed to the handling of books, both mentally and physically, that the very thought of anyone being unable to read a book is astonishing. Illiteracy in the usually-accepted sense of the term is commonly met with, as many who have army experience will agree, but its problems are simple compared with those of this voluntary kind of illiteracy among people otherwise competent in the "three R's." One merely takes refuge in Coventry Patmore's favourite quotation from Hazlitt: "When you cannot understand a man's ignorance, think yourself ignorant of his understanding."

We must regard it, then, simply as a phenomenon that a financier of my acquaintance should confess with no feelings of regret that with the exception of four chapters of *David Copperfield*, which in far-off days were read compulsorily at school, he is absolutely innocent of book-reading. The fact that he is a financier gives point to the theory that some people when reading think too rapidly in contrast with their power of assimilating ideas represented on a printed page. There is always a race between our thoughts and those of the author, and in the instance of the voluntarily illiterate the author's never win. Perhaps some new theory of Relativity will upset our ideas of the rate by which the images of printed words can travel through space to our eyes. Cinema proprietors appear to have discovered some new law regarding this matter, because when a few words of explanation are shown on the screen they are allowed to remain there so long that the words must surely travel to the eyes of my financier sitting in the more expensive seats at the back of the theatre.

Considerations of the problems of space and time were not responsible for the ironic situation of a lady who must be numbered among those who are bored to distinction by reading a book. But a lack of book-reading does not prevent anyone from taking an interest in human nature. "Books? Prithee, don't talk to me about books!" remarked Sarah Jennings. "The only books I know are men and cards." A book was discussed in the presence of the previously mentioned lady which might entitle booksellers to catalogue it as "curiouser and curiouser," except that the author

is generally regarded as a very eminent and respectable person. The result of this conversation was yet another contest between human curiosity and an inability to read a book. "It is no use," the lady presently declared. "I read about six lines and I find my mind has wandered right off."

So far as my knowledge of heresiology goes, there has been no sect among which the reading of books was entirely forbidden. But then it must be remembered that the leaders of even the strictest of them were often authors themselves. I remember, however, being informed of a certain occultist who had arrived at a plane in which the acquisition of wisdom is beyond the necessities of books. "But surely," asked a practical journalist of the company, "he would want to consult *Whittaker* sometimes?"

There have been moments in history when the voice of voluntary illiteracy has sounded louder than that of anyone else. We have lately had an example of this at Louvain. Earlier examples are many, such as at the Paris Commune or in XVIth century England. Nowadays it is fashionable in quarters which demand respect to express the view that the destruction of books at the dissolution of the monasteries has been exaggerated. Yet a little later than when Richard Pace's sportsman could say: "By the Body of God, I would sooner have my son hanged than a bookworm," the famous words of John Bale were perhaps not wide of the truth:—

. . . If there had bene in euery shyre of Englande but one solemyne lybrary, to the preseruacyon of those noble workes and prefferment of good lernynges in our postryte, it had bene yet sumwhat. But to destroy all without consyderacyon is and wyll be vnto Englande for euer a most horryble infamy amonge the graue senyours of other nacyons. A great nombre of them whych purchased those superstycyous mansyons reserued of those librarye bookes, some to serue their iakes, some to scoure thyre candelstyckes and some to rubbe their bootes. Some they solde to grossers and sope sellers & some they sent ouer to the bokebynders, not in small nombrem but at tymes whole shypes full, to the wonderynge of foren nacyons. . .

Familiar and perhaps exaggerated as this passage may be, it is worthy of quotation again since Bale's testimony is always calculated to give exquisite anguish to bookmen and to leave the voluntarily illiterate unmoved.

G.



# OLLA PODRIDA: RARE WORKS BY AN OLD SCOTTISH

AUTHOR—BOOKSELLERS TOKENS OF  
THE 17TH CENTURY—A DEALER'S  
EXHIBITION AT NEWCASTLE.

The lure of collecting is nowhere stronger than north of the Tweed, and there are many and varied fields for those interested in books by Scotsmen or on Scotland. One 17th-century Scottish author, who might not readily be thought of in this connection, but whose books are much sought after, some of them being very scarce, is Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling. A writer in the *Aberdeen Free Press* has recently devoted—to advantage—some of his space to biographical and bibliographical details of Alexander's works.

Although responsible for the first Scottish attempt at colonisation, Alexander is stated to have published only one work of importance dealing with that subject—*An Encouragement to Colonies*, 1624—the majority of his books being volumes of poetry. A copy of his very rare work, *Recreations with the Muses*, passed through an Aberdeen saleroom not so very long ago.

Of his contemporaries, William Drummond deemed him "that most excellent spirit and rarest gem of our North," and Michael Drayton paid him poetic tribute; while among later appreciations, Professor Saintsbury gives his opinion that "Alexander had indeed more power of sustained versification than his friend Drummond, though he hardly touches the latter in point of the poetical merit of short isolated passages and poems."

As to the value of Alexander's works from the collector's viewpoint, his first published book was *The Tragede of Davins*, 1603. This is so excessively rare a book that the sale of only one copy can be traced, namely, that in the Huth library sale of 1918. It is a small quarto volume, printed at Edinburgh by the famous Edinburgh printer, Robert Waldgrave.

A copy of his *Mapp and Description of New England*, 1630, unbound, but otherwise a good copy, small quarto size, 7 $\frac{3}{8}$  by 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches, not so long ago realised £150. It has a strong American interest, which had not a little to do with the price obtained.

*Aurora, Containing the First Fancies of the Author's Youth* 1604, a small quarto volume, realised £9 15s. in May, 1905. *Aurora* is not found in the collected editions of the author's books. The 1604 edition is the first; a copy sold in 1913 realised £8 10s. *Paraensis to the Prince*, 1604—small quarto, 1st edition, sold for £6 15s. in 1905.

*Recreations with the Muses*, 1637, is the first

edition of what is said to be Alexander's greatest work. The portrait, which is frequently wanting, greatly enhances the value of the book. It is by Marshall, the famous engraver, and is reckoned his *magnum opus*. It is said to have been engraved for the Earl for presentation to his friends and then destroyed. A copy with the portrait occurred in the Robert Hoe sale in New York in 1911.

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The trade tokens of the 17th century are homely and quaint. They are so small and thin that their rarity is a matter of no great wonder. Their inscriptions tell us of the people who issued them, and of their trades, their towns and villages, and the old guilds and trade companies. They supply us with little important information, but being relics of the past they cannot help throwing interesting side-lights upon various matters connected with the times during which they were in circulation. Although the tokens of booksellers and stationers are among the scarcest of all, they occasionally turn up in odd corners after a lapse of some two and a-half centuries. In general they bear some device symbolical of the calling of those who issued them, such as an open book, a book and a harp, or the arms of the Stationers' Company, and in addition perhaps the initials of the issuer. Their inscriptions are eccentric and quaint.

William Boyne, in his book upon the trade tokens of the 17th century, notices tokens issued by booksellers and stationers at Chard, Chichester, Coventry, Exeter, Hereford, Kidderminster, Leominster, Lichfield, London and Plymouth. That of Nevil Simmons, bookseller, of Kidderminster, reminds me of the following curious pamphlet, partly in black letter, printed for him:—

The Agreement / of divers / Ministers of  
Christ / in the County of Worcester, / and  
some adjacent parts, / for Catechizing or  
Personal Instructing / All in their several  
Parishes, that will / consent thereunto. . . .  
London, Printed by R. W. for Nevil Sim-  
mons / Bookseller at Kidderminster, and are  
to be sold there by / him, and at London by  
William Roybould, at the Unicorn in Pauls  
Church-yard, 1656.

\* \* \*

Mr. William H. Robinson, the well-known bookseller of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has shown considerable enterprise—which might well be copied by booksellers in other provincial towns—by opening at his Nelson Street branch an exhibition of printed books, arranged in chronological order, from the fifteenth century to the present day.

The exhibition contained a copy of the first book



printed (by Robert Barker in 1639) at Newcastle, a volume entitled "A sermon preached before the King's Most Excellent Majestie in the Cathedrall Church of Durham upon Sunday being the 5th day of May, 1639, by the Right Reverend Father in God, Thomas, the Lord Bishop Duresme." Other rare books and tracts of local interest included Bourne's *History of Newcastle*, 1736, while among the works of wider import was a copy of Dürer's *The Little Passion* (Nuremberg, 1511), and a copy [described as "unique, hitherto unknown to bibliographers"] of, *Lyttleton Tenures in Englysshe*, printed at London by John Rastell (circa 1520).

\* \* \*

#### ON SEEING A RAILWAY ENGINE NAMED "CHARLES LAMB."

Our whimsical dear Elia  
Never, I think, bespoke  
The fate to be there as a huge affair  
Of metal and noise and smoke.

But what delightful humour  
Had trickled from his pen,  
If a sight so queer had chanced to appear  
Within his genial ken!

For me: I merely wonder  
How that robustious thing  
Can square a name of such gentle fame  
With so much trumpeting.

J. CARTWRIGHT FRITH.

\* \* \*

"I have just finished reading Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson's *Letters to Somebody*, and a short time ago I read his *Letters to Nobody*," writes 'A Reader.' "I am no literary critic, but for clearness of style and impressive interest I have never come across their equal. As a rule I hate reading letters to anybody but myself, and have hitherto voted them dull. Now I must change my verdict, for I have most thoroughly enjoyed reading both Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson's books, especially the latter. Moreover, I have learnt a great deal from his able pen. His simple way of putting things is both arrestive and instructive, and his memoirs and details grasp the memory and stick there. Many of our youthful letter-writers of to-day would do well to study Sir Guy's power of impartiveness. Above all, in these letters I feel the personality of a man quite unknown to me. His keen sense of humour, his ever-ready sympathy with both old and young, his fearless and undaunted courage in sticking to his point, which, by the way, generally turned out to be the right one, are ever prominent in his writings."

## THE ETCHINGS OF F. L. GRIGGS, A.R.A., R.E.— By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

**W**HEN the Royal Academy recently chose Mr. F. L. Griggs to be one of the new Engraver Associates the announcement aroused no little curiosity among the collectors of modern prints, for but few of them seemed to have any knowledge of the engraver thus honoured, while fewer still had any example of his work in their portfolios. Yet Griggs began etching ten years ago, although his output by now has amounted to no more than twenty-eight plates, eleven of which the artist still regards as unfinished, notwithstanding proofs of the successive states of these plates have been issued in limited numbers. But, while he is far more widely known as a book-illustrator than as an etcher, he has already, despite the comparatively small number of his plates and the limited issue of his prints, taken a distinctive and definite place among the etchers of to-day, and his cordial welcome to the Fellowship of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers anticipated by only a year

or two his recognition by the Royal Academy.

Griggs's conception, however, of the practice of etching differs in manner from the tradition which is generally acceptable to-day, so that one finds the curiosity of the majority of modern etching collectors mixed not a little with surprise, while this in many cases induces an opening of mind with the remembrance that the electorate of the Royal Academy includes, in the persons of Sir Frank Short and D. Y. Cameron, two of the most influential living masters of the etcher's art. The selection of F. L. Griggs would seem, therefore, to suggest that the Academy, which never admitted Whistler or Seymour Haden to its membership, and still overlooks the obvious claims of certain eminent masters of the free spontaneous line of expressive vitality, allows itself in accord with its earlier tradition to encourage a deliberate manner of etching which, with careful building up of tones by closely massed dots and lines bitten to various depths, aims at the tonal contrasts and "colour" of the old engravers, while yet adher-



ing to a precision of linear expression worthy of Hollar. Of course this deliberateness, this precision, is with Griggs a matter of temperament, it is the man; and because he uses this manner of etching with fine artistic sensitiveness and mastery of handling, and adapts it to the expression of his romantic architectural visions with as happy and beautiful effect as Samuel Palmer adapted it to his own poetic themes, Griggs's artistic conception and pictorial imagination assert their individual charm and power amid the innumerable monotony of conventional competent etchings of architectural subjects produced for the sake of etching rather than the artistic motive. Consequently the connoisseurs who collect Griggs's etchings do so with enthusiasm, regarding them as very precious, with the added interest of rarity, and the possibility in several cases of further states to acquire.

Before ever he touched a copper-plate with etching-needle F. L. Griggs was an illustrator of quality and distinction, an illustrator not of human story and character, but of picturesque landscape and building, particularly of the place that time has informed with the spirit of romance or drama. That spirit would respond readily to his imaginative vision, while his delicate art would interpret it with sensitive draughtsmanship as individual in conception as was the touch of his pen or pencil. Architecture had been his special study, indeed he had been trained for its professional practice in the office of that accomplished exponent of the architect's art and of garden-making, the late Charles Edward Mallows; but when the true spirit of art is in a man it will find its own way to expression. Though Griggs had a sure instinct for beauty and dignity of design in building, based as it was on a specialised and intimate study of existing examples of early English architecture, Mr. Mallows discerned that the true bent of his gifted pupil's talent was for the pictorial representation of buildings rather than their practical creation, and so wisely advised him to divert his studies to graphic art. Accordingly, Griggs left the architect's office for the Slade School, and there, under Professor Tonks he matured his means to pictorial expression—expression, however, which was to be inspired chiefly by a love of architecture and by an imaginative conception of architectural significance in the romance of old English life.

It was in 1911, the year before he commenced etcher—to borrow a Johnsonian phrase—that I was first attracted by the art of Mr. Griggs, and this was by a remarkable pencil drawing which I found occasion to praise in a volume devoted to contemporary draughtsmanship in Europe. This drawing was called *Dissolution*, and it represented a typical scene during the general destruction of

the monasteries in 1539. The noble Abbey buildings are in flames, and the drama of the situation is suggested by a couple of Henry's halberdiers standing on guard beside an entrance gate, in defiance, as it were, of two of the despoiled, evicted monks. Looking back to this drawing, with its vividness of architectural imagination ordered to a pictorial dignity of design, I seem to find the key to that historic sympathy which imbues with sentimental interest the aspect of those old-time buildings that Griggs portrays with so much artistic charm in his etched plates.

In 1912 he addressed his art to the copper-plate, choosing the medium of the bitten line as being most suitable to his purpose, which was to picture imaginatively what England looked like architecturally in the days before the Reformation, which, with the Renaissance that followed, he seems to regard as an influence destructive of much beauty. Mr. Griggs is an intense lover of that earlier past of England, and he delights to indulge in dream-rambles among its buildings, domestic, monastic, palatial, its manor houses, its inns, its castles, its farms, its churches. But to bring these out of the past and reconstruct them pictorially, he takes his own etcher's way with the needle, building them up elaborately stone by stone and brick by brick.

Mr. Griggs's aim apparently is to do for mediæval England what Mr. William Walcot has been doing so wonderfully for Imperial Rome, to revivify it pictorially; but the methods of these two artists, both trained architects with extraordinary intuitions and knowledge of the periods that specially interest them, are in curious contrast. For each a ruin can scarcely exist save as an imaginative stimulus to visualise pictorially the original building in its contemporary atmosphere; but, whereas for Walcot this means that the building becomes functionally alive with human activity, and his depicting of this is an essential part of his pictorial scheme, for Griggs the building itself is all in all, and the people that use it are left to the spectator's imagination. Otherwise there are no worshippers going to or from the churches, scarcely a courtier or servant busy or dangling about the palace, no squires and ladies about the manse; no guards are keeping watch and ward upon the barbican, though one loiters on the bridge; the "fair inns for receipt of travellers," to use old Stow's words, seemingly entertain no travellers nor roysterers, and no country dance makes for "sunburnt mirth" upon the village green. In the palace farm, as in the priory farm, no work is being done, for we can see no labourers, and neither cattle nor produce. Even the strange beauty of St. Botolph's Bridge attracts no wayfarers. In rare instances the human circumstance may be suggested by the in-



roduction of a figure or two, as in *The Palace*, *The Quay*, *The Ford*, and *The Barbican*, but in his interpretation of the architecture the artist's own feeling about it is so fully expressed that the building seems to speak for itself, telling us all we need to know. Griggs does not, in fact, essay to revivify mediæval England in the same humanly comprehensive and vivid way that Walcott depicts the actuality of Cæsar's Rome, but, as we look over his prints, we gradually feel that we have been wandering away in the past among actual structures that Chaucer and his fellow Pilgrims might have looked upon.

As Mr. Griggs himself has pointed out to me, his prints may be conveniently classified according to their pictorial content and intention, and thus they fall into four groups. *Sutton*, *Ashwell*, and *St. Wendred's March*, show us the towers of existing churches, while in *Stanley Pontlarge*, *Barnack*, *Meppershall Chapel*, and *Stoke Poges* we see also actual old churches. With *Priory Farm*, *Maur's Farm*, *Mortmain Sellenger*, *Totterne Inn*, *Minsden Episcopi*, we enter the realm of our etcher's architectural imagination, for in these plates he gives us ideal scenes such as, with luck, one might possibly chance upon to-day among the structural survivals of mediæval England—the kinds of building on which the nineteenth-century vandal restorer was always so eager to set his defacing hands. The most important group, comprising *The Ford*, *The Pool*, *The Quay*, *The Palace*, *The Minster*, *St. Botolph's Bridge*, *Ex Anglia Perdita*, *The Barbican*, and *The Cresset*, represents Griggs's frankly imaginative attempt to recall that England as its builders left it, which the Renaissance found and gradually transformed, or, as Mr. Griggs would say, "largely destroyed," for he seems to dislike the Renaissance as much as the Reformation, at least as far as the effect each had upon the architectural aspect of the country. The finest plates of this group are, I think, *The Ford*, *The Quay*, and *The Minster*, and of these the first two have been selected for reproduction here. Extraordinarily fine as *The Minster* is as an etched portrayal of the type of venerable cathedral that has grown decade by decade in the centuries when religious emotion actually inspired the building of churches, wonderfully faithful and knowledgeable in its minute presentation of detail with beautiful balance and harmony of design, I have given preference to *The Ford* because it seems to me to represent more distinctively the artist's reconstructive aim.

In the whole range of English etching I can recall nothing that lures the imagination so completely, so convincingly, back to a mediæval English town. With the single exception of a woman

standing in the foreground, the place appears to be deserted, yet so pictorially alive are the houses on either side of the fordable part of the narrow river running through the town, so suggestively charged with possible happening is the atmosphere, one expects to see people emerging from the doorways and coming through those mysterious archways. It is a nobly designed plate, and certainly one of the etcher's most accomplished. Yet he regards it, like *The Minster*, as unfinished. It was about two-thirds through its life, he tells me—four states of it having yielded impressions—when he decided to alter it, and these alterations, whatever they may be, are only half done.

By the way, the reason why so many of Griggs's plates remain unfinished is, as he has explained to me, that from the time he started etching in 1912 the supply of subjects has outstripped the demand, and those plates that were not "printed off" offered him the temptation to improve them by alteration. Some of these plates, it will be seen by the list of Griggs's etchings appended to this article, have not yet been finished to his satisfaction, but most of them he hopes to complete this year. *Maur's Farm*, and *Sellenger*, were at one time in what he thought was their final state, but years went by before he saw an opportunity for greatly improving them, as he believed, yet even now they are only half done.

For a conscientious artist there is an advantage in a complete edition of a plate not being called for at once. Whistler and Legros, for instance, would constantly alter their plates, though in some instances one could wish they had stopped at earlier stages. Mr. Griggs exercises infinite patience and industry in his pursuit of artistic perfection in his etchings according to his own lights, and he has the courage to alter a design so radically that it becomes practically a new plate and calls for a fresh designation. To look from *The Cresset* to *The Barbican*, for instance, and see what a much more satisfactory design resulted from the alteration and reduction of the original plate, is to realise how the artist can justify himself. How far he was justified in his transformation of *Minsden Episcopi* into the *Palace Farm* I cannot say, for I have not seen a print from the original—but the *Palace Farm*, with its expressive manipulation of texture in the old buildings and the leafy tree, has the particular charm that derives from Grigg's individual qualities as an etcher. In no plate, however, do these qualities combine with an elaborate largeness and rhythm of pictorial design more attractively than in *The Quay*, seen here in reproduction; while in the charming little *Stoke Poges* another phase of the etcher's conception finds ex-



pression in the rich transparent tonality so harmoniously balanced, with the pre-Raphaelite minuteness of detail in the verdure and the foliage of "those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade," of the immortal "Elegy." That tomb is Gray's, and those headstones mark where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

But the essential Griggs is to be found rather in those purely imaginative plates in which he lets his architectural dreams bring back to us the outward look of the mediæval England that he loves.

The following is the catalogue of the Etchings of F. L. Griggs, A.R.A., R.E., in chronological sequence, 1912-1922 :—

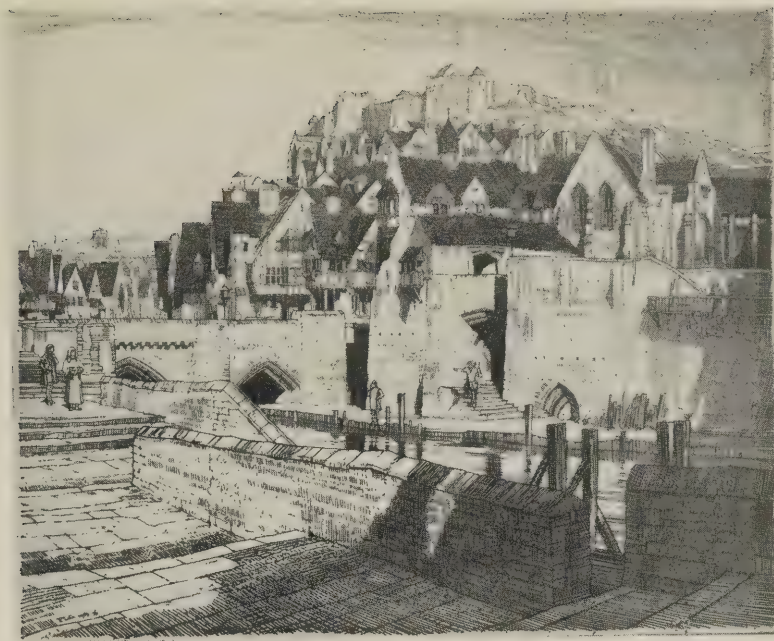
## A CATALOGUE OF THE ETCHINGS OF F. L. GRIGGS—

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| (1)<br>SUTTON* ( $8\frac{7}{8} \times 6$ "), 2 states, both very rare; 2 impressions only of 1st.  | (14)<br>CARNAGH* ( <i>Dry-point</i> ), ( $5\frac{11}{16} \times 7\frac{1}{16}$ "), 4 impressions only.                              |
| (2)<br>MAUR'S FARM ( $4\frac{9}{16} \times 7\frac{1}{8}$ "), 5 states, all very rare except the 2nd, of which there are about 36 impressions. Unfinished.  | (15)<br>THE QUAY* ( $6\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{8}$ "), 3 states; 2 impressions only of the 1st.                                 |
| (3)<br>STANLEY PONTLARGE* ( $5\frac{5}{8}$ " square), 1 state, 4 impressions only.   | (16)<br>THE PIPE AND TABOR*. <i>Etching on Zinc</i> ( $5\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ "); 16 impressions of 1st state, 3 of 2nd. |
| (4)<br>PRIORY FARM ( $4\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{16}$ "), 5 states; 1st and 2nd very rare. Unfinished.  | (17)<br>THE PALACE ( $5\frac{15}{16} \times 5\frac{7}{8}$ "), 4 states; 1st scarce, 3rd unique. Unfinished.                         |
| (5)<br>THE COPPICE* ( <i>Dry-point</i> ), ( $5\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{7}{16}$ "), 2 states only, 4 impressions of 1st, 2 of 2nd.   | (18)<br>SELLENGER ( $4\frac{13}{16} \times 6\frac{5}{8}$ "), 5 states; 1st and 4th rare. Unfinished.                                |
| (6)<br>MINSDEN EPISCOPI* ( $5 \times 7\frac{1}{8}$ "), 2 states. The 1st very rare. This plate was radically altered in 1920, and renamed PALACE FARM. (See below).  | (19)<br>ST. BOTOLPH'S BRIDGE* ( $5\frac{13}{16} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ "), 4 states; the first 3 rare.                                |
| (7)<br>ASHWELL* ( $8\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{13}{16}$ "), 2 states, 5 impressions only of the 1st.  | (20)<br>STOKE POGES* ( $3\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{5}{8}$ "), 6 states; first 5 very scarce; 22 impressions of the 6th.             |
| (8)<br>BARNACK* ( $4\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{7}{16}$ "), 2 states; the 1st very rare.   | (21)<br>THE MINSTER ( $7 \times 9\frac{15}{16}$ "), 6 states, all rare. Still unfinished.   |
| (9)<br>THE FORD ( $5\frac{13}{16} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ "), 4 states; 1st and 2nd very rare. Plate unfinished.  | (22)<br>MORTMAIN* ( $4\frac{11}{16} \times 6\frac{3}{8}$ "), 4 states; 1st and 2nd rare; 2 impressions only of 4th.                 |
| (10)<br>THE POOL (1st state, $8 \times 10\frac{5}{8}$ "; Published state, $6\frac{1}{8} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ "), 4 states; 1st and 4th very rare. Still unfinished.  | (23)<br>EPIPHANY* ( $6\frac{15}{16} \times 4\frac{3}{8}$ "), 4 states; the 1st rare.  |
| (11)<br>STEPPING STONES*. ( <i>Dry-point</i> ), ( $6\frac{13}{16} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ "), 2 states; 3 impressions of 1st, 17 of 2nd.  | (24)<br>TOTTERNE INN* ( $3\frac{13}{16} \times 6\frac{7}{8}$ "), 6 states; all rare except 4th, of which there were 19 impressions. |
| (12)<br>THE CRESSET* ( $6\frac{7}{16} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$ "), 4 states, all rare; 6 impressions of 4th. This plate was greatly altered in design, reduced in size, and renamed THE BARBICAN. (See below). | (25)<br>PALACE FARM ( $5 \times 7\frac{1}{8}$ "), 3 states; 6 impressions of the 1st. Still unfinished.                             |
| (13)<br>MEPPERSHALL CHAPEL* ( $5\frac{3}{16} \times 4\frac{9}{16}$ "), 3 states; with 12, 19 and 30 impressions of these respectively.   | (26)<br>THE BARBICAN ( $6\frac{7}{16} \times 6\frac{7}{8}$ "), 2 states. Still unfinished.  |
|  | (27)<br>ST. WENDRED'S MARCH ( $9\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ "), 2 states; 6 only of 1st. Still unfinished.                     |
|  | (28)<br>EX ANGLIA PERDITA ( $9\frac{15}{16} \times 7\frac{1}{8}$ "), 1st state unique. Still unfinished.                            |

*Note.*—The asterisks after the titles signify that the plates have been destroyed. The measurements represent the height and width of the plates.





THE QUAY: Etching by F. L. Griggs, A.R.A., R.E.  
*Size of original,  $6\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{16}$ : Published at the Twenty-one Gallery.*





PORTRAIT OF F. L. GRIGGS, A.R.A., R.E. : Drawn in red  
chalk by Henry A. Payne, R.W.S.

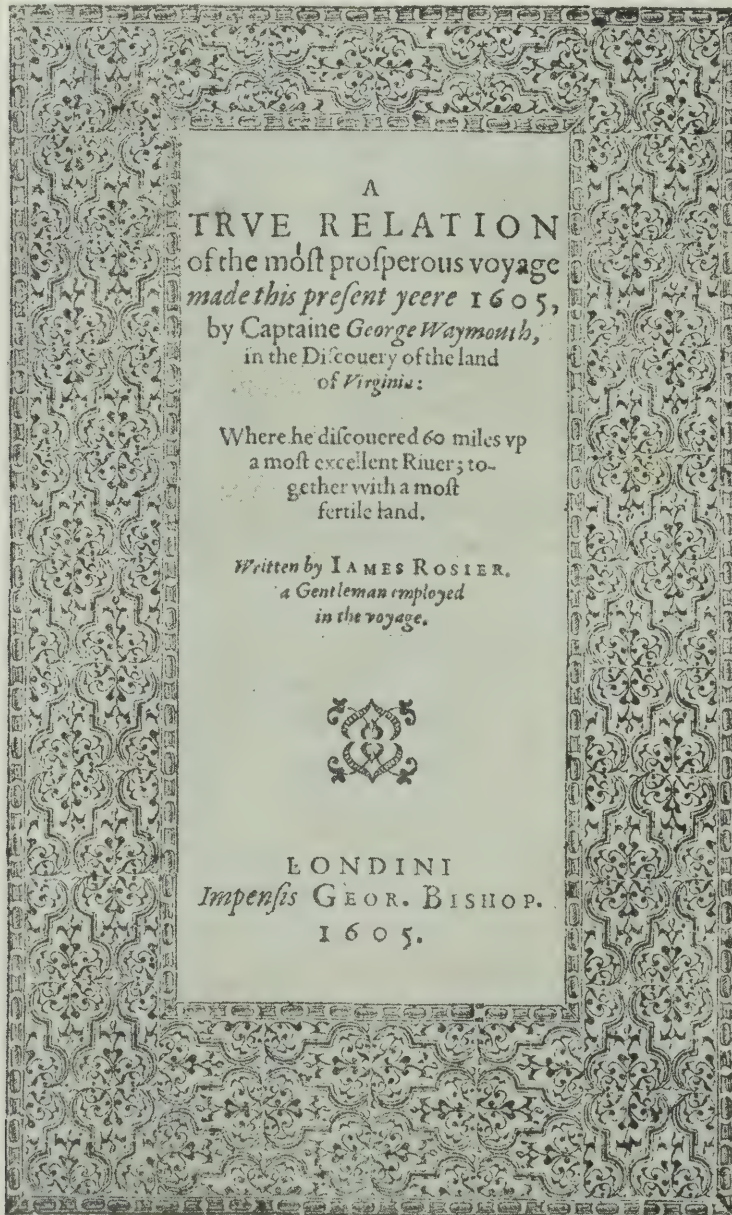




THE FORD : Etching by F. L. Griggs, A.R.A., R.E.  
*Size of original,  $5\frac{11}{16} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$  : Published at the Twenty-one Gallery.*



## A RARE TRACT RELATING TO AMERICA



A reproduction of the title-page of a rare tract of which six copies only, it is stated, are known to be extant, the only one in England being in the British Museum. This tract, from the Cassiobury Park Library, which Messrs. Hodgson are dispersing, is referred to in our "Books in the Sale Rooms" feature.



# BROWSINGS AMONG NEW BOOKS

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON—STILL GROWING.

*The Ballad of St. Barbara*, and other Verses. By G. K. Chesterton (Cecil Palmer, 7/6).

Here is poetry. Here is a strong voice singing for love of life; a man with a faith, a creed, an appetite and capacity for wonder. Many have wondered if Mr. Chesterton would ever write poetry again. Some even hinted that he had become a journalist, with all the limitations and prejudices of the journalist. Those who would know what Mr. Chesterton has lost by writing political leaders, will find an answer here. Nearly all the poems in this book will live.

We know what to look for. We know that Mr. Chesterton is a great laughing, shouting fellow who has never lost his fairylands; one who detests cant and dishonesty and oppression, and believes that romance really is romantic. We know that he and Mr. Belloc are the great twin-brethren who annoy smug people by hinting that perhaps the modern idea of progress is not as beautiful as alien financiers would have us think. We know what to expect, and we are not disappointed. Here are the old singing metres, the virility and amazing enthusiasm, the love of life. That is what stands out first, here, as in all his work; a love of life that is fringed always with religious awe.

One expected more of the faults which were supposed to be eating into Mr. Chesterton's verse and prose. It has been the fashion to laugh at his extravagances, without considering that they might be true, to call his rhetoric fireworks, and his epigrams paradoxes. He has been accused of flogging dead donkeys; but it would be just to remember that to him, at any rate, they are live dragons. Mr. Chesterton is under fifty, and this book demonstrates that he has not finished growing. In fact, there are signs that his more dangerous half-truths and his wilder paradoxes were nothing but growing pains.

As to the poems, no quotation will be fair to them. The longest of them, "The Ballad of St. Barbara," is well known by now. Of the rest, there are poems for varying tastes. There is the delicate, tender beauty of "Trinkets"; there is ice-cold satire, the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"; the splendid boy's song of "The Hunting of the Dragon"; the beautiful prefatory poem "To F. C."; the thundering "Old Song."

Mr. Chesterton has a manner all his own; because his way of looking at things is peculiarly his own. He delights in a robust kind of imagery; in phrases that are full of the sound and colour of battle and tournament. He manages his allitera-

tions in such a way that the consonants crack like whips. There is nothing of Swinburnian languor. His heart is in the Middle Ages all the time; not for the glamour that distance drapes about them, but because he has read history with his imagination wide awake. If one poem in the book is better than all the rest, I think it is "Mediævalism."

I will quote part of "A Second Childhood," principally because I think it shows us Mr. Chesterton so clearly.

Behold, the crowning mercies melt,  
The first surprises stay;  
And in my dross is dropped a gift  
For which I dare not pray:  
That a man grow used to grief and joy,  
But not to night and day.

Men grow too old for love, my love,  
Men grow too old for lies;  
But I shall not grow too old to see  
Enormous night arise,  
A cloud that is larger than the world  
And a monster made of eyes.

Nor am I worthy to unloose  
The latchet of my shoe;  
Or shake the dust from off my feet,  
Or the staff that bears me through  
On ground that is too poor to last,  
Too solid to be true.

Men grow too old to woo, my love,  
Men grow too old to wed;  
But I shall not grow too old to see  
Hung crazily overhead  
Incredible rafters when I wake,  
And find I am not dead.

That is by no means the best poetry in this book, but it is evidence of a state of mind all too rare to-day. As long as there are men to feel like that, all is not lost. As long as there are men to think like that, there will be some chance of a new generation growing up to think less of psychology, jute-shares and sex-problems, and rather more of life and its fun.

J. B. MORTON.

"OLD ETON FACES, OLD ETON PLACES."

The average Englishman is thoroughly sentimental, thoroughly ashamed of it, and thoroughly convinced that it is not so. Suggest the truth of it—and he is insulted; attack the object of his sentiment and he will fight you to the death. It is a very lovable paradox.

What is it that makes one hate the man who talks and writes about "the old school?" Why do we accuse him of being objectionably fulsome,



of irritating heartiness? Why is that sort of fellow, in Etonian language, a "scug?" (wonderfully expressive word!) Not because we suspect him of a provincial Grammar School education—public schoolboys have been guilty of such a solecism. No: it is because, whoever he may be, he has desecrated a sacred shrine, hauled our *lares* and *penates* out into the public highway and worshipped them with mops and mows. He is a "scug."

And so it is that to write a story about a British public school is no easy matter. It is, indeed, to invite the most bitter criticism, whether you write in sympathy or out of it, whether you attack or defend. It is, of course, infinitely easier to attack. Alec Waugh, writing of Sherborne, Arnold Lunn of Harrow, had far easier tasks before them than had the author of *Playing Fields* (by Eric Parker, with eight drawings by J. D. M. Harvey; Philip Allan and Co., 10/6 net.) They were out to attack, and in their offensive to exaggerate, to isolate the seamy side, posing, or appearing to pose, as "realists." In practice, it is Eric Parker who is the "realist." Compared to him these other two are mere *poseurs*, with a knack of superficial cleverness.

Parker neither attacks nor defends. He has no need. His is the story of Eton at her best, of Eton as she was and is and ever will be in the eyes of those fortunate enough to know her beauty, whose hearts are sensitive to retain the everlasting imprint of her grace. Martin Wardon, the leading figure in *Playing Fields*, was one of these. He was an Admirable Crichton. He failed in more things than he succeeded. He failed to get his College Field, to be elected to "Pop," to win the Spencer Cup—in other things. His was just average luck in work and games, and but for an inborn sense of loveliness, undiscovered by Cambridge dons but appreciated at Oriel, his fortune might have been rather below the average. There are Martin Wardons in every public school, though perhaps at Eton above all other schools do they enjoy the greatest chances of development. Mr. Parker, I think, would say that, and, after reading his book, I am inclined to agree with him.

*Playing Fields* is the story of Martin Wardon's six years in College, but incidentally the author has made it the means of setting down the most entrancing word-pictures of Eton as a school, of Eton's buildings, of Eton's country-side, of Lords' and Henley, "absence" and "speeches." It is all done so well, so delicately. It is done without more than the gentlest touching of the heartstrings. And yet I think that few public schoolboys, certainly few Etonians, could read this book without—well, reverie, perhaps—pictures in the curling smoke from a pipe. . . . Why

does one hesitate to use the word "emotion"? There, now it is said.

As for plot—listen to Martin, Martin walking back to tea after bathing one afternoon in his last week at Eton: "'Well, I mean, it's really true what Massinger was saying. That you don't get plots in school life. You don't get extraordinary things happening. You just get people going on day after day. And sometimes they do things, and sometimes they don't. And there are hundreds of people who don't do things and two or three who do. And the real school story's about the people who don't.'" And then Hazier, walking with him, frowning: "He spoke absently. 'You do get a plot. I could give you a plot.' 'What then?' 'The wrong person being punished. The real person getting off.' 'D'you mean—' 'Raine?' 'D'you think—' 'Leverer being here five years.' 'M.' They turned the corner of Common Lane."

I have read every school story of note published during the last twenty years. It is my considered opinion that *Playing Fields* is the best of them. A. B. H.

#### "A FLEET IN BEING."

How many people, for all our appreciation of the traditions of the British Navy, know much about its earlier history? How many of us, with hazy memories of tales of time-honoured naval events, still cling, for instance, to the false belief that the "big ships" of the Armada were defeated by "cockle-shells" manned by volunteers? And that is but one of many misconceptions which are quite common, according to Mr. H. W. Hodges, M.A., F.R.Hist.S., and Mr. E. A. Hughes, M.A., the Editors of *Select Naval Documents* (Cambridge University Press, 8/6 net), a little volume which might well lure anybody who reads it to become a close student of the history of the British Navy. Not that the Editors of these entrancing extracts have a lot to say themselves, by way of comment or otherwise—

Lack of space, too [runs a passage in their short preface] . . . has led us to make our notes as brief as possible, at the risk of their appearing dogmatic; they are designedly merely introductory or explanatory, to allow more room for Drake, Hawke, Kempenfelt and Nelson.

One might almost say that that statement has the Nelson touch. The "documents" are derived from all sorts of sources, many being here printed for the first time, others only previously printed by the Navy Records Society, while some consist of excerpts from Pepys and John Evelyn and other works of wider application. The period covered commences with the reign of Henry VIII (which witnessed the origin of the broadside sailing ship)



and ends with Nelson's Trafalgar Memorandum.

Many of the questions written about in those early days are not entirely dissimilar from naval topics of to-day. The controversy, for example, on "Big or Little Ships?" surely has its modern counterpart. And strategists were as common in Elizabethan days as now, as witness the many and varied opinions here published on the best way to meet the long-expected Armada. There is Drake, all for making the forces as strong as possible at Plymouth; next comes "Elizabeth as an Armchair Strategist" (to quote the caustic headline of the Editors, who later on label her an "Arm-chair Tactician"); then Wynter and Raleigh on Strategy and so on to dispatches on the engagements, reports of "neutral observers," etc.

Matters of personnel take up a considerable part of the book, and in every case to good effect. Here is the first of several paragraphs, quoted from Lucar's early work on gunnery, stating the qualifications of the ideal gunner—

A gunner ought to be a sober, wakeful, lusty, hardy, patient, prudent, and quick spirited man; he ought also to have a good eyesight, a good judgment, and perfect knowledge to select a convenient place in the day of service, to plant his ordnance where he may do most hurt unto his enemies, and be least annoyed by them.

Such an one would surely make an Admiral of the Fleet?

In the Royal Navy to-day, we believe, the men who are not bona-fide seamen are still referred to as "dry-idlers" and considered something in the nature of necessary evils. Here is evidence of the same feeling, in a document "against the Proposition of Lessening the Number of Men aboard the King's Ships at Sea," as far back as the reign of James I!

It is further to be considered that idlers must of necessity be aboard the ship, as Cook, Stewards, Purser, Surgeon, Grummetts [boys], etc., which fill up the book with names, but in a fight or stress of weather are not useful. . . .

The number of Kempenfelt documents selected may at first seem out of proportion, but every one of them, whether on Gunnery, Strategy, the Winter Blockade, Discipline, or his Design for Signal Book, bears proof of his genius, to which too little justice is done generally. There is no attempt, nor can there be in a book of this class, to cover exhaustively any particular phase. It is a book which is intended to give a general idea and by "the provision of colour and the heightening of the personal aspect" to help and encourage study of a subject full of human interest, for all that it is very often highly technical.

This the Editors, in the difficult task of selection, have succeeded in doing. In these pages we behold, in Torrington's historic phrase, "A Fleet in Being." A. J. H.

## MARY STUART AND THE MODERN MARYS.

In the revised edition of *Mary Stuart* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 3/6), the latest of the plays by the author of *Abraham Lincoln* and *Oliver Cromwell*, the theme of Mary Stuart's tragedy is treated of as a parallel to the life of a woman of to-day. In the prologue of the play the words of the old man Boyd give the centre of Mr. Drinkwater's purpose. "History never so entangled itself. All the witnesses lied, and nearly all who have considered it have been absorbed in confirming this word, refuting that, and in the centre of it, obscured by our argument, is the one glowing reality, a passionate woman. Beside that, the rest is nothing, but we forget."

What has this to do with Margaret?

It is Margaret. These women—such women—are sometimes destroyed finding no man who can know all that they have to give.

Through the whole play is woven the despairing search of Mary Stuart:

Fools for lovers and fools to destroy me.  
Love will cheat me and my wisdom will spare me nothing.

I'm hungry—do you understand all this—my body, and my imagination. Hungry for peace—for the man who can establish my heart.

I am not Mary Stuart—she is a dream unspelt. I am nothing. There should have been a queen, and I am nothing.

To Randolfe's "May fortune be with you," she replies: "It will not. We become what we are for ever." The figures of Rizzio—daring in safety and furtively cringing in danger—Darnley, contemptible indeed, singing his bawdy songs or receiving the maddening rejoinder—

And where's the King of Scotland to strike us as we sing?

And where's the King of Scotland?  
There is no King.

and Bothwell, strong in his own purpose but lacking the power to satisfy the yearning of Mary—they are drawn with convincing passion. The play has many passages of splendid prose that will not easily be forgotten, and it will take high rank among the work of John Drinkwater. It is a play to read as well as to see, the version now staged at the Everyman Theatre being that of this revised edition.

W. P. R.



## IMPRESSIONISTIC HISTORY.

An outstanding conviction that one gains from Mr. Hendrik van Loon's *The Story of Mankind* (Harrap, 12/6 net) is that the author enjoyed himself highly in the compiling of the book. Written and illustrated with such an obvious enthusiasm, the author is in possession of the first factor which should make for success—the success in this case being the capture of the interest and the imagination of the child, for whom this history is compiled. Mr. van Loon's efforts—successful, be it said—to obtain simplicity of style and “catchiness” and the wide range he covers results necessarily in an impressionistic kind of history, an effect which is heightened by the profusion of sketchy little outline drawings in the text and full-page illustrations.

To give an example: the story of the discovery of printing is told in a chapter headed “The Age of Expression.” How in Germany Johann Gutenberg “studied the old woodcuts and perfected a system by which individual letters of soft lead could be placed in such a way that they formed words and whole pages”; how “Aldus in Venice and Etienne in Paris and Plantin in Antwerp and Froben in Basel were flooding the world with carefully-edited editions of the classics”; how “the whole world became the eager audience of those who had something to say”; and how “the best excuse for ignorance was removed from this world when Elzevier of Haarlem began to print his cheap and popular editions”—all this wonderful story is told in twenty-five lines of plain matter-of-face prose, illustrated by a double-section drawing, one-half of which depicts what is intended to be a mediæval copyist with the inscription “A.D. 1400. One man copies a book in a hundred days,” while the other section shows an early printing press, with the inscription “A.D. 1500. A hundred books are printed in a day.”

This is Mr. van Loon's way of telling history. It will indicate the liberty he often takes with his material; it also indicates the absence of any fine originality of language which would burn itself into a youthful reader's mind. What his book is likely to do is to stimulate a child's interest in the subject—and this more by virtue of the slight yet often effective little drawings. And this is no mean achievement. R. D.

## BEACHCOMBINGS.

“Beachcomber,” of the *Daily Express*, who daily broadcasts proof of a loveable personality, has till now concealed his identity. He is Mr. D. B. W. Lewis, the author of the funniest book of the year (*A London Farrago*: Cecil Palmer 6/- net).

As nothing is more evanescent than topical

humour, the greatest tribute one can pay the author of this delicious collection of good-natured satire and brilliant parody is the astonishing fact that these comments on passing events which made one smile when they appeared in the “By the Way” column of the *Daily Express*, cause roars of laughter on a second reading. Mr. Lewis is a satirist of the first order, a prince of parodists, a subtle, scholarly humourist with that rare and delightful twist of vision which sees comedy in unexpected places.

I like the story—so typical of “Beachcomber's” surprising knack of hanging humour on the most slender peg—which occurred to him in a restaurant “while the band was playing something dreamy and exotic”:

“The story, I think, will be a Tchegov or perhaps a Maupassant. It will begin with the entry of a tall young man into a gay restaurant and it will end with his going out, and during the whole time the band will be playing something sparkling and Viennese. That will make everything more poignant.

“Very well. The young man, you understand, is a roué, a little Bryonic. He stalks into the restaurant, gives one haughty glance around, yawns and orders an absinthe—a double one. His clear-cut features bear the marks of dissipation and weariness. He takes a letter—written on thick mauve paper and stamped with a coronet—from his pocket and glances at it listlessly. It is from the Duchess of X—, with whom he has arranged to run away to Italy. It bores him to death. Only last week he returned to England after running away with the Duchess of Y—. He is sick of breaking up Dukes' homes. It is, in addition, a Monday.

“He yawns, lights a gold-tipped cigarette, takes three whiffs, throws it away, flings some silver to the waiter, lights another cigarette, takes three whiffs, throws it away, and orders another absinthe—double. Then he wearily picks up the menu card and looks at it.

“Then he sees what I saw yesterday:

*Pouding au Tapioca.*

“In an instant the glitter and glare of the restaurant vanishes. A vision of his innocent childhood rises before him. . . . He is wearing a print frock and having his nose wiped by Nanny, and there is tapioca pudding for dinner. . . .

“He weeps. He lays his head among the *hors d'œuvres* and weeps bitterly—blinding, scalding tears. Then he goes slowly out, bowing his head. On his way he turns back, picks up a table napkin here and there, and covers one or two lovely backs which offend him. He is, you see, a changed man. AH!

“And above all the gay song of the violins singing of love and spring time in Vienna . . .”



From among the many admirable parodies in verse I must quote the following gem, a "Balkan Lyric, from the Szlvo Molczchakian of Snorko Kssykvcv":—

As the pale light filters down  
From the snow peaks of Rzblzzlc  
It falls through my window as I sit gazing at the  
mountains, sadly.  
There is an ear upon my table.  
Whose?

The temptation to go on quoting is very great. Perhaps these two, while they cannot do justice to a book packed with infinitely varied good things, will serve to introduce the reader, if he is not already a friend of "Beachcomber's," to the most brilliant of our daily humourists. H. V. M.

#### MIXED REFLECTIONS

Mr. Robert Graves, in his introductory note to his *On English Poetry* (William Heinemann, 8/6 net), calls the volume "notebook reflections," and the reader will find that the book consists of a number of papers of varying length, which reflect, chiefly, the interesting ideas of a young author. Some of the ideas are stupid, some sound, and all interesting in proportion as one is interested in the psychology of poetry, and the opinions of a self-analytical poet.

As to how far a psychological analysis of, for instance, *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, is desirable—that is another question. It appears to me to be a detestable idea. "Poetry is not a science, it is an act of faith," says Mr. Graves elsewhere. "Very few readers of Mr. Kipling's 'Old Man Kangaroo' realise that it is written in strict verse all through . . ." Now that is rather an astounding remark. It must be extraordinarily difficult not to realise a point as obvious as that a great deal of modern verse is written in very-far-from-strict prose. This kind of personal discovery, and such habits of calling "The musical side of poetry"—"A form of psycho-therapy," mar a book that is often readable and stimulating.

Mr. Graves is much better at writing poetry than at writing about poetry. J. B. M.

#### THE DIVINE TRAGEDY.

Mr. St. John Adcock's poem, *The Divine Tragedy* (Selwyn and Blount, 5/-) should excite interest amid the ever-increasing discussion on the relation of the churches and the community. Bitterly satirical as the major part of the poem is, it remains intensely human, and the emotional sincerity of the poet is entirely convincing. Though at times the poem halts, there are passages of considerable attraction when the chief purpose of the poem seems momentarily forgotten and deflected to an expression of simple beauty; of these are the opening lines of *The Man Departs*:—

It came to pass, when Summer's life was done,  
When Death's blind, fumbling fingers had begun  
To mar her beauty, and in leaf and grass  
Gaunt dreams of Winter stirred.

Mr. St. John Adcock knows his London well—"The slut disguised in old renowns," as he aptly describes her, and; moreover, he can convey the atmosphere of factory, slum, crowded park and drawing-room with entire success. The whole work is a passionate expression of one who has many sympathetic readers.

### 1751—1922

An important new work on the history of Westminster Abbey is announced for publication in a form which promises to make it that "desirable item" so beloved of the collector. The work, the full title of which is, *Westminster Abbey: The Church, Convent, Cathedral, and College of St. Peter, Westminster*, is by the Rev. H. F. Westlake, M.V.O., M.A., F.S.A., Custodian and Minor Canon of the Abbey, author of, among other books, *The Parish Gilds of Mediæval England*. The Dean of Westminster contributes a Foreword, and the illustrations, over 100 in number, include 16 full-page drawings by Mr. J. D. M. Harvey, whose fine work has already won great appreciation. Many of the subjects illustrated have never been reproduced before, and can never be reproduced again, for it is only in consequence of recent excavations that some of them have been temporarily uncovered.

Dedicated by gracious permission to His Majesty the King, the work will be in two volumes, small folio (13½ × 8½ ins.), printed with large old-face type on an antique wove paper, the product of an ancient Scottish mill.

"Not since the publication in 1751 of Richard Widmore's *An History of the Church of St. Peter, Westminster, chiefly from Manuscript Authorities* has any attempt been made," says the prospectus, "to write a history of Westminster Abbey based upon what must always be the chief, if not the only, source of information for that history, namely, the muniments of the Abbey itself.

"This present book is the fruit of twelve years' work among the Abbey records. I had read," the author writes, "and analysed the nearly four thousand rolls of the obedientiary monks, and had indexed the two greater chartularies of the Abbey, known as *Domesday* and *Liber Niger*."

The price of the work, which is being published by Philip Allan and Co., Quality Court, Chancery Lane, E.C., 4, is ten guineas to subscribers before publication, the first volume containing the list of subscribers.



# EXHIBITION NOTES

## GROSVENOR GALLERIES.

Exhibition of drawings by Sir C. J. Holmes, Mrs. E. Granger-Taylor, Mr. R. G. D. Alexander, and Mr. A. S. Hartrick, R.W.S. The 48 drawings by Sir C. J. Holmes are almost all distinguished by their fine colour, structural sense and powerful design. His complete command of luminous colour is shown in such drawings as the delicately treated *Papal Palace, Avignon*, the *Sailing Clouds, Scordale*, with its splendid sky, the winter landscape *Colby Mill Dam*, and the powerful *Above Scathwaite*. No living painter can better convey the relation of sky to earth and the weight of hill and mountain.

Mrs. Granger-Taylor uses pastel with a charming sense of the right use of a much-abused medium; *The Invalid* and *The Open Window* are both fine drawings.

The strong draughtsmanship of Mr. Hartrick is well shown in such drawings as *Girvan* and *Tinkers in the Ben Wood*. Mr. Alexander's drawings lack the sure design and selective strength of the drawings by Sir C. J. Holmes, but his sense of colour is admirably expressed in *The Evening Star* and *Passing Sunlight*.

## AUGUSTE BROUET'S ETCHINGS.

A most welcome opportunity is now afforded to print collectors of seeing the most complete collection ever seen in this country of the work of Auguste Brouet, one of whose latest etchings was reproduced in the September number of this Journal. This exhibition, from November 1st to 30th, at the Lefèvre Gallery (King Street, St. James) has only been made possible by the loan of the Delâtre collection, which comprises about a third of the prints on view. Among the exhibits which will attract particular attention are *Une ruelle à Montmartre*, from the first plate etched by the artist (at the age of 16), and *Planche du Louvre* (3rd state), from the private plate specially etched for the Louvre.

This collection is a pageant of arresting characters portrayed with a sureness of touch and a poet's fine sense of atmosphere. The work is, indeed, summed up in these few lines from an excellent appreciation, which prefaces the catalogue, by M. Gustave Geffroy, of the Académie Goncourt: "... poems full of knowledge, tender and gay, of trades in shops and rooms; free wandering life of the street; halts in the popular quarters. A summing-up in music of life, through the medium of caravans, showmen, gymnasts, dancing girls, and a wonderful divination of the weariness and the uneasy grace of the dancer; finally images of war apotheosis."

## LEICESTER GALLERIES.

What an array of the etcher's art is that to be seen at the Leicester Galleries! The collector should see these prints of Forain, McBey, Whistler, John, Bone, Cameron, Zorn and Haden; they shout from the walls in the intensity of their individuality, their expression, and their emotion. Also, the contrasts provided are very informative, for the exhibition way is the way to connoisseurship.

## THE COTSWOLD ARTISTS.

In the charmingly intimate Cotswold Gallery in Frith Street are exhibited a collection of water-colours and other drawings by the artists known as the Cotswold group. Their works show to great advantage in the tastefully-arranged rooms. The high level of achievement is a welcome sign of the return of interest in clear expression and conscientious craftsmanship. Though the same impulse governs the endeavour of all the members of the group, their works present a diversity of theme and treatment that entirely prevent monotony. *The Pass*—a finely conceived design—*The Fosse Way near Syerston*, and the charming little drawing *The Pipe and Tabor*, admirably represent the art of F. L. Griggs. The two gouache drawings by Prof. William Rothenstein, *A Misty Day, Krimmel* and *A Sussex Farm near Lodsworth*, while entirely different in treatment and outlook, are expressed with a searching literal truth. *The Quarry* and *The Cowherd* are the best of Mr. H. B. Payne's water-colours; *The Ruined House* lacks the firm expression that distinguishes *The Quarry*. The dainty drawings by Mr. Russell Alexander have many of the qualities of the old missals.

## A BOOKPLATE EXHIBITION.

The American Bookplate Society will be holding its eighth annual exhibition of contemporary bookplates at New York in January next. Later the exhibition will be shown in other cities of the United States. The exhibition is not limited to members of the Society, but only those bookplates designed during 1922 will be shown. A Jury of Awards will select (1) the most artistic personal bookplate; (2) the most artistic institutional library bookplate; and (3) the most artistic portrait bookplate. All proofs and prints submitted (which must be unmounted and marked on the back with the artist's name and address and date of execution) become the property of the American Bookplate Society. Exhibits or other communications should be sent to Alfred Fowler, Secretary, 17, Board of Trade Building, Kansas City, U.S.A., and must arrive not later than December 10, 1922.



# BOOKS IN THE SALE ROOMS

SHAKESPEARE FOLIOS AND OTHER  
TREASURES—THE NEW SEASON'S  
PRICES—ANOTHER COPY OF  
KIPLING'S "WITH NUMBER  
THREE"—"HASSAN"  
AND FLECKER  
PRICES.

**M**ESSRS. SOTHEY'S third book sale of this season, which takes place from November 13th to 15th, is the first to comprise an assemblage of great literary treasures such as the book-world has become accustomed to associate with these galleries. Their opening two sales had their measure of interest, but nothing to compare with this one, where, for example, will be found copies of the first, second, third and fourth Shakespeare Folios! The first folio is noted as No. 26 in Sir Sidney Lee's Census, the cataloguer stating that "this copy is a quarter-inch taller than is stated there and therefore ranks with the tallest known." It was formerly in the collection of Richard Johnson, of Fallowfield, Manchester, who bought it from Thomas Hayes, bookseller, of Manchester. The second impression is a large and clean copy, and its imprint varies slightly from that given by Mr. A. W. Pollard in his Bibliography, "the Blacke Beare" appearing instead of "the Blacke Beare," while in the colophon the name "Smethwick" has no final "e" in this copy.

Another extremely rare book is the first issue of Gray's *Elegy*, 1751, with the words "some hidden" on page 10, line 4, instead of "some kindred" as in later issues of the first edition; and there is an apparently unique item in the shape of the first issue of the first edition of *Babilon, A Part of the seconde weeke of Guillaume de Salvste Seigneur du Bartas*, "Englished by William L'isle," 1595. No other copy of this issue appears to be known, Lowndes mentioning a copy, dated 1596, in the Grenville Library, British Museum. This is one of many rarities from Wroxton Abbey, Banbury, forming part of the North heirlooms.

There are two presentation copies of works by Thackeray, the property of Mr. W. G. B. Ritchie and Mrs. Charles Thackeray; books with coloured plates, old plays and first editions of English classics, etc., from the library of Sir R. Waldie Griffith, Bt.; early printed books from the collection of the late Mr. J. A. Henryson Caird; and early English and other MSS., the property of the Earl of Strathmore. Of the large number of autograph letters in the same sale, the most interesting are those from Whistler to Marcus B. Huish of the Fine Art Society, all of which are

couched in terms typical of the author of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, and some of which are of no little interest to the print collector and student. \* \* \*

From November 8th-10th, Messrs. Hodgson will be selling the library from Sarsden House, with other properties.

A selection from the stock of the late Mr. W. J. Leighton, bookseller, comes up for sale at Messrs. Sotheby's from November 27th-30th. \* \* \*

The sale of the Cassiobury Park Library, which Messrs. Hodgson will disperse towards the end of this month, should prove more than ordinarily eventful. Historically it is one of the most interesting libraries that has passed through the hands of Messrs. Hodgson in the lengthy annals of the firm. Formed originally at Cassiobury by Arthur Capel, first Baron Capel of Hadham (1610-1649), it was doubtless augmented by his son, Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex (1631-1683), at whose invitation John Evelyn made a week-end visit to Cassiobury in April, 1680. In recording this visit the diarist describes the library as a noble one, and particularly notes that "all the books are richly bound and gilded." Incidentally it is remarkable that the library has been housed at Cassiobury for an unbroken period of considerably over two hundred and fifty years.

Bibliographically the interest will certainly centre on the exceedingly rare Tracts relating to America, which, together with a selection of English books of the Elizabethan Era, have been included in a separate catalogue. Of the former the most important is a clean and perfect copy of Rosier's *True Relation of . . . Captaine George Waymouth in the Discovery of the land of Virginia*, 1605. Six copies only are known to be extant, all of them in public institutions, with only one—that in the British Museum—in this country. Waymouth's voyage was in reality to the coast of Maine, undertaken for "transporting of a Colony for the plantation thereof," but the localities visited were obscurely described by Rosier, as he explains, so that no "forrein Nation (being fully assured of the fruitfulness of the countrie) should be able to take advantage of the information." The tract was reprinted in Purchas, and in later times (amongst others) by the Gorges Society, 1887. An equally rare and not less interesting tract is John Florio's translation—from the Italian of Ramutius—of Jacques Cartier's *Shorte and Briefe Narration of the Two Navigations and Discoveries to the Northwest partes called Newe France*, 1580. It was during this voyage that the great French navigator sailed up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, and Florio in a preface to this, his



second published translation, explains that he undertook it for "the benefite and behoofe of those that shall attempt any newe discoverie" in the same region. Of this tract, also, only seven copies are extant.

\* \* \*

The opening book sale at Messrs. Sotheby's took place from October 23rd to 25th, and while it contained but few items of great rarity, many interesting prices were recorded.

The first hundred lots on the first day of this sale consisted of general literary works, among them being Lane's translation of *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, 3 vols., 1841, which realised £2; Barham's *Ingoldsby Legends*, 1865, £1 14s.; Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edited by A. R. Shilleto, with Introduction by A. H. Bullen, 3 vols., 1893, £2 18s.; Coleridge's *Poetical and Dramatic Works*, with *Memoir*, etc., 4 vols., Pickering, 1877 (one of 24 on Whatman's paper), £2 15s.; John Gay's *Fables with Life*, 2 vols., 1793, £1 12s.; Lamb's *Works, Letters and Life*, edited by A. Ainger, 6 vols., 1891-8, £2 6s.; La Fontaine's *Tales and Novels in Verse*, 2 vols., 1896 (privately printed for the Society of English Bibliophiles), £3 3s.; E. A. Poe's *Complete Works*, with Notes and Introduction by C. F. Richardson, 10 vols., 1902 (limited to 500 copies), £4 10s.; Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, 1848 (first edition), £5 5s., and his *Newcomes*, 1853-5 (first edition, with wrappers and advertisements), £10 5s.; the Baskerville Press edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost, and Regained*, 2 vols., 1759, £8 10s.; and William Blake's *Works*, reproduced in facsimile from the original editions, 1876 (100 copies printed for private circulation), £7.

\* \* \*

The remaining 240 lots on the first day comprised books from the library of the late Dr. John Harley, of Pulborough, Sussex, and were chiefly works on botany, natural history and topography, and antiquarian subjects. The following is a short selection, with prices realised: Curtis's *The Botanical Magazine*, 42 vols. (including Index vol.), 1787-1835, £5 5s.; R. K. Greville's *Scottish Cryptogamic Flora*, 6 vols., 1823-8, £4; *Leechdoms, Wortcunning and Starcraft of Early England*, collected and edited by Oswald Cockayne, 3 vols., 1864-6, £4 18s.; D. H. S. Cranage's *Churches of Shropshire*, 2 vols. (of which only 500 copies were printed), £2 14s.; N. J. Jacquin's *Collectanea Austriaca ad Botanicum, Chemiam et historiam naturalem*, 4 vols., 1786-90, £8; B. H. Malkin's *Scenery, Antiquities and Biography of South Wales*, 1804, £1 8s.; S. R. Meyrick's *History and Antiquities of the County of Cardigan*, 1810, £2 2s.; John Noorthouck's *A New History of London*, 1773, £1 1s.; Owen and Blakeway's *A History of Shrewsbury*, 2 vols., 1825, £1 12s.;

T. S. Raffles' *History of Java*, 2 vols., 1817, £6 5s.; J. Bayley's *History and Antiquities of the Tower of London*, 2 vols., folio, 1825 (extra-illustrated copy), £3 3s.; Boydell's *History of the River Thames*, 2 vols., 1794-6 (a large copy, 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.), £15 10s.; C. L. Blume's *Collection des Orchidées . . . de l'Archipel Indien et du Japon*, 1858, £3 5s.; Curtis's *Flora Londinensis*, 1777-98, £2 15s.; R. Dodoen's *Cruydt-Boeck* (with numerous woodcuts of plates and flowers), Leyden, 1608, £1 18s.; Sir R. C. Hoare's *Ancient History of South Wiltshire*, 1812 (a large paper copy, 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.), £2; J. D. Hooker's *The Rhododendrons of Sikkim-Himalaya*, 1849, £3 12s.; *A Concise Account . . . of Lambeth Palace*, 1806 (large paper and extra-illustrated), £4 4s.; T. R. Nash's *Collections for the History of Worcestershire*, 2 vols., 1799, £5 5s.; Pliny's *Historia Naturale*, Venice, 1476 (slightly defective copy), £17 10s.; W. Roxburgh's *Plants of the Coast of Coromandel*, 3 vols., 1795-1819, £15 10s.; Stow's *Survey of . . . London and Westminster*, 2 vols., 1754-5, £3 15s.; and La Pierouse's *Figures de la Flore des Pyrénées*, 1795, £40.

\* \* \*

The second day witnessed the sale of a curious Burns' association item (which realised £26), the catalogue entry being as follows:—

Burns (R.) *The British Album*, containing the Poems of Della Crusca, Anna Matilda, Arley, Benedict, The Bard, etc., second edition, 2 vol. in 1, frontispiece to vol. II, but not to vol. I (? wanting), several autograph inscriptions by Burns, including four original verses, old sheep, back defective, 1790.

Inside the cover, writes the cataloguer, is a note of ownership by John Syme (1755-1831, friend of Burns and one of the executors of his will), and on p. 18, above the first of the Burns' inscriptions, the note "wrote by Robt. Burns who had the loan of this book June 1793." According to the D. N. B., vol. XIX, p. 267, Syme accompanied Burns in the following month through the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. The inscriptions are in pencil, which has been inked over, apparently by Syme. The initials "R. B." have been added in ink in four cases, and occur once in the original pencil. Of the original verses, the lines "Grant me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live" were published in Stewart's *Poems ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow, 1801), and are given under the title "In a Lady's Pocket Book" in the 1896 edition edited by Henley and Henderson, where they are placed immediately before the poems written during Burns's tour through Kirkcudbright, referred to above. The other verses do not appear to have been published; they include a stanza written at the end of Della Crusca's Ode to Folly:—



Wisdom & Science—honor'd Powers!

Pardon the truth a sinner tells;

I owe my dearest, raptured hours

To Folly with her cap & bells,

another four-line stanza, and a couplet. For Burns's habit of writing verses in borrowed books, see Henley and Henderson's edition, vol. I, pp. 423, 432 and 446; and for his use of a pencil, the Poems on pp. 301 and 302 of vol. I.

\* \* \*

What seems, from the catalogue description, to be a rather poor copy of the first edition of Gervase Markham's *Hunger's Prevention: or, The Whole Arte of Fowling by Water and Land*, "A. Math. for Anne Helme and Thomas Langley" [1621], realised £16 10s. In March, 1913, a copy (with only one leaf defective) brought £18 5s. in the salerooms. Markham was a prolific writer, and his books form an interesting little field for collector. At least one article in *The Bookman's Journal* has dealt with some of his books.

Other items sold on the second and third days included: Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, first edition, 1809 (with the watermark "E. & P. 1805," in original boards, but name written on cover), £6 5s.; Coleridge's *Poems on Various Subjects*, first edition, 1796, £5 5s.; Keats' *Endymion*, first edition, 1818 (original boards), £44; Roger Bacon's *The Mirror of Alchimy*, first edition, 1597 (not a perfect copy), £10 10s.; Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*, first edition, 1789 (frontispiece shaved, etc.), £5 5s.; and Boydell's *Picturesque Scenery of Norway*, 1820, £36 10s.; Thackeray's *Newcomes*, first edition, 2 vols., 1854-5 (with nearly all the wrappers and advertisements bound in), £5, and his *Virginians*, 2 vols., in the original 24 parts, 1857-9 (with all wrappers and advertisements, except some of those for the last part), £4 5s.

\* \* \*

The books from various private libraries dispersed at Messrs. Hodgson's opening sale on October 18th, 19th and 20th included Incunabula and sixteenth-century printed works, but the sale was chiefly notable for first editions of modern authors (taking "modern" in a fairly wide sense) and sets of standard historical and literary works.

A copy of that rare Kipling book *With Number Three, Surgical and Medical, and New Poems*, printed at Santiago de Chile in 1900, brought £33, and that with the "back slip slightly defective, and a name and bookseller's stamp on the front wrapper." According to Capt. Martindell's *Bibliography of Kipling*, "so far only three copies of this very rare book have been traced." There is no evidence, however, whether the copy just sold is one of those three or constitutes a fourth

come to light. Anyway, the price shows an upward tendency in comparison with that realised on the last occasion a copy came into the salerooms, namely, £25, in July, 1921. Capt. Martindell's copy sold in April, 1921, realised £128!

\* \* \*

An instance of the effect of current literary events on prices was afforded in the price realised at this sale for what, in its nature, must be the most desirable of the 15 or 16 books by James Elroy Flecker. The much-heralded publication, about a month since, of his play *Hassan*, and the simultaneous issue of his *Collected Prose* and Mr. Douglas Goldring's appreciation, have led to lengthy notices of Flecker's work, which has, in fact, with one or two exceptions, been unreservedly praised. Whether those opinions will stand the test of time or not—and in some cases they come from authorities who must be respected—their effect on the book-collecting world was fully reflected at this sale, when a large paper copy of *The Golden Journey to Samarkand*, 1913, limited to 50 copies, each signed and numbered by Flecker, brought (with *The Grecians* 1910, to which at the most one can ascribe 15s.) £9 12s. 6d. In May, 1921, a copy fetched £3 10s. in the salerooms! Mr. Danielson's *Bibliographies of Modern Authors* establishes that of the 50 L. P. copies of this book some were issued with a cancel title-page bearing the imprint of Mr. Martin Secker, to whom the book was transferred, the original issue, with the "Max Goschen, Ltd." imprint on the title-page, being therefore considerably less than 50. Both the copy just sold and the other we have referred to were the Max Goschen issue, the former being No. 30. The certificate of issue in this book, by the way, is on a little slip of paper which is pasted in the upper left-hand corner of the inside front cover. That is unusual, and, most collectors would agree, not desirable. Two other Fleckers, *The Bridge of Fire* 1907, and *Forty-two Poems*, 1911, realised £1 19s. together.

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The first edition of Conrad's *Almayer's Folly*, 1895, in the original green cloth, brought £8 10s., showing that there is little or no dropping-off in Conrad prices, although a copy ("as new") of this first edition of Conrad's first book has brought £10 15s. in the salerooms. Other "modern firsts" here sold included Max Beerbohm's *Yet Again*, 1909, £4, and *The Poet's Corner*, 1904, £2; Lionel Johnson's *Poems*, 1895, £2; Gray's *Silverpoints*, 1893, £2 11s.; Arthur Symonds' *The Fool of the World*, 1906, and *Tragedies*, 1916 (sold together), £1 16s.; De la Mare's *The Veil* (one of 250 signed copies), 1921, £2 4s.; James Joyce's *Chamber of Music* (n.d.) and *Exiles*, 1918 (sold together), £2 4s.; Swinburne's *Atalanta in*

*Calydon* 1865, £3 10s.; J. M. Synge's *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, Cuala Press, 1910, £1 17s.; Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis* (one of 200 on hand-made paper), 1905, £1 16s., and *A Woman of no Importance*, 1894, £2 4s. The Kelmscott edition of William Morris's *Life and Death of Jason* brought £13 5s.

Among the historical sets Freeman's *The Norman Conquest of England*, 6 vols., 1875-9, realised £3 3s.; Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, 8 vols., 1888-90, £3 15s.; Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, 8 vols., 1848-69, £4; and *The Cambridge Modern History*, planned by Lord Acton, 14 vols., 1902-

12, £9 15s. The original issue of Wheatley's *Pepys*, with Index and Supplement, 10 vols., 1893-9, brought £10 5s.; Lamb's *Works*, edited by E. V. Lucas, 7 vols., and the *Life*, 2 vols., 1903-5, made £5 10s.; Borrow's *Celebrated Trials and Remarkable Cases of Criminal Jurisprudence*, 6 vols., 1825, £10; *The English Dialect Dictionary*, edited by Joseph Wright, 7 vols., 1898-1905, £5 12s. 6d.: Wheatley and Cunningham's *London Past and Present*, 3 vols., 1891 ("a clean, unopened set"), £7 17s. 6d.; and the library edition of Ruskin's *Complete Works*, edited by E. T. Cook and Alex. Wedderburn, 39 vols., 1903-12, £15.

## FIRST EDITIONS: THE MONTH'S DEMANDS ANALYSED

The following list of the demands, during the five weeks ending October 21, for first editions of modern British authors, has been compiled from the desiderata of second-hand booksellers appearing in various papers. The figures are higher all round this month because hitherto four weeks' demands have been tabled; an extra week has been taken in on this occasion to bring the list

as up-to-date as possible. When these lists have appeared for twelve months it is proposed to summarise them in one table, thus showing the demands over one year.

Such a table as this, while extremely interesting, is indicative only of current demands, and has but a limited relation to appreciation in the wider sense or unrevealed collecting activities.

	Requests for Separate Titles	Requests for "All Firsts"		Requests for Separate Titles	Requests for "All Firsts"
W. H. Hudson	84	12	H. Rider Haggard	10	—
Arnold Bennett	45	—	D. H. Lawrence	9	2
George Gissing	41	5	Hugh Walpole	9	2
John Masfield	36	6	R. L. Stevenson	8	4
Arthur Machen	35	1	Somerset Maugham	8	1
George Moore	35	1	G. K. Chesterton	8	—
Charles Dickens	34	6	Max Beerbohm	7	4
John Drinkwater	33	1	Henry James	7	1
John Galsworthy	30	1	John Davidson	7	1
Joseph Conrad	29	9	Lord Dunsany	7	—
Thomas Hardy	29	6	R. Middleton	7	—
Walter de la Mare	29	1	Sir Henry Newbolt	7	—
Sir J. M. Barrie	26	1	J. A. Symonds	5	1
Aldous Huxley	24	8	Edmund Blunden	5	—
Sir R. F. Burton	23	1	H. M. Tomlinson	5	—
Samuel Butler	21	1	A. S. Hutchinson	5	—
N. Douglas	19	1	W. B. Yeats	4	1
Andrew Lang	18	—	"Ouida"	4	—
Rudyard Kipling	17	1	W. S. Blunt	4	—
W. J. Locke	17	1	Lewis Carroll	4	—
Oscar Wilde	15	—	R. Le Gallienne	4	—
George Saintsbury	14	—	Leonard Merrick	3	2
James Joyce	14	1	R. B. Cunningham		
J. E. Flecker	13	1	Graham	3	1
William de Morgan	12	1	Aubrey Beardsley	3	—
Lytton Strachey	12	—	Stephen Phillips	3	—
Sir A. Conan Doyle	12	—	Neil Lyons	3	—
Arthur Symons	11	2	G. B. Shaw	3	—
Maurice Hewlett	11	—	W. H. Davies	3	—
H. G. Wells	11	—	Kenneth Grahame	3	—
Rupert Brooke	10	5	Alfred Noyes	3	—



# BOOKSHOP CATALOGUES

*It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he hath gone his way then he boasteth.*—PROVERBS XX, 14.

## CHAUNDY AND COX.

Here is a catalogue (No. 56) from Messrs. Chaundy and Cox, of 40, Maddox Street, London, W. 1, into which few collectors could delve without coming across items of special appeal. There are desirable editions of Boccaccio and Cervantes, Shakespeare folios and an interesting selection of Shakespeareana, a useful run of Elzevirs at a price worth the vellum bindings, eighteenth century poetry, a most fruitful-looking lot of pamphlets, and over 200 "firsts" of modern authors.

And between these are plenty of attractive entries, of which one might take a representative page which catalogues Sir Walter Raleigh's *Observations*, with portrait (original calf, 1661), at £4, a 4th edition of Thomas Randolph's *Poems*, whose date, 1652, provides one of the numerous instances in which Lowndes is in error, and five lots of association interest with Samuel Richardson, mostly letters, though one is a fragment of a projected epistolary novel. And for collectors of autograph letters there are some 200 pieces of correspondence ranging from 2s. upwards.

## P. J. AND A. E. DOBELL.

"The covers are lined with leaves of an old contemporary MS.," runs the cataloguer's note appended to an entry of an illustrated fifteenth-century book in Messrs. Dobell's catalogue No. 15, from 8, Bruton Street, W. 1. That seems a matter which "wants looking into." The volume comprises two works bound together in contemporary pigskin on oak boards, the first being Augustine's *Expositio Evangelii Iohannis* [Basel, Joh. Amerbach, not after 1491], and the other, *Opus Canonum*, Strassbourg, Martin Schott, 1490.

All told there are 369 books, mainly old and many rare, in this list, some of the subjects represented being Aeronautics (five scarce items are offered for collectors specialising in this class), Aldine Press books, Americana, Australiana, Bibliographical Works, Bindings, Books on the Drama and Old Plays (a good show on a subject for which this old-established firm has a reputation), Travel books and Early Poetry. Any collector wanting [and what collector does not want?] a copy of the first edition of Keats' *Lamia; Isabella; and the Eve of St. Agnes*, should get Messrs. Dobell's catalogue, where a "good, clean copy" is listed at £18, the copy

lacking the half-title and the advertisements at end.

## FRANCIS EDWARDS.

It is many a long day since I found within a short catalogue such an extraordinarily fine series of "London" items as that in the latest (No. 436) issued by Mr. Francis Edwards from his unfailing book reservoir at 83, High Street, Marylebone, London, W. 1. Devoted to books, maps and engravings relating to London and the neighbourhood, it is remarkable, when one looks through the material detailed in these pages, the harvest to be derived by any student or enthusiast in history, quite apart from the collector, for the outlay of a comparatively modest sum. Eleven items offer various collections of bound volumes of old newspapers at prices from about £1 to £60, which are valuable sources and low prices. Five of Wheatley's books, two with the Way lithographs—viz., *Later Reliques of Old London* and *Reliques of Old London Suburbs*; Tallis's *London Street Views*; nearly 400 old play bills of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket; John Rocque's surveys; and the publications of the London Topographical Society and the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society are features.

But I paused longest at lot No. 42, *Curiosities of Street Literature*, "comprising a curious assortment of Street Drolleries, Squibs, Histories, Comic Tales, Dying Speeches and Confessions, many illustrated," 1871, with a few extra original broadsides inserted. The work is quite new to me, as well it might be, since it was only issued in a limited edition of 250 copies. Somehow, £3 seems little enough for such a "curious assortment."

## R. HULTON AND CO.

When the recipients of Mr. Russell Oakley's new catalogue (Hulton and Co., 19, High Street, Christchurch, Hants) note from the front cover announcement that many of the books listed came from Newlands Manor, Hampshire, they will surely inquire within with greater curiosity. The first item to catch the eye is one of 26 philological books—*A Dictionary of English and Latine Idioms*, black letter, engraved front, old calf, 1680, at 15s., and some 17th- and 18th-century parchment documents relating to properties in Wiltshire, Devon, and Hampshire, of which fuller particulars are supplied on application. Three items of American interest at a few shillings each include Read's *Female Poets of America*, with coloured front and engravings, Philadelphia, 1851. Lastly, to the Cruikshankian item, Hone's *Every-*

day Book, a first edition, there is this unusual and intriguing note: "Some pages have MS. pencil or ink marginal notes which accounts for low price; otherwise a good copy." Not all cataloguers are so modest.

#### INTERNATIONAAL ANTIQUARIAAT.

Close upon Mr. Menno Hertzberger's catalogue of books on the fine arts, referred to in my notes last month, comes another, No. 11, from his well-named Internationaal Antiquariaat, 364, Singel, Amsterdam, this last containing 375 items, the range of which is as wide as the arrangement of them in the catalogue is neat. Under the heading of "Incunables et impressions du 16e siècle," the chief item is a fine copy of the *Opera Hrosvite illustris virginis et monialis Germane gentes Saxonica orte nuper Conrado Celte inventa*, folio, vellum, 1501. Of the eight full-page woodcuts in this first edition of Hroswitha's works, two are attributed by Mr. Campbell Dodgson to Albrecht Dürer and six to Wolf Traut.

To mention only some of the other sections in this list, there are 10 items under Americana; 27 under Aviation; 29 under Bibliography and Printing; 12 under Natural History; 14 under English Literature (including some curiosities of the 17th century, and facsimile reprints of the Shakespeare Folios); 9 under Navigation; and 28 under Tobacco, the "weed" being one of the subjects to which Mr. Hertzberger gives special attention.

#### G. H. LAST.

A "run" of old manuscripts is one of the attractions of Mr. Last's new catalogue from 25, The Broadway, Bromley, Kent. One item is a 64 page MS. extracted from Nelson's own letter book and relating to his voyage to the West Indies in the *Boreas*, another is a contemporary account (32 pp.) of the Battle of Waterloo, while another looks particularly desirable, viz., a French MS. *Sur different objets de l'art de la Guerre des Anciens Romains, qui meritent d'etre adopté de nos jour*, with numerous water-colour drawings of military costumes, armour, etc., for which two guineas is asked. Natural history books, prints, choicely bound volumes with fore-edge paintings provide other embellishments to this miscellaneous list. Birket, Foster, Cosway, Wheatley, Bartolozzi, Greenaway, and Alken are among the names to catch the eye in the Print section.

#### F. B. NEUMAYER.

There is a "freshness" and the atmosphere of a prospecting camp about the catalogue devoted to "Modern art and modern authors and other interesting books" issued by Mr. F. B. Neumayer (70, Charing Cross Road, W.C. 2).

A few volumes on arms and armour, a "run" of illustrated books under the sub-head "artistic anatomy," twenty Beardsley items, including an uncut copy of the first issue of the *Malory*—and we are soon absorbed in the neat little booklet. There follow copies of the 1st and 2nd issues of Gordon Bottomley's *The Gate of Smaragdus*, which is becoming scarcer owing to being withdrawn from circulation; and two Bullen productions, and a useful series of Conrad, De la Mare, Drinkwater, Dunsany, Galsworthy, Cunningham-Graham, Hardy, a complete set of W. W. Jacobs (16 vols., good condition, at £6 15s. 1), Masfield, George Moore (two copies having A.L.S. inserted) and W. B. Yeats.

Here is a complete set, 12 vols., of the *Myths* series in the original cloth (colour and other plates) which will not long be marked at £4 10s., standard works on etching, lithography, etc., seven items on Japanese and Chinese art, with, interspersed, a sprinkling of Press-books.

#### WILKINSON AND CO.

Four "firsts" of the Poet Laureate at 3s. 6d. each make me pause in looking over the fifth list from 17, Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C., 1. A good copy of the first edition of Gissing's *By the Ionian Sea*, a fine uncut example of the rare "first" of Masfield's *Ballads* (Vigo Cabinet series) and the same author's *Widow in the Bye Street*, "first," in mint state, shows that Wilkinson and Co. "find them," to borrow from the language of those concerned with other "books." Indeed, their list opens somewhat deceptively, for its strength in good things comes at the end, where are books from the Cuala and Doves Presses, Grolier Club publications, and some Shakespeareana at modest prices.

#### HERBERT WRAY.

In this new catalogue which Mr. Wray sends me from 17, East Park Road, Harrogate, I find under section "Occult" a *History of the Witches of Renfrewshire* (Paisley, 1877—nice copy, 5/-)—a probably little-known item which specialists in this field might be very glad to have and yet require to search far for it. Apply the example all round and the conclusion is this: that the collector cannot afford to miss a single item, especially in such a catalogue as this, where between the usual sections of modern authors, botany, sport, art and architecture, fiction and theology—which, by the way, are well up to standard in variety and reasonableness of price—there are ever likely to be those strange little outcasts of the publishing world. If I must particularize, it is to mention Mr. Wray's excellent show of Masfields.

Q.



# CORRESPONDENCE

## A NEW VERSION OF A FAMOUS PRINT STORY.

To the Editor of *The Bookman's Journal*.

SIR,—Can any of your readers, engraving enthusiasts, assist in the following query? About two years ago I bought at a sale a copy of James Caulfield's *Calcographiana, The Printsellers' Chronicle*, 1814. It contains on page 128 an interesting note relative to an engraving of Sir John Hotham and an account of a business transaction between Caulfield and Mr. Colnaghi whereby the latter purchased a parcel of prints (rejected by other printsellers) for £40, subsequently selling the prints for over £800.

Now, last week, when browsing round a book-stall in the East End, I found another copy of the same work (the edition consisted of 362 copies only), and inserted at page 128 was a contemporary anonymous MS. note, which I quote:—

This story is a fabrication from beginning to end. I, this day learnt it from Colnaghi at Paris (20 Sept. 1814). Reed the printseller of Pall Mall called on him and said that a country bookseller had consigned a large parcel of rubbish for sale at £40, that he had mentioned it to several dealers all of whom declined it. Colnaghi immediately ordered a hackney coach to go and view what Reed said was not worth the expense. Near Charing Cross he espied Caulfield, whom he knew to be a connoisseur, and asked him to accompany them: on arrival he soon saw the value of the *rubbish* and having only £20 in his pocket he desired them to put the Portfolios in the carriage whilst he went to Boydells from whom he borrowed the other £20. On arriving at his own house he put the treasure in his cabinet—which Caulfield remained looking over—being frequently obliged to leave the room. Caulfield had selected a parcel of loose prints which he said were only two-penny articles but might be useful to him, and he [Colnaghi] gave them and 10 guineas for his trouble: in the evening his [Colnaghi's] wife observed that some articles had been removed from the sheets. A few days after Mr. Lloyd, the collector and wine merchant, told Colnaghi that he had been robbed, particularly of [the] Hotham. He [presumably Colnaghi] questioned and threatened Caulfield, who brought back the print but said it was in the gift and his wife [was] in fits. When [or whereupon] Colnaghi gave him the print and let him go.

This is a very different account to Mr. Caulfield's, and I am wondering if any of your readers

can suggest who the anonymous writer of the note can have been.

Evidently collectors in those days were somewhat unscrupulous. Caulfield is quoted by J. H. Slater, in his *Engravings and Their Value*, who states: "The quotations given by Caulfield are in some instances approximately correct even now, and his estimate of the comparative scarcity of the portraits he mentions can generally be relied on."—Yours faithfully,

E. WOODHAMS HARRISON.

Hampstead, N.W. 3.

[Note: The interesting MS. note in the copy secured by our correspondent is reproduced here as sent, except that the punctuation has been slightly altered and the words in brackets inserted for the sake of clarity. The anonymous writer becomes somewhat involved as he nears the end of his story.—EDITOR, *The Bookman's Journal*.]

## "SIR GEORGE AND THE WEASEL."

To the Editor, *The Bookman's Journal*.

DEAR SIR,—Your publisher has been so good as to send me a copy of *The Bookman's Journal* for this month, a present which I very greatly appreciate. He directs my attention to page 19, where I find that your contributor "A. B. H." has done me the honour to write, under the above heading, a short, but genial and hilarious notice of my work as Editor of the late E. W. Smithson's *Baconian Essays*.

His jocular comments make me realise the truth of the vulgar saying that a kick, even administered *a posteriori*, is better than no fight! But, while appreciating "the humour of it," I must really, with your permission, take exception to one sentence in this rollicking review. "A. B. H." simply declines to accept my statement, made in entirely good faith, that I am not a "Baconian." That statement is perfectly true. What is the meaning of the term "Baconian" in this connection? I apprehend it is one who believes that Francis Bacon wrote the plays and poems of "Shakespeare." I have no such belief. That he did not write all of them I am quite certain, and I see no sufficient evidence that he wrote any.

Professor Lefranc writes, "Que l'auteur du théâtre Shakespearien ait été en rapport avec Francis Bacon, c'est ce que nous avons toujours été porté à admettre pour bien des raisons," and I think Professor Lefranc is probably right, but he is certainly not a Baconian. On the contrary, he contends that William Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby, is the true "Shakespeare," and with regard to some of the plays, more especially *Love's*

*Labour's Lost*, it seems to me that he makes out a very strong case.

"A. B. H." speaks with scorn of my "naïve assurance" that I am an "Agnostic" with regard to the true "Shakespearian" authorship. Why "naïve," please? It is the simple truth. "A. B. H." doubtless knows that there are three states of mind possible with regard to any proposition, viz., belief, disbelief, and suspension of judgment. In default of more conclusive evidence my position with regard to the "Shakespearian" authorship, is that of suspension of judgment? I may, of course, be asked, "What does it matter whether or not you are thought to be a 'Baconian'?" Well, not very much, perhaps, but, nevertheless, it matters somewhat to me, for all my Shakespearian work has been entirely negative. Like a much greater man, the late Henry James, I feel quite certain that William Shakespeare of Stratford did *not* write the plays and poems, but who was the true author of, say, *Hamlet*, *Lear* and *Othello*, has yet to be proved. Meantime, to write, as does "A. B. H.," that I am a "Baconian to the heart," is not only untrue, but, in the face of my clear denial, not very good manners; certainly not such as "stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

I edited Mr. Smithson's *Baconian Essays* in accordance with his wishes and those of his widow because he was my friend, and a highly respected one, and because he left me a small sum of money for that purpose, although, as he himself says (see pages 27 and 32) he was well aware that I was not a "Baconian." I prefixed an Introduction which is certainly not "Baconian," and as to the two additional essays of my own, they were written many years ago, and designed to call attention to certain remarkable facts and coincidences which, I think, go far to justify Professor Lefranc's opinion as quoted by me above.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE GREENWOOD.

October 21.

P.S.—I am truly distressed to see in the pages of *The Bookman's Journal* a reference to "Major's (*sic*) edition" of Juvenal. As I feel sure that "A. B. H." is much too good a scholar to have so written, I will charitably assume that it is a printer's error which he unfortunately overlooked.

[Our reviewer writes:—

In the light of Sir George Greenwood's letter, I apologise for referring to him as a "Baconian," and assure him that I am now quite convinced of his agnosticism. In extenuation I can only say that Sir George's own (and self-styled "Baconian") essays were published at the end of the volume and therefore, perhaps, left upon my mind a more vivid impression than his Intro-

duction. I do not pretend to be expert in the manners of a Vere de Vere, but doing my poor best—may I suggest to Sir George that the reader of the last two essays and the "Final Note" might at least be tempted to entertain a slight suspicion of a *tendency*, shall we say, on Sir George's part towards a very mild predilection for the Baconian theory, at any rate in regard to one or two of the supposed works of "William Shakespeare"? I am surprised that Sir George should think it good enough to make a point of an obvious, and unfortunate, printer's error. As my reference to Mayor's "Juvenal" was taken from his own volume, p. 229, where Mayor's name is plainly printed, it is hardly likely that even so poor a scholar as I would copy it incorrectly. So none of your charity, thanks, sir!

A. B. H.]

#### BOOKS FOR THE HOSPITALS.

To the Editor, *The Bookman's Journal*.

DEAR SIR,—Please accept the warmest thanks of the Committee for the books you sent us. We are most grateful for them, especially just now as we are in great need of books; we receive so few during the summer months.—Yours faithfully,

A. G. BOYD.

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and Order of St. John War and Peace  
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[We again commend to our readers this worthy cause, and trust that when "making room" on their library shelves they will remember the sufferers in our hospitals, whose weary hours will be brightened by the enjoyment which books bring. Volumes given to the Red Cross Society for distribution among the hospitals all over England will be collected on receipt by the Secretary of the donor's address.—EDITOR, *The Bookman's Journal*.]

#### "POSTHUMOUS FRAGMENTS OF MARGARET NICHOLSON."

To the Editor of *The Bookman's Journal*.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to the paragraph which appeared in the October Number of *The Bookman's Journal* (and elsewhere) as to the sale of the copy of the rare Shelley item, *Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson*, which passed unrecognised through a Book-Auction sale in London, may we be allowed, in view of questions which have arisen in this matter, to state that this particular copy has not passed through our hands.—Yours faithfully,

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# MEN AND MATTERS

"AN EMINENT BOOKWORM."



OUR congratulations are joined to the many which Professor Saintsbury received on the recent celebration of his 77th birthday, which finds him at this mature age full of zest and adding still to his literary works which are so deservedly esteemed. As Professor Grierson wrote in an appreciation in the *Observer*, "the fire of his enthusiasm for good literature and good things of every kind burns with an undimmed flame." It must be a happy reflection to him that among the general appreciation of his contributions to literature the younger school in the world of letters to-day holds him in such high and affectionate repute.

The following picture of the Professor was recalled by Mr. Herbert Brook, a former student at Edinburgh over twenty years ago, as a supplement to the aforementioned appreciation:—

My chief impression of the Professor is of a very brilliant man who lived and worked on Olympian heights that were not to be approached by the average student. During all the months I spent in his crowded classroom, hardly one word did I exchange with him. Some of the embryo high-brows may have been more fortunate! The picture I had in my mind was of an eminent bookworm who finished preparing his lectures in the study at half-past three, jumped into a fog-excluding cab a quarter of an hour later; arrived at his University sanctum five minutes before the hour; walked into the class-room jauntily swinging his mortar-board at the stroke of four; talked brilliantly and at express speed for an hour; had practically no idea of the mentality of the mosaic of student-life spread before him; and then retired hastily to his private room, leaving his students to wrestle with his lecture as best they could. All interruptions and questions seemed to be treated as incipient rebellions.

May he live long to enjoy the treasures of the *Cellar* and the *Book*!

## THE BOOK THIEF AGAIN.

Those behind the scenes of the second-hand book-world have had, of late, some unusually interesting topics of conversation. The latest concerns a book thief around whom interest—public or private—is likely to centre for a long time.

The book thief, like the poor, is always with us—as the past volumes of *The Bookman's Journal* bear testimony through a number of curious records recited by various correspondents.

But the latest one is a particularly bold though curious specimen whose operations—for which he had the easiest of facilities owing to his position—are stated to involve a sum running into four figures. This case, too, is remarkable for the number and standing of the firms affected by the thefts.

## DEDICATIONS.

It would be interesting to classify and analyse the different kinds of Dedications in books. At first glance there would appear to be only two—the purely personal (the full significance of the sentiment implied being only understood by two people) and the expression of an appreciation which is shared by either a large or small number of people. But a little reflection will result in the recollection of a number of Dedications which would have to be placed in other categories. Many of our readers have doubtless interested themselves in this subject, and their views and examples would be cordially welcomed in the common library of our Correspondence Columns.

For the moment we are more concerned with recording the impression that Dedications seem to be growing more in favour with authors again—certainly, to whatever extent the assumption is justified, the autumn season has seen the issue of quite a large number of books carrying a variety of dedicatory tributes. It is a happy and time-honoured custom, in which, we may be sure, the man who buys a book takes the full measure of interest which the nature of the Dedication and the intention of the author permits.

TO—

Among recent books there is *On English Poetry* by Mr. Robert Graves—"To T. E. Lawrence of Arabia and All Souls College, Oxford, and to W. H. R. Rivers of the Solomon Islands and St. John's College, Cambridge, my gratitude for valuable critical help and the dedication of this book," which forms an effective contrast in descriptions. Mr. John Drinkwater's *Preludes, 1921-1922*, was simply "For David," a dedication the sentiment of which the reader finds in the poems themselves. There must be quite a list of books dedicated to Havelock Ellis, the latest of which is *Four Comedies* by Carlo Goldoni, edited by Mr. Clifford Bax. And connoisseurs of prints will note with satisfaction that *Etching Craft*, by Mr. W. P. Robins, which will be issued in a week or so, is a tribute to that master and kindly counsellor, Sir Frank Short, R.A., who is held in affectionate esteem by so many students and collectors.



## ENGLISH LITERATURE 1822-1922.

Mr. Edmund Gosse contributed a long article entitled "English Literature in 1822: A contrast" to the *Sunday Times* on the occasion of its Centenary Number. It was naturally an effective review, but at the same time it was disappointingly brief in the matter of the contrast. When Mr. Gosse said, at the beginning of his four-column essay, that it seemed very crude to speak about the "stupid nineteenth century," or to put the eighteenth against the seventeenth, and that

each epoch makes what pattern it can out of the eternal pieces of many-coloured glass which were put into the hands of man when he first discovered the arts of expressive speech

he appeared to be preparing his readers for this conclusion:—

Quantity has prodigiously increased, but it is quality which tells in the progression of the ages. Has there really been, through our huge extension of appeal, any sensible advance in quality? I leave this embarrassing question to be answered by those better versed in popular taste than I am.

Thus are the literature and the popular judgment of to-day left gracefully in the air. Why the question is embarrassing and to who is somewhat of a mystery, but that Mr. Gosse is not sufficiently well versed to answer it is the least convincing of reasons. One curious aspect of the matter is that the same question is frequently being asked and answered in various ways in these days, and whatever may be the majority opinion the very fact of that inquisitiveness is important and possibly indicative.

But Mr. Gosse need not be so modest.

## THE COST OF BOOKS.

Where Mr. Gosse did make comparisons between the literary world of 1822 and the wider one of 1922 was in regard to prices of new books. He pointed out how the years of steady reductions resulted in 1914 in almost the zero of cheapness being reached. The end of the war saw the pendulum swing back very considerably owing to economic causes, and although its movement is now gradually towards the reasonable price, it is certain that the 1914 position will not be reached for many years—if it is ever reached at all.

We may wrangle with the wise as to how much more costly was the book a century ago than it is to-day in view of the changed money values and the greatly altered social conditions, but the fact remains that in the early part of the nineteenth century there were plenty of enthusiastic readers who paid heavily for their books in

comparison with the prices they would have to pay to-day. A copy of *Peveril of the Peak*, Mr. Gosse reminds us, cost two guineas, and one of *The Pirate* a guinea and a-half. Peacock's *Maid Marian*, a very small volume, was cheap at seven shillings. Fashionable romances, like *Reginald Dalton*, were sold at a guinea and a-half. These prices were not falling, but advancing; the charge for *Guy Mannering* had been only one guinea, and twenty years earlier still the average price for novels was only three shillings a volume. By 1822 it was eight shillings. A few years later still the price for Walter Scott had risen to two guineas, and it must be remembered that in those days there was no discount or rebate of any description.

## HOGARTH'S PRINTS.

Professor R. G. Hatton, in a recent lecture at the Armstrong College School of Art, Newcastle, made some controversial criticisms of Hogarth's art. He alluded to the "spice of wickedness, sometimes rather objectionable," which entered into the work of some eighteenth-century artists, adding that Hogarth prided himself on his moralising and probably found such efforts were popular. Describing as significant one of Hogarth's advertisements commending "a series of diverting prints exposing the vices and follies of the time," Professor Hatton thought it "a cheap hypocrisy to excuse a reprehensible work of art on the ground that it does good." He doubted whether such works were ever done to do good. It seemed that the doing-good attitude was another kind of diversion. They had in Hogarth a type of artist who could only see the un-ideal side of life. He introduced a pictorial representation of a form of cruelty that was not practised in this country. That was hardly fair. Perhaps it was diverting, and it suggested motives that were not very high. Hogarth's prints, he added, were broken up, compelling one to go roaming all over the picture. That was undoubtedly the right treatment for works of satire. But the treatment was not pleasant. And probably Hogarth would say that he did not intend them to be pleasant but pictures to be looked at in a broad way.

## MEETINGS OF THE MONTH.

Forthcoming meetings of the Bibliographical Society and the Elizabethan Literary Society, with the papers to be read, are as follows:—

November 8.—Elizabethan Society: "The Merchant of Venice and Philip of Spain." By Miss Lilian Winstanley.

November 20.—Bibliographical Society: "Notes on Shakespeare's Printers and Publishers." By Mr. H. Farr.





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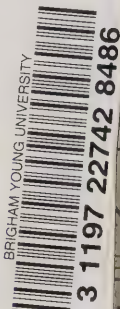
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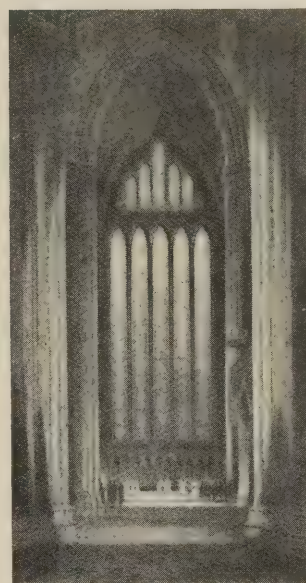
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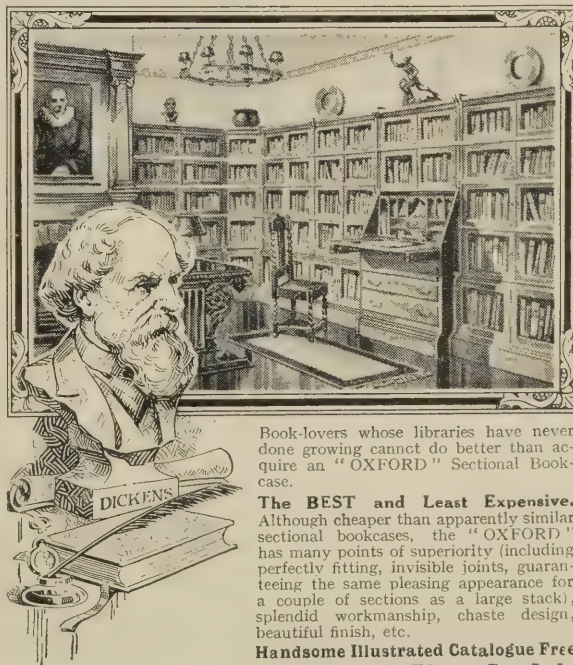
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# The BOOKMAN'S JOURNAL

## AND PRINT COLLECTOR

VOL. IX (New Series) No. 29

**CONTENTS**

FEBRUARY, 1924

	PAGE
XIXTH CENTURY BINDING STYLES: NOTES FOR COLLECTORS—Michael Sadleir .. .. .	153
THE "AMBROSE GWYNETT" MYSTERY—Gerald Hayes and L. Selden .. .. .	157
PRIVATE PRESSES—Falconer Madan .. .. .	159
SHAKESPEARIADDENDA—P.N. .. .. .	161
DR. JOHNSON: THE MAN AND HIS BOOKS—G.F.W. .. .. .	162
EARL FORWARD: BOOKSELLER AND MISER—A.J.H. .. .. .	163
BURNS, HIS CRITICS AND COMMENTATORS—A.B.H. .. .. .	164
OUR PRINT GALLERY .. .. .	165
A DISINTERRED CLASSIC—V.B.N. .. .. .	167
AMERICAN NOTES—G. H. Sargent .. .. .	169
NOTES ON PRINTS .. .. .	171
THE NUMBERING OF PRINTS .. .. .	172
MR. BRANTINGHAM SIMPSON'S <i>ESTAMPES GALANTES</i> .. .. .	174
A MYSTERY BINDING—A.E. .. .. .	178
A RARE HUDSON PAMPHLET—G.F.W. .. .. .	178
BOOKS IN THE SALE ROOMS .. .. .	179
IMPERIAL FIDDLESTICKS AND BEASTS ROYAL—P.N. .. .. .	181
ROUND THE BOOKSHOPS—Burton, Jun. .. .. .	183
NOTES, QUERIES AND ANSWERS .. .. .	184
FIRST EDITIONS: THE MONTH'S DEMANDS ANALYSED .. .. .	185
MEN AND MATTERS .. .. .	186

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# THE BOOKMAN'S JOURNAL

## AND PRINT COLLECTOR

Volume IX. No. 29

Editor: WILFRED PARTINGTON.

February, 1924

### XIXth CENTURY BINDING STYLES: NOTES FOR COLLECTORS—By MICHAEL SADLEIR

**S**OME knowledge of publishing history and of the evolution of method in book-making becomes increasingly important to the collector of nineteenth century editions. This is due mainly to the insistence of the wise bibliophile on copies *in original condition* of the books he needs. But such insistence, though admirable, is not always easy of satisfaction.

It is impossible to over-stress the significance of *condition* in any book collection. Often have old libraries, reputed to contain treasures of rarity and value, brought disappointment to their eager inheritors because an earlier and (by contemporary standards) a less critical age preferred half-calf to varied and often shabby boards; saw in shaved and sprinkled edges a neatness unattainable by uncut leaves; regarded half-titles or advertisement pages as tiresome superfluities. Nowadays the fact is becoming realized; but an ideal is not of itself a collector's full equipment. How is he to be sure what actually *was* the original condition for which he so ardently seeks? How is he to acquire that subtle sense of "rightness" or "wrongness" which, in every branch of collecting, is the ultimate essential? Beyond a certain point this precious sense must be admitted unteachable, save by experience; and, even by this ruthless instructor, only to those who have in them the real stuff of which collectors are made. Up to that point, on the other hand, knowledge can set the amateur on the path of a right judgment, and as a source for the kind of knowledge most desirable, history is unrivalled.

With the idea of setting down those events of the history of modern book-making most valuable to the bibliophile and, in some sort, of remedying the lack of available authorities on this queer madness of collecting, I have attempted to put in order notes compiled over several years of book-

hunting, and to summarise the conclusions to which, often by sad experience, I have arrived. To decide what like were Georgian and Victorian books before our forefathers had their way with them is a task many-sided and full of difficulties. But in my own experience the most urgent and the most baffling of all the problems inherent in it is that of binding styles, and to binding styles, therefore, this article is devoted.

For the most part the statements which follow apply to novels. In other words, the actual books upon which generalisations are based and those which, here and there, are adduced in support of such generalisations, are in the main works of fiction. This is the case, partly because my own collection is one of novels and in itself supplies a not inadequate survey of a century and a half of book-making; partly because fiction is, from the point of view of book-manufacture, less complicated than other types of publication by problems of elaborate illustration, of maps, diagrams, indices and the like. In consequence, fiction more than other class of literature represents at any given period the normal standard or mien of book-making. In the main the peculiarities of style shown in the publishing of what may be called "general" books are merely an elaboration of the basic style of the period, which is seen unadorned in its application to fiction.

If, in bitterness of spirit, we are sometimes tempted to curse bygone collectors for their vandalism, let us remember that it is not wholly fair to blame them because their fads were different from our own. Our predecessors' passion for binding their books was not mere unenlightenment. It had indeed an origin in just those early publishing conventions whose importance I have emphasised. Certainly the habit of binding up one's treasures in sumptuous uniformity outlasted by many years its original and practical

impulse; but its victims must, nevertheless, be given credit for at least a fundamental logic.

In the eighteenth century the publisher (or bookseller as he then was—a being who combined the duties of horse and hound) issued the works he printed or caused to be printed either in sheets or in a plain paper wrapper. This latter was sometimes wholly without stiffening; sometimes (and as time went on, more frequently) had a foundation of thin board. The printed sheets (the majority loose but, maybe, a few in wrappers) were carried by coach from London or from the big provincial city of their origin to country centres, partly for stocking the subscription libraries; partly for supplying local reading-circles; partly for private ownership in some big country house; hardly at all for chance retail sale. Before the volumes went upon the library shelves or crossed the squire's threshold they were bound by local binders. The library bound them roughly, cheaply and with strength. The squire, likely as not, had his own style of binding, went to the expense of tooling, and perhaps incorporated his crest in the design. The library, the reading-circle or the squire, even if they received a wrapped or board-cased copy among their sets of sheets, would very rarely keep it in its original uncut flimsiness. Nor is it surprising that this should be so, seeing that the volumes bore no titles on their spines and would have ranged monotonous and obscure along the shelves.

It is evident that, in conditions such as these, copies of books that survived in the grey boards or paper wrappers of their first issue were at no time numerous, and, after years of wear and of exposure to the manifold risks of destruction or of loss, must of necessity be now almost non-existent. Conversely it is obvious that no "publisher's binding," in the accepted sense of lettered durability, was known. All announcements of forthcoming titles at this epoch quote prices for books "sewed"—that is, stitched roughly in the plain wrappers above described. The collector of eighteenth century fiction who insists on board copies or even on uncut copies of his favourites must have a long purse and longer patience. Indeed, he might need several life-times of endurance, for in all likelihood such copies as he wants have for the most part ceased to be. It is more prudent to accept this fact (although perhaps regretfully) and to buy the board or uncut copies fortune offers, but for the rest to take contemporary calf or morocco with margins as tall as may be, and to be thankful.

As the century grew old, books were produced in greater numbers and their sale became more

regularised. Consequently board copies of the writers of the seventeen-nineties (Mrs. Radcliffe, 'Monk' Lewis and the like) do on occasion show themselves. Still more marked is this tendency during the early years of the nineteenth century. Jane Austen's novels may be found in boards (although, of course, with even greater difficulty than in calf and at a vastly higher price), while the works of authors at present less keenly in demand (Maria Edgeworth, for example, or Jane Porter) appear almost with frequency in their original condition.

It was between 1810 and 1825 that English publishing made its first great stride along the road to modern conditions. The function of publisher, as opposed to that of bookseller, emerged distinctively. In Edinburgh and Dublin, as well as in London, a class of men came forward willing to pay an author money for the mere right to exploit his written work. But this process of exploitation did not involve a binding policy any more thorough than that of the preceding period. As before, the publisher's work was virtually confined to the printing and announcing of his books. Nevertheless, force of circumstance affected binding, and in a curious manner. The reading public was rapidly increasing, with a consequent development in lending libraries and book societies. Purveyors of literature found themselves faced both with a keener demand for books from the public and a more considerable output on the part of the publishers. There came into being a new form of middle-man called the "novel distributor." The function of this person was to buy editions of new fictions in sheets from publishers, to case the books in boards, to label them, and then to supply the libraries with what stock they needed. A ludicrous competition sprang up between these binder-distributors to be the first to secure librarians' orders. It would be announced that a new fiction by this or that well-known author would be ready at noon on such a day, at such a publisher's warehouse. Representatives of the "novel-distributors" would see who could most quickly snatch the sheets, cause them to be cased, and offer them to Hookham or to Hutt. Touting for patronage from the lending libraries had begun.

To the collector this item of history is worth notice, and for two reasons. It explains why books published during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century turn up in boards of varied colouring, and have labels variously lettered or printed in different styles. It explains further why the majority of board novels that have survived from this epoch are very shabby and coated with library labels, but why, nevertheless, copies do



occasionally appear almost in new condition. Naturally competing firms of binders would not produce more than a general uniformity of pattern. No single publisher's style of binding existed. In consequence the same book might well be produced with sides of grey or brown or green or pink; with spines of buff, or brown, or of the same coloured paper as the sides; with labels bearing the full title and the author's name (or designation), or with an abbreviated title and no author's name, or sometimes with the author's surname in the possessive case.\*

Naturally also, books, when cased, were either bought by libraries or rejected. The former were ultimately re-bound in half-calf or Russia, or else survive, soiled and heavily labelled; the latter were to the small degree possible disposed of by the "novel-distributor" to the retail trade for sale to persons willing to pay the prices of the day (and of copies so sold few enough have reached the twentieth century in their original condition); or were destroyed; or (and this is why new copies can here and there be found) were put in parcels on a shelf waiting for better days. The collector therefore of books published during the first third of the nineteenth century can demand board copies with reasonable prospect of success; will insist so far as possible on fine condition; and will not be perturbed over differences of colour or lettering between his examples and those of his rivals.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have spoken of the first third of the nineteenth century as though it were a self-contained epoch in book-manufacture. The phraseology must be taken for what it is—a convenient generalisation. The fact that a decade had certain characteristics of its own did not prevent it from being also a period of development for the other characteristics of its successor. Consequently, although book-binding in the 'twenties was mainly an affair of boards, signs of the future were discernible. From the paper wrappers of the mid-eighteenth century had evolved the unlettered boards of the seventeen-eighties; thence the lettered boards of the seventeen-nineties and eighteen-tens; thence, again, the labelled boards (with or without spines of a different paper) fortified by primitive tapes and backing. The time was ripe for binding-cloth.

It has been recorded that in 1822 was published the first English book ever issued bound in cloth. This book was not a novel (it was, in fact, Moule's *Bibliotheca Heraldica*), but the ex-

ample that it set was not long in spreading to fiction. The fabric used was a linen-drafter's calico, dyed and calendared. The title of the book was printed on a paper label and pasted on the spine.

The first impulse of the student is to assume that, just as the unlettered spines of the eighteenth century had given place to the labelled spine of the early nineteenth century, so these gave way to spines of cloth, which material ultimately invaded the whole book and turned into a full cloth binding. And yet, oddly enough, it is more probable that full cloth preceded half cloth as a binding style. Certainly no genuine half-cloth binding of an earlier date than 1822 has been recorded.† The explanation of this apparent abnormality is probably twofold. In the first place the specially prepared fabric ("muslin" as it was then called) was not available in unlimited quantities. Consequently it might well become in a publisher's interest to use as little as possible, and to economize by clothing only the spines of his books in cloth, leaving the sides paper-board as before. In the second place the public were likely enough displeased with the appearance of the new style of binding, for this primitive cloth has a bald and definitely textile appearance, which might well offend eyes accustomed to full-leather, to the watered-silk of the *Keepsakes*, or to the plain dignity of paper-boards.

It was very soon after the introduction of this muslin cloth that binders invented graining. Doubtless they hoped to disguise the thread-marks in the fabric; doubtless also they wished so far as possible to imitate the surface of leather. Books bound in the original quality of ungrained cloth are not common; indeed there are few enough half-bound in that material. Among my own books I find only three half-bound with the original ungrained cloth and belonging to the actual period during which that cloth was in use. These are: Mary Shelley's *Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck* (1830), *The Denounced*, by Banim (1830), and *The Young Duke*, by Disraeli (1831). On the other hand I notice further books similarly bound but of much later date: Marryat's *Snarleyyow* (1837), and Disraeli's *Tancred* (1847). These (and particularly the latter) are survivals

†Before they challenge this statement I would ask those collectors who are ready to confute me with books half-bound and bearing on their title-pages dates prior to 1820 to be absolutely certain that the bindings are those used when first the books were published. Publishers did not case the whole of an edition in those days any more than they do now, and there is no doubt that books published during the first twenty years of the century, which enjoyed a continuing sale, went to the binders in batches for casing any time up to 1840. Naturally a binder entrusted with a job in 1835 would bind in the style of 1835, irrespective of the date at which the actual sheets given to his care were printed.

\*For example, Edgeworth's/Harrington/and/Ormond /rule./In three volumes./ rule/Vol. I. [II. III.] (published in 1817.)



so surprising as to be almost freakish. In the United States the supremacy of plain book cloth was of longer duration, maybe from climatic causes. The English publisher passed on to grained cloth some time between 1824 and 1826, although books fully bound in cloth of the primitive kind and paper-labelled were issued for some years after the later date. Before passing to the next binding development it may be observed that simultaneously with the introduction of book-cloth came a publisher's tendency to issue his books ready cased for book-shop or library sale. The intermediary binding firm began to disappear—or, rather, withdrew behind the screen of the publisher's imprint. The publisher tended more and more to pay in advance for binding that had previously been a matter of independent speculation, and, in consequence, himself assumed the task of supplying the trade with stock of his titles.\*

The early 'thirties saw a revolutionary development in binding technique. In the year 1832 was discovered a method of so preparing the surface of binding cloth that books could be gold-lettered rapidly and in sufficient quantities for commercial purposes. Previously, although it had been possible to lay down gold on cloth, each book had to be done by hand and with an expenditure of time and trouble that rendered the process useless for an edition of any size. This date of 1832 is fixed in an interesting manner. In that year John Murray began the publication of a 12mo edition of the works of Byron, bound in dark green cloth with the name in a shield on the spine. Vols. I and II of that edition were originally issued with *dark green paper labels* printed with the title and device in gold; Vols. III to the end had the same title and device, *gold-printed actually on the cloth itself*. It was between the issue of Vols. II and III that the famous binder, Archibald Leighton, perfected his process for preparing the surface of the cloth and so introduced the gold-blocking of cloth which has been practised ever since.

The decade 1830 to 1840 witnessed the rapid displacement of the labelled book by that with lettering and decoration gold-blocked on the cloth. Of course, books (and many of them books of great significance) were issued subsequently to 1840 in full cloth with labels. But these were deliberately stylistic—that is to say, they indicated

a desire on the part of the publisher to revert to an old fashion. In the case of books so recent as those of Ruskin this fact is, of course, obvious, but it deserves emphasis in regard to certain earlier examples, of which Borrow's works (published from 1841 to 1862) and Thackeray's *Esmond* (1852) suggest themselves. Searching for examples of titles which genuinely represent the latest phase of the labelled book, I find Ainsworth's *Rookwood* published in 1834 and Frances Trollope's *Belgium and Western Germany* published a year earlier. These are not only wholly free from the conscious mannerism which distinguishes the cloth-bound, labelled books of the 'forties and early 'fifties, to which reference has just been made, but in themselves provide interesting examples of methods of cloth-graining then in use. While Mrs. Trollope's book is grained in imitation of leather, *Rookwood* is coarsely diapered (technically "diced") a pattern rarely met with, and one borrowed without doubt from the repertoire of the binder of books in leather for presentation occasions.†

By 1835 the paper-label had become a survival. During the next few years binding cloth became plentiful and of improved quality. It is also, I think, arguable that the fashion for issuing novels in monthly numbers and then, when their serial career was over, of bringing out one or two demy octavo volumes, printed from the type used for the parts or actually composed of unsold monthly sheets, contributed as much as anything to the rapid introduction of a full cloth binding and the substitution of a printed paper label by gold-lettering and often by elaborate pictorial blocking. These demy octavo volumes were, in the first place, large in size and of considerable weight, consisting as they did partly of illustrations printed separately on thicker paper. The old-style board covers were not strong enough to carry such a bulk. In the second place an important feature of the novel in numbers was the illustration. It was clearly in the publisher's interest to remind his bookshop public (as vividly as during part-issue he had by pictorial wrappers reminded his serial public) of the presence in the volumes of embellishments by this or that popular draughtsman.


(To be Continued.)

†In illustration of the extreme difficulty of fixing dates at which changes of book-making procedure took place I here note that the first copies of Marryat's *Diary in America* (Series I) were issued in full grained cloth, with paper labels, exactly uniform with Mrs. Trollope's travel-book above mentioned, although the two books came from different publishers, and the Marryat item was dated 1839, an astonishingly late date for an issue in this style.

\*The late Mr. Joseph Shaylor, an acknowledged authority on the nineteenth century book trade, said that the establishment of Mudie's Library in 1842 finally extinguished the "novel distributor."



# THE "AMBROSE GWYNETT" MYSTERY

OONER or later, in his browsings among the booksellers' catalogues and notices of library dispersals, the bibliophile will encounter references to one Ambrose Gwynett, concerning whom is a mystery that appeals not only to the book-lover, but also to the criminologist and the student of sheer romance. Watts-Dunton has it on record that when he first met George Borrow he made several attempts—unsuccessfully—to strike a sympathetic chord, and only found it when he mentioned a "very scarce eighteenth century pamphlet" about "Gwinett": the name being spelt variously with a y or an i.

According to one version, Ambrose Gwynett was the son of a Canterbury inn-keeper, and was born in 1692. In his seventeenth year he travelled to Deal to visit his sister, Mrs. Sawyer, who kept a tavern about three miles from the town. Arriving in Deal late, tired and footsore, he decided to spend the night there before pushing on to his relative's house. After considerable difficulty—for it was Fair Day, and many visitors were about—he managed to get a share in a bed at a public house. Before turning in for the night he was introduced by his landlady to a middle-aged man who was counting money at the bar-parlour's table; and he learned that it was to the courtesy of this individual that he owed his share of the mattress and blankets. A little gossip passed and Gwynett gathered that his bed-fellow, a Mr. Richard Collins, was somewhat ailing, having been bled only that morning in accordance with the medical custom of those times which prescribed cupping and the lancet for many ills.

The next morning, after Gwynett had departed, the landlady was horrified to find the bed he had shared soaked with blood. Both Mr. Collins and his money had vanished. A hue and cry was raised, Gwynett was arrested at his sister's house, and charged with robbery and murder. It was conjectured that he had disposed of the corpse by smuggling it out of doors and, perhaps, throwing it into the sea. In the absence of a body as conclusive proof of guilt a mass of circumstantial evidence was adduced; Gwynett was hanged on a public gibbet and his body suspended in chains at the cross-roads as an example and warning. Having hastily carried out his duties, the executioner departed with a speed which lends colour to the supposition that Gwynett's friends had supplied money for a bribe. They now waited until it was dark and, after removing the body, actually succeeded in reviving the young man and conniving at his escape from England.

After many strange adventures he was captured by Spanish pirates off the coast of Florida, and remained in bondage for some years. Then, one day, a fresh batch of prisoners was brought in: the face of one of them seemed familiar to Gwynett, and his own words may be quoted:

"I now took the opportunity and, looking in his face, 'Sir,' said I, 'was you ever at Deal?' I believe he, at that instant, had some recollection of me, for, putting his hand on my shoulder, tears burst into his eyes. 'Sir,' says I, 'if you were, and are the man I take you for, you here see before you one of the most unfortunate of mankind; Sir, is your name *Collins*?' He answered it was. '*Richard Collins*?' said I. He replied, 'Yes.' 'Then,' said I, 'I was hanged and gibbeted on your account in *England*.'"

Collins then explained that on the fatal night his bandage had slipped and, in a state of panic, he had left the tavern to find a barber who might re-seal the vein. Scarcely was he out of the house, however, than he was seized by the Press Gang, dragged on board ship, and kidnapped over seas. His money—which he had snatched up—was, of course, stolen from him, and after many miseries his capture by the pirates had led him to his supposed murderer.

Gwynett after this contrived to return to England where, broken, friendless and destitute, he ended his days as a crossing-sweeper.

The fullest account of this tragic and pitiful miscarriage of justice is found in a magazine called the *Gentleman's and London Magazine*, of which a copy dated March, 1769—now in the writer's possession—appears to be unique. It is not in the British Museum; nor had the authorities there any record of its existence. Its publication contemporaneously with the well-known *Gentleman's Magazine* and *London Magazine* of the same period is curious and unexplained. It may be that the *Gentleman's and London Magazine* was a rag that lived by filching its matter from the two periodicals its title incorporates. Certainly the Gwynett story appeared in two instalments in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1768-January, 1769, thus allowing time for the *Gentleman's and London Magazine* to absorb its borrowings for their March issue. Possibly the *London Magazine* also has a reference, but this has not been traced.

An account in a Chapbook in the British Museum is practically identical. The earliest copies of this are dated 1770, but they may actually have appeared at the end of 1769, as the custom of post-dating towards the end of a year was a very old one. Samuel Butler cites several



instances of it in his *Ex Voto*; and it seems reasonable to suppose that the Chapbook borrowed from the magazines. The British Museum copies of the former include several printed either in London or Newcastle between 1770 and 1820. The Manchester Free Library has a copy printed in Leeds, and the writers have inspected one dated from Derby. On the covers of all of these appears a coarse engraving showing a man hanging in chains; others contain a coloured frontispiece. On the back of this—in a British Museum copy, dated 1770—are the following lines in a very neat handwriting, unsigned:

Dr. Percy told me he had heard that this pamphlet was a mere fiction written by Mr. Bickerstaffe, the dramatic poet.

Isaac Bickerstaffe was born in 1735, and died *circa* 1812; the other reference is probably to Mr. Thomas Percy, author of the well-known *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. In an article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Mr. A. H. Bullen tentatively included the pamphlet among Bickerstaffe's works, to which source the British Museum catalogue also refers it. George Borrow, however, told Watts-Dunton that it "was written by Goldsmith, to whom Gwynett related it for a platter of cow-heel." Though Borrow's authority has not been discovered, it seems unlikely that he would have made this statement without foundation for it; apart from the fact that the style of the pamphlet differs utterly from *The Deserted Village*, or *She Stoops to Conquer*, written about this time, it is to be remarked that Percy and Goldsmith were then intimate. If the British Museum note is but hearsay evidence (at second or third hand) it is a fairly conclusive refutation of Goldsmith's claim. It should be added that the note is the sole authority for regarding the tale as pure imagination.

A French version, called *Le Mendiant Boiteux*, was published at Bouillon in 1771. Its author, J. L. Castilhon, who wrote *Anecdotes Chinoises*, *Japonaises*, etc., 1774, professes to have obtained his matter from the lips of Gwynett himself, and makes extensive additions to the original. If Castilhon is to be taken in good faith, and not merely as the compiler of quasi-historical memoirs like those of Courtilz de Sandras, author of the

*Memoirs de Monsieur d'Artagnan*, a possible theory is that a report of the crossing-sweeper's story induced Castilhon to satisfy himself of the facts at first hand. The beggar he saw, adopting this explanation, may not have been Gwynett at all, but only a gossip desirous of making capital out of a tale overheard. Meanwhile, having forgotten some details, the narrator had to reconstruct them as best he could; and the elaborations would thus creep in, aided by the twin promptings of the devil of literary pride and the hope of some more substantial reward than "cowheel"!

Another version, by John Wesley, that appeared in the *Arminian Magazine*, is reprinted *in extenso* in J. R. Hutchinson's *The Press Gang Afloat and Ashore* (Eveleigh Nash, 1913); it is substantially that of the Chapbook, but differs on minor points, and states that Gwynett escaped by being so tall that his feet did not swing clear of the ground. In his *Remarkable Events in the History of Man* (1823), Dr. Joshua Watts adds that Gwynett and Collins returned to England together and showed themselves to the judge and jury who had tried the case, an unconvincing piece of embroidery.

The Gwynett mystery has naturally attracted the attention of various novelists and playwrights. A drama, by Douglas Jerrold, was produced very successfully at the Coburg Theatre on October 15th, 1828, with Cobham in the part of "Ambrose Gwynett." It was several times revived, notably in 1854, and was still being provincially staged in the 'nineties. It is reprinted in Cumberland's *Minor Drama*, and is included in Dick's *Standard Plays*. F. W. Hayes was responsible for a four-act drama on the same subject, and it figures largely in the first two volumes—*A Kent Squire* and *Gwynett of Thornhaugh* (Hutchinson, 1900)—of his historical trilogy.

These events seem to belong to that paradoxical class so familiar to students of literature, and too strange not to be true. They endure as an eternal puzzle to legal historians and as an outstanding example in literature's chronicles of the gruesome and the bizarre.

GERALD HAYES AND L. SELDEN.





# PRIVATE PRESSES—By FALCONER MADAN

[The definition of a Private Press is one which has long puzzled book-collectors. The subject was dealt with by Mr. Falconer Madan in the Introduction to his invaluable and exhaustive Bibliography of the Daniel Press, which formed such an important part of the admirable memorial volume "The Daniel Press" (Oxford, 1921). That Introduction, with its interesting classifications, is particularly noteworthy in these days of many Presses which are being spurred on to the achievement of high typographical standards by the revived interest in printing. By the courtesy of Mr. Madan we are enabled to reprint his esteemed contribution to the subject, together with an additional note from his "Addenda and Corrigenda" (Oxford, 1922) to "The Daniel Press."—Editor.]

**T**HE subject of English Private Presses well deserves attention, and though there are several noticeable monographs on particular presses, the literature of them as a whole is small in extent. There are John Martin's *Bibliographical Catalogue of Privately Printed Books*, 2nd ed., London, 1854 (1st ed. 1834, not superseded by the 2nd), with a Preface on the subject: H. R. Plomer's *Some Private Presses of the Nineteenth Century* (pp. 407-28 of *The Library*, 2nd S., vol. I., No. 4, Sept., 1900): and Robert Steele's *Revival of Printing* (Lond., 1912). And in the astonishing 40,000th number of *The Times* (Sept. 10th, 1912) there is a considerable section on Private Printing Presses.

We may note, at the outset, that a private press is not easy to define, for the popular conceptions of it as simply a non-professional press, or as one of which the productions are only sold to subscribers, are far from adequate, the first being too vague, and the other too restricted. The suggestion of *The Times* (as above), namely, 'A Press set up and worked by a private person for some purpose other than commercial profit,' does not cover the whole ground, for some private presses are worked by professional printers for the proprietor, and some certainly aim directly at commercial profit. It seems worth while, therefore, to state what appears to be the master motive, or motives, of some of the best-known English private presses, accompanying the statement with one or two examples of each motive, sufficient to show its meaning and scope. The order of the five or six motives which follow is roughly chronological, and each may be compared with the aims of the Press, which is the subject of the present volume.

(1) SECRET PROPAGANDISM, religious, political, or other. A secret press is only a private press driven underground. There are plenty of examples, such as the Marprelate Press (1588-9), and Edmund Campion's *Decem rationes*, produced at Stonor, nearly Henley, in 1581, and placed about St. Mary's Church at Oxford, on the second day of the Act of that year, to the great interest and disturbance of the students and masters flocking in. The Εἰκὼν Βασιλική, intended to cause a popular reaction in favour of Charles I. but which came out just too late to save his life, was first printed at the private press of Dr. William Dugard, head master of the Merchant Taylors School in London (in February, 1649). The Daniel Press, it need hardly be said, has no part or lot dans cette galère.

(2) DILETTANTISM, or personal pleasure. This is a not uncommon kind. A wealthy man with leisure and literary tastes may take up the idea as a whim, and even develop it into a pleasant occupation. Such was Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill Press (1757-89), about which he wrote, 'present amusement is all my object.' As will be seen, Dr. Daniel may be said to have started, at the age of nine or so, with this motive: for what other could he have in early boyhood? But his aim grew with his growth into something quite different, and much better.

(3) TO PRESERVE SPECIAL LITERATURE. Such a purpose is rather rare, but may be noted in examples like those of the Rev. William Davy and Sir Thomas Phillipps. The first-named was vicar of Lustleigh in Devon, and persuaded an Exeter publisher to issue (in 1785-6) his *System of Divinity*, in six volumes. Unfortunately, the author, on reading over his own work after publication, found sundry grievous errors of principle and fact, and besought his publisher to issue a second edition, amended. The first edition having been a dead failure, that gentleman absolutely refused; whereupon Mr. Davy harnessed his housemaid and gardener, the former to help to set the type and the latter to work the press, and positively produced fourteen copies of a new private edition in twenty-six volumes (1795-1807)! Copies of it are in the British Museum and Bodleian. Sir Thomas Phillipps, a well-to-do man and a world-famous collector of manuscripts and printed books, diverted part of his wealth to putting into print some of his MSS., between 1816 and 1870. The 'Middlehill Press' or 'Typis Mediomontanis' issues comprise Catalogues, Visitations, Pedigrees, and the like. He

printed 'not for profit, but to preserve information . . . in public libraries.' This motive was quite a secondary one in the Daniel Press.

(4) AN *ÆSTHETIC* OR ARTISTIC PURPOSE, to improve Printing and Book Production as fine arts. William Morris may be said to have first elaborated this fine and praiseworthy motive, and to have translated it worthily into action. A great part of his later life was given to matters connected with the Kelmscott Press, which has conferred honour on a remote village on the Upper Thames, and on the house in Hammersmith, where from 1891 till even after his death in 1896 it was carried on, finally ending in 1910. Its followers and imitators and (in some details) improvers have been numerous. The Essex House Press of Mr. C. R. Ashbee,\* the Doves Press (Messrs. Emery Walker and Cobden Sanderson), the Vale Press of Mr. Charles Ricketts, and others, march, or marched, under the banner of Morris. But Dr. Daniel's modest estimate of himself, and his busy life, forbade him to enter fully as a pioneer into this class, though he supplied his friends with the best and most elegant volumes which he was able to produce. But it will be seen a little later that he has strong claims to be regarded as the chief precursor of the Kelmscott Press and, consequently, of the Revival of Printing in England.

(5) FOR COMMERCIAL PROFIT. There is no reason why a private press should not be conducted with the aim, even the primary aim, of gaining money. Horace Walpole himself wrote, in 1774: 'In some cases I have sold my works, and sometimes made the impressions pay for themselves, as I am not rich enough to treat the public with all that I print, nor do I see why I should.' But few proprietors of such a press confess to this motive. Such a venture as Mr. E. M. Goldsmid's in 1884 ('The Clarendon Historical Society' and 'Bibliotheca Curiosa') was undoubtedly of this kind, and the motive cannot be ruled out of the list of primary aims,

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\*In Mr. C. R. Ashbee's *The Private Press: a Study in Idealism* (privately printed at Chipping Campden in 1909), the first sentence is 'A Private Press as we understand it at the present day in England and America, is a Press whose objective is first of all an æsthetic one, a press that if it is to have real worth, challenges support on a basis of Standard, caters for a limited market and is not concerned with the question of the commer[c]ial development of printing by machinery.' He applies this too narrowly limited definition and description to his Essex House Press, of which he affords a bibliography, 1898-1909; the work is full and finely illustrated with woodcuts, but cannot be called a study of private presses in general. Mr. Pollard also defines a Private Press more narrowly than I do.

while as a secondary one commercial profit is in modern times quite usual. But the Daniel Press has been essentially uncommercial. Not till 1884 was any price affixed to its issues; and since then not in every case, and as a rule only when some charitable object was in view. And seldom has the money asked for been in proportion to the value, even the commercial value, given.

(6) The foregoing master motives have clearly not touched the mainspring of Dr. Daniel's printing. No doubt he began with Dilettantism as a boy. But out of this boyish taste grew a new object which became his primary one, and that was, to please and interest his friends by presenting them with old and new literature of a high order, as elegant in form as it was various in kind. He never aimed at the finest conceivable printing, but did his best, with much personal sacrifice of time and thought, with the materials to his hand. This seems to furnish us with a sixth master motive, an altruistic one, TO GIVE PLEASURE TO LITERARY FRIENDS. On the whole, therefore, it seems impossible to narrow our definition of a private press beyond this—

A Press carried on unofficially by a person or group of persons for his or their private purposes.

And if the foregoing analysis is correct, it would seem that the Daniel Press may claim a distinctive and honourable place among its numerous compeers.

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NOTE.—Mr. A. W. Pollard's narrower definition of a Private Press, to which Mr. Madan refers in his footnote on this page, appeared in the *Transactions of the Bibliographical Society*, N.S., Vol. II., No. 4, and is as follows:—A press does not become a private press merely because it is lodged in a private building. Printers, like other craftsmen, have lived over their workshops and may do so still. For a press to be private a double qualification seems necessary: the books it prints must not be obtainable by any chance purchaser who offers a price for them, and the owner must print for his own pleasure and not work for hire for other people. Books may be printed for private circulation at any press, and they may be privately printed by any printer, if he prints them for himself, and not on commission or for sale; but only presses which do no other work than this can be considered as really private, and there have not been many of them!



# SHAKESPEARIADDENDA

**T**HAT the tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare fell amid the troublous and preoccupied times of early 1916 induces the conclusion that more than one work of importance to Shakespearean students, which owed its bringing forth to that epochal landmark, was born to blush without due recognition, at any rate on this side the Atlantic. Any such natal disability as may have been attached to Dr. Denton J. Snider's *The Shakespeariad* on its appearance at the earlier anniversary should be dispelled by its new avatar\* on the occasion of the recent dual celebration. For here is a work thought-provoking, in some aspects not innocent of iconoclasm, in subject, form and style.

To arrive at a summation of his purposes from a study of the introductory dust-jacket paragraphs, the Arguments and other preambles scattered throughout his book by Dr. Snider is not easy; but the main object is to present Shakespeare's achievement in entirety—the distinct soul and consciousness embracing each and every character of his creation—in the action of a poem which unites in its composition the epic and the dramatic form. *The Shakespeariad* is located in the Magic Isle, scene of *The Tempest*, and the reader finds himself reintroduced to the old familiar shapes of Prospero, Caliban, Ariel—not only taken up where the poet left them, but evolved into our day through the three intervening centuries. Prospero, in his modern parallel, has renounced his Milanese heritage and returned to the island to find a repentant and spiritualised Caliban. Thither comes his son, Young Prospero, citizen of

. . . the promised land of the prophets,  
Atlantis throned in the sheen of the West.

The identity of Atlantis is not far to seek; nor are we allowed for long to forget that this book had its origin in "the continent youngest." Young Prospero, as representative homage-bearer to the Master's memory from Atlantis and the West, has among his fellow-visitors a counterpart in Pandora, representative of Hellenic and Eastern civilization, and under the respective guidance of Horatio and Rosalind they witness the significant event upon which turns the first part of *The Shakespeariad*—the redemption of Hamlet, which is the redemption of Shakespeare himself.

Dr. Snider presents the fundamental influences

\**The Shakespeariad: A Dramatic Epos.* By Denton Jaques Snider. (The W. H. Miner Co., Inc., St. Louis: \$1.50.)

in the poet's cycle of life's experience in the guise of three women. Rosalind is his symbol of blissful, contented wedlock; then in order comes the temptress, "Satan womaned, just the Dark Damsel"; and lastly the influence for redemption, Hermione, "the woman mediatorial." This is a new and a fertile speculative theory, and the author has limned it in the spirited *vers libre* expressive of one who shared the first concerted Transatlantic revolt against crystallised metrical form.

The second part of *The Shakespeariad* transports us to the centre of the Magic Isle, where rises a noble city, Shakespearopolis. Its edifices are of three styles, there being 36 in each of which dwell the characters of a drama; three which correspond to the narrative poems; and 154 embodying the sonnets.

Pandora and Young Prospero are bidden to enter the three mansions which together constitute the "Venetian Trilogy"—*The Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, and *Cymbeline*, the last-named, having its scene partly in Italy, considered as the complement and fulfilment of the other two. They find themselves in the Venice of Shakespeare's day, and view the Bard accompanying Lord Falconbridge on the way to Belmont for the casket-choosing. Shakespeare sees the choice of Portia and the clandestine marriage of Othello and Desdemona. A decade later, having written *The Merchant of Venice*, he revisits the scene, to find Bassanio, penniless, playing cicerone to chance travellers, and Portia "sold out" by Shylock. Gloom seizes him—

Now I must write with my soul's full gush  
The fate of Othello,  
Lest I by mine own stroke droop down in blood  
As Othello the fated.

*Othello* written, but with his mind not wholly purged of dark forebodings, Shakespeare on a third Venetian pilgrimage meets Imogen in the Bibliotheca or Hall of the Past, and under the spell of her personality finds balm for his soul in the shaping of *Cymbeline*.

The third and last part of *The Shakespeariad* transports the visitors to the Palace of Hamlet, the greatest among the Houses of Tragedy, where they observe the somewhat purposeless and confusing redemption of the kingly Ghost; whence the company proceeds to the Temple of Prospero, the crowning glory of Shakespearopolis, overlooking the world of the past and of the future. The propagandistic tendencies of the work—Dr. Snider reveals throughout vigorous convictions on the subject of the colour-bar and of racial



unity—are condensed in this final scene of his Epos. Here we have Caliban, symbol of the toiling mass, demanding freedom in far-away Atlantis, while Young Prospero seeks paternal sanction thither to

. . . . . transform thy Shakespearopolis,  
Shaping its structure after the fabric social.  
Finally Caliban, taking from Prospero the Magic Book, declares his mission to enlist the New-

World Atlantis in the preservation of Shakespearopolis from decay.

Thus does Dr. Snider unfold his conception of the poetic evolution of Shakespeare. Whether idealism has betrayed him time alone can show, but we his present readers will not deny him due praise for the vigour of his views and the freshness of his speculations.

P. N.

## DR. JOHNSON : THE MAN AND HIS BOOKS

In the preface to his critical and scholarly investigation,\* Mr. Houston defines humanism as "the doctrine and the discipline which had its rise in the revival of classical scholarship in the Renaissance and took form in the following generations." But in the progress of his work the term appears to take on divers shades of meaning. It is, in fact, one of those words whose very roots lend themselves naturally to varying growths of interpretation.

In earlier days, as we know, its application was confined strictly to those schooled in the classics, or, in a sense more constricted still, to those schooled in Latin literature and Latin literature alone. Even in this narrow sense, it is true, the term could fitly be applied to the good Doctor, for, as De Quincey said of him, "he possessed that language [Latin] in a way that no extent of mere critical knowledge could confer." But the great man's humanism was deeper and ampler than this, as, of course, Mr. Houston makes plain to the readers of his book.

A sturdy Tory throughout his life, and the spirited upholder of established authority, Doctor Johnson stood forth in the eyes of a large mass of his fellow countrymen as the grand type of the Conservative Englishman. In literature and criticism he belonged to the school of the neo-classicists; and the work and achievements of the great minds of the past were held by him to be not merely the basis of wisdom, but the touchstones to be applied to, and whereby to test, the merits and labours of his contemporaries. To these influences he remained faithful, in the main, to the end. The man, however, whose genius was common-sense, whose realism was active, and whose humanity alive, could not be bound for ever to tradition. Ever and anon he burst the bonds that would limit him and proclaimed views that must have sent a shiver down the spines of neo-classicists of the strictest order. "Practice has introduced rules, rather than rules

have directed practice," he declared, and, "It ought to be the first endeavour of a writer to distinguish . . . that which is established because it is right, from that which is right only because it is established . . . that he may not debar himself from the attainment of beauties within his view, by a needless fear of breaking rules which no literary dictator had authority to enact."

Mr. Houston draws an instructive parallel between Johnson and Boileau, the great exponent of French classicism whom the Doctor much admired. And with considerable detail, paraphrasing occasionally and occasionally repeating himself unduly, he discusses his subject as a reader, in relation to classical and French criticism, as a neo-classicist, as a critic of Shakespeare, and in relation to contemporary and social movements. The whole position is admirably summarized in his final chapter.

An account of the sale catalogue of Johnson's library partially rearranged in a series of tables is printed as an appendix. To readers of *The Bookman's Journal*, no doubt, this will have a special interest. A brief note, therefore, concerning this sale and a few of the books included in it may not be out of place here. The title of the auction catalogue, for which the first of the Christies was responsible, ran as follows: "A Catalogue of the Valuable Library of Books, of the late learned Samuel Johnson, Esq.; L.L.D., Deceased." And the sale itself, appointed to be held on the 16th February, 1785, and the three following days, took place at the "Great Room in Pall Mall." According to Austin Dobson it comprised 650 lots (A. W. Hutton, of the Johnson Club, in one of his papers gives the number as 662, or about 3,000 volumes) and the total sum realized therefrom amounted to £247 9s. (A. W. Hutton says £242 9s.). As was to be expected, the collection contained many of the Greek and Latin classics printed in the sixteenth century; as well as lexicons, histories, works in Italian, Spanish, and French, books on medicine, law treatises, and many miscellaneous writings.

From the bibliophile's viewpoint there do not

\*Dr. Johnson: a Study in Eighteenth Century Humanism. By Percy Hazen Houston (Harvard University Press and Humphrey Milford, 15/- net).



appear to have been many outstanding treasures in the good Doctor's library. Of fifteenth century printed books it possessed but one, *Boethius on the Consolation of Philosophy*, published in 1491: not a very rare book this. But Barclay's *Ship of Fools* was there in the 1570 edition, and Gerarde's *Herball*, the right edition of 1633. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1676, was bound up with Sir Matthew Hale's *Primitive Origination of Mankind*, 1677. Lot No. 467, described as "Shakespeare's comedies, histories, and tragedies 1623,"

was really the second folio edition of the Plays, that of 1632. In the charming essay on Johnson's Library, contained in *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, Second Series, on which we have drawn more than once, this particular volume is stated to have been acquired "at the Aylesford sale of 1888" by Henry Irving, the distinguished actor. Of another and a very different work which also figured in the great man's library, *Macrobius*, of happy memory, who is now, we would like to ask, the favoured guardian? G. F. W.

## EARLFORWARD: BOOKSELLER AND MISER

If one did not know better it might be believed that there are two Arnold Bennetts writing fiction: Enoch Arnold Bennett—may I call him?—the author of some more or less perfunctory novels, such as *Lilian* and *Leonora*, and the Arnold Bennett of unforgettable volumes like the Five Towns studies and *The Old Wives' Tale*. The latest fictional work to bear the name of Arnold Bennett as its author is *Riceyman Steps* (Cassell, 7/6 net)—a remarkably fine achievement with hardly a trace of Enoch in it. There are in the story only about a dozen people; the farthest journey made in it, I think, is a tram-ride to Madame Tussaud's; the wooing of the confectioner, Mrs. Arb, by the bookseller, Earlforward, their marriage, their deaths, and all the other little happenings are over within twelve prosaic months; yet here is the romance of "merely" living, here may be realised the sanctity in which the trifles making up life are held.

Whether those trifles be objects, thoughts, or actions Mr. Bennett's subtle observation enthralled; but when he generalises, as occasionally his women do about all men, heart-strings are not touched. One is not impressed on hearing of one of the bookseller's customers, who had just been told that Earlforward was ill and would "never get up again," that—

He was at an age when the distant shuffling and rumbling of death could positively frighten. In an instant he had seen the folly, the futility, of collecting books. You could not take first editions with you when you went.

That is how the customer momentarily looked at it, and not Mr. Bennett, it is to be hoped; for if mortality spells the folly of collecting books, the same may surely be said of writing them.

But in his ideas and fancies of the ways of book-collectors and booksellers Mr. Bennett is as seductive as in other matters. Shortly after their marriage, Earlforward discovered that his wife had completely cleared and cleaned up a "dark

corner of the shop-floor by the stairs" previously graced by a medley of books.

"My dear, you're ruining my business," he said mildly and blandly.

"Henry!" She stopped near the foot of the stairs as it were thunderstruck by a revelation.

"You don't understand how much of it depends on me having lots of books lying about as if they weren't anything at all. That's just what book-collectors like. If everything was ship-shape they wouldn't look twice at the place. Whenever they see a pile of books in the dark they think they must be bargains."

That may be true of the "Riceyman Steps" kind of bookshop, though opinions will differ with experience whether the following is typical of the Earlforward type of bookseller:—

He always bought cheap or not at all; but he would sell cheap with very rare exceptions. If he picked up a first edition worth a pound for two shillings he would sell it for five shillings. Thus he had acquired a valuable reputation for bargains.

Mainly Earlforward bought his books from "ragged sub-dealers in Whitechapel and Shore-ditch," only occasionally "going to a book-auction at Chingby's historic sale-rooms in Fetter Lane"! While Mrs. Earlforward possessed no detailed knowledge of books or book-values, her husband had "taught her some general principles: for instance, that any book printed before 1600 is 'worth money,' that any book of verse printed before 1700 is worth money, and that most illustrated books printed before 1800 are worth money."

Indeed, Earlforward conducted his little business on sound enough lines; but once lost to view behind the shop the man was a miserable failure. It can readily be believed that the smiling shop-man may be a devil at home. Earlforward was not quite either; but he brought abject miser-

liness to a pitch of refined perfection, from "running his fingers through sovereigns as through water that tinkled with elfin music" to remaining in bed and passing the word to Elsie, the servant, that he would "never get up again," in order to frighten her into stopping her nocturnal pilferings of bits of food for her starved body.

His wife was little removed from him in the miser's spirit: the difference may be measured by their wedding presents to each other. She paid for and arranged that his shop and house should be blown free of the dirt of ages by a vacuum

cleaning company; he gave her a safe! And before a year is out both die; he from cancer, she under an operation from which she had not the strength to rally owing to under-nourishment. Yet, so has Mr. Bennett risen above the bluntly sordid, one is left with a feeling that not only meanness filled the souls of the couple.

Elsie, the charwoman, and servant after their marriage, will rank as one of Mr. Bennett's best creations. In her loyalty and self-abasement to the pair she lives as the true expression of a lowly but noble type.

A.J.H.

## BURNS, HIS CRITICS AND COMMENTATORS

Commentary and criticism of Burns previous to the latest volume dealing with the poet—*Robert Burns: His Life and Genius*, by Andrew Dakers (Chapman and Hall, 10/6 net)—are well and fairly summed up by the present author himself. In his last chapter he writes as follows: "The memory of Burns has been preserved by condemners and vindicators, until Henley ventured to present him frankly in the character he believed to be the poet's—that of a lusty, hard drinking, rather bawdy peasant who happened to be a national poet. Currie alternately bowed down to worship the poet, and shook his head in distress and pity at the weakness of the man. Lockhart's biography would have been much nearer the perfection at which he finely aimed had he been able to shed his reverence for class conventions; Chambers loved the poet with too excusing a regard to be content with facts, and his admiration led him into the overstatements of the vindicator. Carlyle saw the greatness of the man and poet, but exaggerated the importance of his weaknesses. The greatness of the man, as distinct from the poet, has yet to be accepted—and this, not from the pleadings of vindicators, but from the actual facts of the man's life and character."

It is this last proposition which Mr. Dakers has, in this volume, set out to prove for us, and he has, I think all unbiased students of Burns will agree, in a large measure succeeded. Though the words quoted above might imply the contrary, he has not made the mistake of attempting to assess Burns' magnitude as a man as distinct from his poetical genius. For a poet is not a machine for the manufacture of verses. The poet and his poetry are one, indivisible. Burns wrote poor stuff on occasion; but the bulk of his output was magnificent. On occasion he was a weak man in his every-day affairs; but he was, for all that, a man of a great heart.

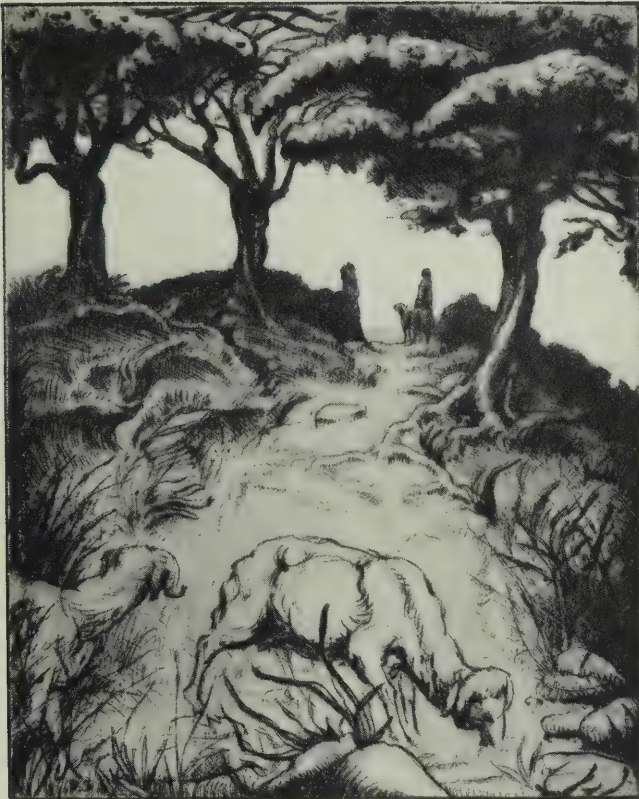
As Mr. Dakers points out, no great poet has

ever been a great saint, and we all know that Burns fell foul of the moralists of his time in the matters of sex and drink. Some of us, indeed, know little else about him, so much greater is popular interest in human frailties than in great poetry. But because he thinks that Burns is not read to-day as much as he ought to be, and that this fact is due to the breath of scandal which has ever surrounded his name, Mr. Dakers has devoted considerable space to an analysis of the facts regarding Burns' moral lapses, and, facing them fairly and squarely, shows that they were but small blemishes upon a character of great beauty. "Which of us can throw a stone at Burns?" he asks. And there is surely but one answer to that question.

It is possible that, a generation ago, a quaintly and unconsciously hypocritical Victorian public may have been estranged from Burns on the grounds which Mr. Dakers adduces. Of them there may be relicts remaining to-day in whose houses Burns' songs and poems, if they reside at all, find a resting place in some dusty and obscure corner of the library beyond the reach of eager eyes and hands. Indeed, Mr. Dakers' argument would appear to be addressed to these fusty folk, when he is at pains to make a distinction between what he calls "pure" and "impure physical love"—as if there were some peculiar difference between the creative forces governing monogamistic and polygamistic dealings; as if the primæval instinct which directs marriage ordinances differed in some way from that dictated by an unconsecrated hay-loft union.

Few poets have lived a life of that tranquillity with which happiness is associated. Life is very like a large school. Those who approximate to the type of the bulk are the happiest. They avoid the troubles and misunderstandings which beset their unordinary fellows. Now Burns did largely "approximate to type." He loved wine and women and good fellowship. But he had no money, and





## Our Print Gallery

THE PATH TO WUTHERING HEIGHTS:  
From the original drypoint (one of a set  
of five), by Percy Smith.

*Published by P. and D. Colnaghi and Co. Size of  
original 9½ × 7½ ins.*



YOUNG MOTHER: From the original  
etching by Auguste Brouet.

*Published by L. H. Lefèvre and Son. Size of original  
8½ × 5½ ins.*



THE DIVAN: From the original dry-point by Lewis Baumer.

*Published by the Fine Art Society. Size of original*  
 $6\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  ins.



LONDON RIVER: From the original aquatint by C. H. Baskett, R.E.

*Published by P. and D. Colnaghi and Co. Size of*  
*original*  $11\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{1}{8}$  ins.



he did possess an independence of character which prevented him from obtaining it by means which, to another of something like his talents, but of less lofty spirit, might have been easy. His finances were too low, and his character too high to enable him to cover from the sight of the world those indiscretions, that lack of complete control which he did but share with the bulk of his

fellow-men. And so he suffered. But when he died he left himself behind in the closely-printed pages of two large volumes, wherein is treasure indeed for all those who have the courage to gaze, clear-eyed, upon the facts of life. Mr. Dakers' book may help to enlarge their numbers. If he adds but one his work will have been justified.

A. B. H

## A DISINTERRED CLASSIC

Cyrano de Bergerac's masterpiece is amazing, it is almost incredible that such a book as *Voyages to the Sun and Moon*, translated by Richard Aldington (Routledge, 7/6 net.), should have been for so long practically unknown in this country. In future de Bergerac will range with Villon, Rabelais, Béroalde de Verville, in the glorious company of the Masters of Mediæval France. His satire is as modern and as genuine as that of the moderns themselves; his views upon duelling are Shavian, and his theories upon the relationship of two succeeding generations might have been propounded by Samuel Butler.

One or two instances of Cyrano's foresight may be instanced here; but I have only space to point them out, when I would fain enlarge upon them. In the rough, then, the atomic and nebular theories are presented; and the idea of the gramophone is given in some detail. On page 282, in less than thirty lines, the reader will find the whole case for scientific determinism in brief; I know of no better summary. Rossetti's "thin flames" and Arthur Machen's "inmost light" are anticipated (p. 279). The whole theory of Pessimism is contained in the Birds' Indictment: here are Swift and Lucian in true essence. Strindberg and the Theosophists are recalled by the delightful episode of The Talking Trees. The germ of the Buddhist theory of re-birth is on page 257. The episode of the Nightingale contains, for the reader who "gets" the imagery, the whole theory of Occultism. The heliocentricity of the

Magi (their contribution to world-culture) and the complete theory of Yoga conclude a work that holds upon every page the authentic signs of inspiration.

The picturesque part of the romance—the opening of "The Voyage to the Sun"—equals, if it does not surpass, anything in *Gil Blas* in its breathlessness of hot-footed adventure. Balzac, the invoker of the inmost heart of Old France, is provisioned (in the sense of literature) in several superbly swift passages. There are hints in more than one place that the Author was of the society of the Illuminés; and that he was to some extent "initiated" is certain. But like his contemporaries, he is forced to speak veiledly because of the incidence of Church and State.

It is not wonderful, with all this, that de Bergerac should share with Tasso and Blake the imputation of madness. Such is the price of Vision! Cyrano is at once Freethinker, Mystic and Romancer, and each in a supreme degree. The "legend" of such a man is likely to be truer psychologically than the ascertained facts of his life.

It is certainly as well that the very gifted translator is a scholar and not a mystic, or the book would have been overweighted with footnotes. I do not remember so "tempting" a writer as de Bergerac. The printing is admirable, as is that of all the volumes in the Broadway Translations series.

V.B.N.

## GILBERTIANA

Gilbert's immortal name conjures many a vision of joyous laughing lips and the sound of sweet voices, of inimitable lines and lingering melodies. But for me the most striking mental picture which his name inspires is that which connotes the power of his genius and that of his great partner, Sullivan. It is a picture of George Street, Oxford, rain-swept in the gloom of a March morning at half-past seven of the clock, where a queue of undergraduates awaits the opening of the box office for the "Gilbert and

Sullivan fortnight." They are all armed with large sums of money, and they book stalls a dozen at a time.

The fact that till now no authentic biography of so notable a personality had been published is due to the long illness and death, two years ago, of the late Henry Rowland-Brown, Sir William's intimate friend, who, had he lived, would undoubtedly have undertaken the task. And though Mr. Sidney Dark and Miss Rowland Grey have produced an admirable volume in *W. S. Gilbert:*

*his Life and Letters* (Methuen, 18/- net), they have done just well enough to make one wish they could have done better.

They have for ever killed the traditional notion that the author of the *Bab Ballads* was the cantankerous, ill-tempered man of popular ill-informed belief. If his temper were sometimes hasty, it was with the haste of strong character, as quickly gone as it came, and always deeply regretted. One cannot read the moving story of his anxiety for Clement Scott, with whom he had had many a battle, and of his care for Scott's family, without knowing the great heart that was in the man.

There are many excellent stories of Gilbert in this book and examples of his wonderful gift

of repartee. We have space for but one :—Gilbert was fond of women's society, and always had a lady each side of him at dinner. "Once when surrounded by quite a bevy," write his biographers, "he was asked why he was inconstant, and he answered : 'Because I am too good to be true.'"

Of his work the authors have much to say, both critical and explanatory. But its sum total is best given in a sentence quoted from Mr. Isaac Goldberg : "He found the stage a prey to the coarsest, least refined form of burlesque ; he left it an endowment of the richest wit and humour for this genre known in any country."

A.B.H.

## ENGLISH PRIMITIVES

By chance, one gathers, rather than by design, Mr. Frank Kendon's *Mural Painting in English Churches During the Middle Ages. An Introductory Essay on Folk-Influence in Religious Art* (John Lane, 10/6 net) appeared when there was an exhibition of English Primitives at the Royal Academy. To the catalogue of that exhibition an introduction was written by Mr. W. G. Constable, which allows us an opportunity of seeing another method by which the same subject can be approached. Mr. Constable's purpose is to show how mediæval painting was an essential part of the history of English art. Mr. Kendon's interest in art is of secondary importance since his main object is to illustrate a thesis connected with a special kind of history of religion. Mr. Constable provides us with a luminous survey of English painting from the earliest times until the 15th century, a mastery over intricate detail enabling him to give us a clear summary of the salient facts.

Nowadays there is a prejudice against what a well-known professor once called the exasperating trick of making ecclesiastical capital out of mediæval art. Probably this professor had never been faced with the certainly unusual problem of a Modernist who attempts the interpretation of religious beliefs in the Middle Ages by a popular consideration of that era's mural paintings. Mr. Kendon writes modestly and well, but he is handicapped by a too narrow hold on a theory which at best is but a vague generalisation. In his view mediæval religious beliefs were initiated largely by folk-influence and were even forced on a Church which "was often compelled to follow the path of least resistance."

One effect of a visit to the Royal Academy exhibition was again to emphasise in one's mind the relations between mediæval mural paintings and manuscripts. We can only judge of the char-

acter of the seventh century paintings in churches known to us by literary allusions, by reference to extant manuscripts. Later, when we consider the great centres of activity, such as Winchester, St. Albans and East Anglia, it is always the illuminations to written pages which provide evidence as to origins and schools. Further, it must not be forgotten that, as Mr. Constable reminds us, "English manuscripts had a great reputation on the Continent and many found their way thither and served as models for foreign artists." Very interesting evidence of this influence was shown us at Burlington House in connection with Norwegian paintings and notably in the St. Olaf altar-frontal, now at Copenhagen, which bears the influence of late 13th or early 14th century English manuscript-work as typified in a psalter at the British Museum.


Mr. Kendon deals only with mural paintings and avoids manuscripts. It is obvious that an inclusion of manuscripts would not help his theory of folk-influence as illustrated by the choice of subjects in mural paintings. On the contrary, that choice, being first manifested in manuscripts which were made for exalted ecclesiastics and which subsequently became the inspiration of parish-church decorations, can hardly be thought a happy illustration of a theory which implies the unwilling adoption of folk-ideas by exalted ecclesiastics. Another serious objection is that Mr. Kendon omits any reference to the 14th century series of "Piers Plowman" pictures, in which Christ is represented with implements of labour. These might well be considered as more authentic examples of folk-influence than the variety of parish-church and cathedral pieces with which Mr. Kendon illustrates the growth of a folk-influence, the existence of which is mere conjecture.

H. G.



# AMERICAN NOTES—By G. H. SARGENT

A MUNIFICENT GIFT TO WELLESLEY COLLEGE — OPTIMISTIC BOOKSELLERS—  
THE STRUGGLE FOR LITERARY  
FREEDOM—BOOK AUCTIONS.

OME time ago I chronicled in these columns the notable gifts to Wellesley College of original manuscripts of Charlotte Bronte and other literary treasures. Now Wellesley, like her brother University, Harvard, has a Treasure Room. At the suggestion of Professor George Herbert Palmer, whose wife, Alice Freeman Palmer, was President of Wellesley College, the rare books of Wellesley have been set apart, and a descriptive catalogue of the collection of English poetry has been prepared by Professor Palmer, to whom and to Mrs. Palmer Wellesley owes most of the rarities she possesses. Before their marriage President Freeman gave to the Wellesley library a first Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher bearing an early autograph of Mary Pembroke, presumably a descendant of Sidney's sister. Being poor, the President was unable, before her marriage, to buy many rare books, but after that event both she and Professor Palmer, with ampler means, built up this great collection; and since her death Professor Palmer has continued it more assiduously than ever, feeling that Wellesley could have no fitter memorial of a President who has become a sort of patron saint of college girls. In Professor Palmer's catalogue, which fills 613 octavo pages, and of which only 200 copies have been printed, are described some of the greatest books of English poetry from Chaucer to Masfield. While the collection has been influenced by the personal tastes of Professor and Mrs. Palmer, they have consistently sought to make it representative of the historical continuity of English poetry. Buying many of these treasures before the days of the Hoe and Huth sales, Wellesley now has many books which otherwise would have been missing. Probably there are a score of books which are now valued at five hundred pounds each, and twice that number which would cost two hundred pounds each. A collection which includes first editions of the *Poems* of Shakespeare, all the *Folios* except the first, Blake's *Songs of Innocence*, E. B. Browning's *Battle of Marathon*, Robert Browning's *Pauline*, a perfect *Kilmarnock Burns*, the first collected edition of Chaucer, Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat*, Severn's copy of Keats's *Endymion*, Milton's *Lycidas*, Shelley's *Queen Mab*, Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, Tennyson's *Poems by Two Brothers*, Wither's *Emblemes*, and several thousand more writings of these authors

and their contemporaries and successors, presents a comprehensive view of the history of English poetry; such is the gift which will remain for ever at Wellesley as a memorial to Professor and Mrs. Palmer.

\* \* \*

A season remarkable for its mildness until the early part of January apparently turned the trade in overcoats into new channels, and book-buying has been greater in volume than for many holiday seasons. After a holiday lull the book auction houses resumed with several notable sales in January, and a promise of still greater things to come before the end of the season. Up to the present time there have been no really great dispersals of English literature, apart from the Gable and Quinn sales, and of these the former was not especially rich in the great rarities, while the Quinn modern literature was in a class by itself. So far, the American book auction season has been remarkable chiefly for sales of Americana, of which a very large amount has come into the market, and the demand for literature relating to the early history of the Western part of the country has continued unabated. The publishers, too, have shown more spirit than for several seasons, and after the Christmas trade one of them remarked to me, sorrowfully, that had he known the American people were going to have so much money to spend at Christmas he would have published several good things which he had refused because of the risk. Generally, however, the publishers have been bolder than this, and among the season's offerings have been many works of non-fiction, the limited appeal of which necessitated high prices. There has been a good demand, too, for the limited complete editions of popular authors, like the thirty-volume autograph edition (in English) of the writings of Anatole France, of which Gabriel Wells, of New York, is the American publisher. Altogether, the dealers have reason to feel optimistic.

\* \* \*

The assertion that "the struggle for freedom of expression has been won for the imaginative writer," but that the critical writer has yet to fight his way, may be questioned. Regarding the first postulate, it is true that a larger number of magazines than ever before have opened their pages to the writer whose inventions are of a different kind than those which were sought by editors of a generation ago. But to say that the struggle is won is about as near the truth as the assertion of the prohibition advocates that prohibition became an established fact in America

when the eighteenth amendment to the constitution was ratified by the States. There is a tendency among writers of political or literary history, fostered, no doubt, by the writing of text-books for the public schools, to divide history into "periods." Now history and literature are continuous in their operation, and "periods" lapse insensibly from one into another. The imaginative writer, however much he may feel himself emancipated, still has a job on his hands. The young critic whose whole attitude, generally, is iconoclastic, may have a sterner struggle before him. But it will be a long time, probably, before "freedom of expression" in art, literature or science comes to a point where one may say that nothing more is to be done.

\* \* \*

The Americana sales of January overshadowed everything else in the auction room, although there were several sales of collections of prints and etchings. The second Gable sale, which included the Americana brought together by the late Pennsylvania collector, was especially notable for the prices paid for historical letters. An autograph letter signed by George Washington thanking Thomas Paine for a gift of fifty copies of *The Rights of Man*, 1792, brought \$360; Paine's own copy of this book, with his autograph corrections, fetched \$200; a copy of Benjamin Franklin's *Reflections on Courtship and Marriage*, 1746, went for \$270, and a John Adams autograph letter signed, on the American fisheries, written in 1815, brought \$220. The sale, which was at the American Art Galleries, realised \$21,500 for the thousand lots offered.

Stan V. Henkels, the veteran Philadelphia auctioneer, dispersed at a sale last month the

papers of Gideon Welles, who was Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of President Lincoln, during the Civil War. These included letters and documents of extraordinary American interest, many having been written by President Lincoln to Secretary Welles, who stood closer to him personally than any other member of his cabinet.

At the Anderson Galleries the Americana sales included a great collection of historical prints and broadsides gathered during fifty years by the late George R. Barrett of Boston. Mr. Barrett was one of the old-time collectors who picked up many of his treasures in travels abroad, and who, by a constant study of them, became a leading authority on American historical prints. He directed that these should be sold, after his death, as did Edmond de Goncourt, "that the pleasure which the acquiring of each one of them has given me shall be given again, in each case, to some inheritor of my own tastes." A sale later in the month included some rare Western Americana. At the American Art Galleries a sale of this kind brought out some items of great rarity, which were eagerly seized upon by the librarians of Western public libraries.

A sale which might be expected to attract the attention of book-lovers especially was held at Anderson's in December, comprising several thousand books from the library of the late Eugene Field. There was nothing spectacular about it, however, as the choicest of Field's books and his personal copies and collections of manuscripts had been disposed of by private treaty long ago. The remainder was ordinary material, and went at correspondingly low prices. Even the magic of a name does not serve to raise prices in the auction room when the buyers know that the library has been "skinned."

## DONNE'S "DEVOTIONS"

We owe to the labours of Mr. John Sparrow, who writes an interesting introduction, and of Mr. Geoffrey Keynes, F.R.C.S., who supplies a bibliographical note, an admirable reprint (*Cambridge Univ. Press*, 12/6 net) of the first edition of Donne's *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions*, 1624. It has, however, been collated with the subsequent editions of 1624 and 1626. This work has remained unprinted since 1840, which suggests that we have been content to accept its value merely on the word of the several critics who have lately written on Donne. In the *Devotions* Donne is found in a mood which often reminds us of Brydges's complaint that he was "a writer of metaphysical subtlety and tasteless and unfeeling ingenuity." Written six years after his wife's death and two years after his occupation of the

Deanery, it reflects his final state of gloomy introspection aggravated by sickness. To him "a sicke bed is a grave; and all that the patient saies there is but a varying of his owne *Epitaph*." This is true in so far, as Mr. Sparrow points out, that there are some revealing touches here for those who wish to penetrate behind the artist and the Dean of St. Paul's, and discover the sombre personality of Donne himself. The present edition is very well produced and succeeds in its aim of restoring "the contemporary flavour" of a typically seventeenth-century work. By a happy inspiration a frontispiece is given which reproduces accurately for the first time the portrait by an unknown artist which, in 1919, passed from the Brandon House collection to the National Portrait Gallery.



# NOTES ON PRINTS: "THE QUICK AND THE DEAD"—AND A RIDDLE

**W**E are all familiar with the hard-biting characteristics—to borrow an etching simile—of the *Morning Post's* editorial columns; but that journal became very mysterious recently in a review of Mr. McBey's paper, "Etchings: The Quick and the Dead," which appeared in these pages. Referring to that part of the paper dealing with the influences which made Mr. McBey "exchange the mental attributes of a bank clerk for those of a creative artist," the *Morning Post* comments "there are omissions that would be more illuminating than his admissions. But the time has not come for a complete summary of his adventurous career."

Then we come to the *Post's* riddle, and in order that it shall be fully presented, we quote it with all the relevant context:—

Of special value to student and layman alike are his opinions regarding the production of etchings, and the relations that exist between artists and their patrons. In dealing with the latter phase of his profession, Mr. McBey is somewhat old-fashioned in one respect, at any rate; *i.e.*, in thinking that the artist's opinions of his own work "are not negligible by any means." He thinks, even, that "collecting, whether private or municipal, would frequently have been none the worse had there been frank discussion between artists and purchasers." Was he thinking of—No! we must not mention what is in our mind. That will reveal itself by and bye.

Now of whom or what was the *Morning Post* thinking? We commend the riddle to our readers in general and certain Scottish folks in particular.

## FEBRUARY EXHIBITIONS.

The following are exhibitions of interest to connoisseurs of prints and drawings, to be held during the current month:—

Greatorex Galleries: Exhibition of Latest Publications in Etching and Drypoints follows Brantingham Simpson Exhibition (closing Feb. 6).

Fine Art Society: (1) Water-colours of Italy, by Cecilia Hunt, A.R.W.S. (2) Water-colours of Winchester, by A. J. Mavrogordato.

Leicester Galleries: Drawings in colour illustrating *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales* and other subjects, by Kay Nielsen.

Twenty-One Gallery: Etchings, by Alexander Walker.

Bowes and Bowes: Woodblock Prints in colour, by Allen W. Seaby.

## FOR THE LOVE OF ETCHING.

The collection of drawings and prints by Edna Clarke Hall, now exhibited at the Redfern Gallery in Old Bond Street, reveals a personality very little known, as yet, to the public. The artist was a contemporary of Augustus John, Ambrose McEvoy and William Orpen, at the Slade School, and shared with them the laurels of their student days. The whole exhibition is of great interest and should not be missed by print collectors, who will find etchings made "for love of the thing," with no taint of the "boom" influence. Such prints as *Ida Nettleship*, *Head of a Boy*, and *Girl in an Orchard*, are typical examples. The numerous illustrations to *Wuthering Heights* evidence a profound sympathy with the genius of Emily Brontë. The drawings of *Child Sleeping*, *Breton Children*, and the *Bonfire*, are admirable in conception and treatment, and the series of *Spontaneous Compositions* fully deserve their exacting title.

## NEWLY PUBLISHED PRINTS.

By Arthur Greatorex, Ltd.: *College Days* (e) and *The West Window* (e), by D. C. Sturges; *Regent Street* (e) and *Trafalgar Square* (e), by S. M. Litten.

By A. A. Bailey: *The Oasis at Daybreak* (d), by E. J. Detmold (companion plate to *Dawn*).

## BAXTER PRINT PRICES.

Among the prices for Baxter and Licensee colour prints obtained at Puttick and Simpson's on January 17 were the following, record figures for particular prints being marked with an asterisk: *Le Blond*—complete set of the ovals (all on stamped mounts), £100; *Le Blond—The Grape Lady* (on Music of "The Ernani Waltz," only copy known), £28\*; *Baxter's—Christmas Time* (stamped mount), £13 10s.; *The Large Queen* (stamped mount), £65; *Butterflies* (on India paper, only one other known thus), £81\*; *Passion Flowers and Roses* (signed), £65\*; *The Andalusians* (pocket-book lettering, with large margins), £21\*; *Prospectus of the Opening of Parliament, with Royal Arms* (in colours and gold, only copy known), £69\*; *The Coronation of Queen Victoria* (unvarnished), £97.

On February 28th the next sale of Baxters' will be held at Puttick and Simpson's. Many rare prints are to be included in this sale, a large

number being on original mounts. Baxter original steel plates, photographs, etc., will add interest to the sale, which will also contain an assemblage of Le Blonds (including another complete set of the ovals) and Licensee prints.

#### ENGRAVING SALE PRICES.

From a sale of Old Master Engravings at Sotheby's recently:—

By F. Bartolozzi: *Paulus Aemilius*, after A. Kauffman, open letter proof in red, £1 10/-; *Griselda*, after A.K., proof before title in red, £1 14/-; *The Birth of Shakespeare*, after A.K., in red, £2 8/-.

Miscellaneous: By S. W. Reynolds: *The Mill*, after Rembrandt, £5 5/-; By R. Earlom: *Rembrandt's Wife*, after R., £1 4/-; by W. Pether: *The Standard Bearer*, after R., £2 15/-; by R. Earlom: *Rembrandt*, after R., proof before title, £9; by S. Cousins: *Countess of Durham*, after Lawrence, proof, £27; and *Miss Macdonald*, after L., proof, £4.

Miscellaneous (all framed): By S. Cousins: *Miss Croker*, after L., proof, £11; and *Mrs. Braddyll*, after Reynolds, signed, £25; by D. Lucas: *Salisbury Cathedral*, after Constable,

proof, £17 10/-; by R. Earlom: *Lord Nelson*, after L. F. Abbott, 1st state, £43; and *Lord Nelson*, after Sir W. Beechey, 2nd state, £17; by C. Wilkin: *Lady Cockburn*, after Reynolds, proof before title, £5 10/-; and *Viscountess Andover*, after Hoppner, proof before title, £15 10/-.

#### FORTHCOMING SALES OF PRINTS AND DRAWINGS.

The following sales of prints, drawings, etc., will take place at Sotheby's during the present month:—

6th: Modern drawings and pictures variously from the collections of the Duke of Argyll; Mr. M. F. Middleton; Mr. P. A. Cohen; Major Congreve; and Mr. J. B. Verel.

12th: Modern etchings and lithographs, including some from the collections of Mr. F. E. Bliss; Mr. Ernest Marchetti; and Mr. Alexander Jarvie.

21st: Old engravings, including views of London, Baxter prints, etc.; and mezzotint portraits, the property of Mrs. Charles Mostyn Owen, of Ellesmere, Shropshire.

THE JIGGER.

## THE NUMBERING OF PRINTS

### From "Curious Inquirer":

DEAR SIR,—I have read with much interest the letters you have been publishing as to the certifying of the limit of editions. Suppose the undefaced plate of an esteemed print gets into the hands of an unscrupulous person, what is to prevent him from printing off a few more impressions and copying the signature? The numbering of editions (Mr. Hardie's point about rubbing out pencilled numbers is easily answered: *use ink*, though not near the plate line) is not in itself proof against subsequently printing off undefaced plates in unscrupulous hands, for such a plate could still be used for providing fresh impressions to substitute original numbered prints which have become damaged or destroyed. And so *ad infinitum*.

It is quite true, as Mr. Hardie says, that the whole matter is a question of personal integrity and reputation, but unfortunately we have to deal with dishonesty to, I am sure, an increasing extent. The illicit making of a print worth £100 or more is just as remunerative and tempting, I suppose, as the faking of oil paintings—a very well-worked field. There are simple but effective ways of stopping what *may* become a practice of serious dimensions, and it is difficult to understand why they should not be adopted. Number-

ing of prints is one; another is the depositing with a recognized authority of all defaced plates before a licence to issue the edition has been given.

Yours faithfully,

Curious Enquirer.

P.S.—You really ought to get a contribution on this subject by a little man I know who, in one of the mean streets of a provincial town, keeps (or did, when I knew him) that kind of jumble shop where it is possible to buy almost anything from a commode to a Corot. What this old man, with sixty years of London, Provincial and Continental experience, doesn't know about "the wicked ways of this art world" isn't worth knowing.

### From Mr. E. Hesketh Hubbard:

DEAR SIR,—Purely as an artist the whole question seems to me insignificant. It is the print that matters, not the number of impressions of it that exist. If every artist were merely concerned with the making of prints and had not to trouble to find a market for them, and if every print collector merely confined himself to the collection of what he regarded as prints of real artistic worth, probably there would be no question of limiting editions. Both artist and



collector would agree that if the print were artistically a good one it would be as much a crime not to print from the plate or block as many good proofs as it would yield as to tear up good proofs to make those that remain more rare and more valuable. We might do well to remember that the mediæval woodcutters and the great Japanese colour printers printed quantities of their prints—there was no question of limiting them, I believe.

To-day the making of a print is only half the problem; most artists will agree that selling it is perhaps even the more difficult half to solve. But most print makers have to live by the sale of their prints (a vigorous, healthy condition of things) and so it is impossible to disregard the commercial side. Thus we find all manner of commercial means employed not only to sell prints, but to get as good a price as possible for them. To limit the edition is one well-known means of doing this. If there are only fifty proofs from one plate and five hundred from another, the merest novice in matters commercial will realise that a proof from the former plate will be *rarer*. We see then that the *monetary* value of a print does not depend on its artistic worth alone, but on its rarity also. The present trouble arises from the confusion of artistic worth and rarity. We get this illustrated in prints like Baxter Prints, which have little artistic worth, but some of which are valuable because they are rare.

Now as an average collector I admit I like to feel I not only have in my collection an artistically good print, but I derive a very human pleasure from the knowledge that not many other people can possess a proof from the same block or plate—if the edition is limited. I suspect most collectors feel the same. But we collectors must not forget that the *raison d'être* of the graphic processes, such as etching and wood engraving, in contrast to an original drawing or painting, is to reproduce a number of impressions or copies of the same work of art. As a collector it is very difficult nowadays to collect prints solely for their artistic worth. We most of us have a sneaking hope they will increase in value, and some of us may quite frankly regard print-collecting as a profitable hobby. At first sight, then, it would appear the print collector has nothing to lose by limited editions. But as collectors we must not forget that limiting an edition is one of the means employed by artists and print-sellers to force up the price of a print, and it is reasonable to suppose that if editions were never limited the general market value of prints would be considerably less, and we should be able to secure for our collections good prints for only a few shillings. It is somehow difficult to imagine Dürer or Rembrandt

obtaining for their prints anything approaching the "fancy" prices that are asked for prints by some contemporary print makers.

Another point to remember is that, as a rule, the number of trial proofs is not always limited, and if the plate is not destroyed, when an edition is sold out there is nothing to prevent several more prints being pulled and sold as trials. Another practice is, I believe, to add a little work to the plate if it is still in good condition and then pull another edition from this new, hardly discernible state. Personally I do not approve these methods, but when it is realised these things can be and are done the importance of limiting an edition loses something of its significance. If I were solely an artist I would never limit an edition so long as the plate yielded good proofs. I collect prints because I love them and so I am indifferent as to whether there are fifty or five thousand copies in existence, though I must admit it is nice to know one's collection may be increasing in value. If I were solely a printseller I should probably try very hard, possibly insist, that every artist whose work I handled limited his edition, so that good prices were obtainable.

Yours faithfully,

E. Hesketh Hubbard.

### From Mr. James Bradshaw:

SIR,—If the collector made a rule only to buy that print which appealed to him to the extent that the price asked for it appeared in proportion to the satisfaction given and calculated to be given by the artist's work, the matter of the numbering of editions would have no worry for him. And granted that he has courage and perception (the latter quality should develop naturally), the collector applying this golden rule ought to be more successful, even materially, than many of those whose enthusiasm is largely the thrill of the speculator.

Still, if there are genuine print-lovers who want editions so carefully certified as Mr. Campbell Dodgson suggests, fairness makes me add that I have so far been unconvinced by the objections put forward against that practice.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

James Bradshaw.

Kensington, Jan. 9, 1924.

The preceding letters in reply to Mr. Ambrose Jones, who raised the question "Should Editions of Prints be Numbered?" must close the correspondence for the present. In our next issue Mr. Jones will contribute an article commenting on the various points raised in the course of the controversy.

# MR. BRANTINGHAM SIMPSON'S

## ESTAMPES GALANTES



MR. BRANTINGHAM SIMPSON—an exhibition of whose drypoints opened at the Greateux Galleries on Jan. 16th—is concerned exclusively with the lighter side of life and the lighter side of love. He has an eye for the rounded lines of the female form, and if he can ever bring himself to conceal them, which is seldom, he does so beneath the gay costume of the time of Louis Quinze. His frankness is disarming, but there is nothing perverse about his inspiration; it is not, like the superb line of Beardsley, steeped in ambiguity. He is descended directly, losing, it is true, something *en route*, from the Bouchers and Fragonards of the end of the eighteenth century, and has characteristics in common with Norman Lindsay in our own day.

The *Estampe Galante*—it is difficult to avoid using the French language when writing of Mr. Simpson—has a long history; and whatever the Puritans may say, its spirit has produced some authentic works of art. The society which fluttered round Madame de Pompadour, unconscious, or cynically conscious and careless, of the rumblings of the Revolution which was to sweep it away, found it very much to its taste, and rewarded Moreau Le Jeune and Augustin de St. Aubin accordingly. They were line engravers, and only their almost supernatural lightness of hand avoided the heaviness which is generally characteristic of work with the burin. The etcher is more fortunate. He need not pause to elaborate, he must not stay to emphasise. His needle must be swift, and his drawing must be sure when it appears most careless. One delicately curving line is enough to evoke half the soft contour of a lovely shape. Bubbles are not made to stand the wear and tear of prolonged labour and seem an insufficient result of much æsthetic brooding. The frivolous print is a flimsy barque which must throw many things overboard if it is to remain afloat. Solemnity goes first, but even pomp and dignity must follow, and the artist and the creatures of his fancy must take no thought for the morrow, no thought even for the next moment. Watteau created a fairyland from a harlequinade, and peopled a world with a picnic-party in fancy dress. Yet he was serious in his way, and it was only after the embarkation of his Queen for Cythera that his followers found the coast clear for their nymphs and waiting-maids to frolic. The deep melancholy of Pierrot and the fragile beauty of Columbine gave place to shallower amours.

Mr. Simpson has no melancholy, no consciousness of the short life of his "Butterflies." He thinks of the future as little as they. *Carpe diem* is a sad saying and it never enters his head to say it. He opens the gate into an arcadian world of classical mythology where even the gods, with their passions and their memories, and their immortality, are absent—a world inhabited by satyrs and nymphs, the one always pursuing, the other always pretending to escape. Mr. Simpson's satyrs are happily drawn, but they are comparatively innocent satyrs; one look from a real Renaissance satyr would send them scampering with fright and quivering with righteous indignation. Still, they chase their quarry eagerly enough, and bound upon their goat feet very convincingly. His centaurs are not so well inspired, partly because the female centaur, which he prefers, is very difficult to put together. The narrow waist does not seem to rest happily upon the heavy equine shoulders, and the tendency is to make the hooves too massive, and the half-woman much too slender.

There are enough cupids in his work to make the spectator fancy himself back in the seventeenth century, when even bishops went about with a constant cloud of useful little amorini circling around their heads, holding up canopies, adjusting haloes, and supporting the heavy croziers which fell from the tired episcopal hands. Mr. Simpson's cupids are busy about their legitimate business, whispering confidences and offering temptations, acting as go-betweens, and shooting indiscriminately here and there with neat little bows and arrows.

It is but a step from his Arcadia to Paris in 1750. The nymphs come to town, and bring their attendant cupids with them. The satyrs are transformed into bewigged and elegant gentlemen in lace ruffles, tight breeches, and silk stockings. Their pursuits are very much the same, but they have learned the usages of civilization, and are ready with a snuff box, a rouge pot, or a stethoscope, as occasion may demand or excuse. Their creator has been called a Romanticist, but the word is too recent, too nineteenth century. There are no heroics here, no posturing, no Byronism. All is easy negligence, *danseuses* always in the green room and ladies always at their toilette. A narrow world, if you will; but the artist is entitled to choose his ground and, if he prefers it, to cultivate a few exotic blooms in a tiny hot-house rather than go ploughing mile-long





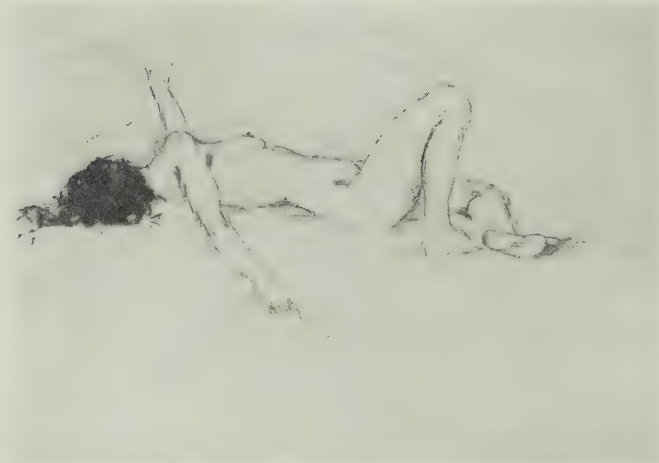
JACK AND JILL : From the original drypoint  
by A. Brantingham Simpson.

*Published by A. Greateorex, Ltd.      Size of original  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{8}$  ins.*

THE NYMPH AND THE POET : From the  
original charcoal drawing by A. Brantingham  
Simpson.

*Size of original  $12 \times 16$  ins.*





ALANGUIE: From the original drypoint by A. Brantingham Simpson.

*Published by A. Greateorex, Ltd.*

*Actual size.*



IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE, PLAY ON: From the original drypoint by A. Brantingham Simpson.

*Published by A. Greateorex, Ltd.*

*Size of original 4 × 7½ ins.*



furrows against the dawn. There is one necessity—that his mood does not flag. The game must be played with an appropriate gesture; it is absurd to buckle on the armour of Galahad for a set at shuttlecock.

Here Mr. Simpson succeeds very well. Morals are not his business; satire he very wisely avoids. The satirist must be passionately sincere, and passionate sincerity would be out of place in these light and engaging drypoints. An insincere satirist is an abomination; the world has no need, and less desire, for another Félicien Rops. What Goya has done with such power and conviction lesser men may well tremble to attempt. Mr. Simpson is content to cultivate his garden, and forget that Arcadia was a wild, primitive, and tragic place, and that the eighteenth century, the frivolous, butterfly eighteenth century of his dreams, produced the "Harlot's Progress" at one end, and the "Caprichos" at the other. Daintiness is the first essential to Mr. Simpson's art, and his daintiness is undeniable. His silks really rustle, and his powdered heads are fresh from the *coiffeur*. In style and subject he has resemblances to Hugh Thomson, and to the C. E. Brock of the Thackeray illustrations, and if he could be persuaded to abandon for a time his nymphs and satyrs, he is accomplished enough to create a very attractive real world.

Meanwhile we must be content with what he is prepared to give us, and certainly some of the exhibits show a level of draughtsmanship high enough to indicate the possibilities of wider achievements. Mr. Simpson is not an etcher by necessity; there are in fact no true etchings in the exhibition. The bitten line is, for him, too uncertain, too remote from the stroke of the pen. He likes also to surround his clean-cut figures with the velvety blackness which only drypoint can give, and he makes the most of the burr of his medium to obtain the pleasingly soft outline of his women's hair.

It is by the neatness of his figure drawing that he must be judged, for there is little "content" in his work, and he has not that large feeling for design which makes some of Shepperson's equally light-hearted subjects so airy and vast. Still, the human figure is a very beautiful thing, and Mr. Simpson knows how to use it. *Alanguie* (No. 6a) is a delicious little nude, with

weight in the limbs and abandonment in the pose; and the large charcoal drawing (No. 44) of *The Nymph and the Poet*, so delicately shadowed, is one of the best things in the exhibition. There are some good silhouettes, too, or rather designs in which the silhouette strikes more forcibly than is usual with Mr. Simpson, who loves an outline. A pleasing example is No. 15, *The Trees*.

Where much can be said with a single scratch, he does not fall into the fault of over-elaboration, and *Trouble in the Studio* (No. 14) is a happy example of a success, where failure would have reduced the work to incoherence. The drawing, *And Willy shall dance with Kate* (No. 38), shows what he can do to evoke character, and even conversation, in his figures. The man in the background, wearing the three-cornered hat, and talking to the billowy woman beside him, is among the best things that Mr. Simpson has done.

The sculpture—there is very little—has a charm of its own, but frivolous sculpture is, after all, a mistake. An artist may jot down the fleeting impression of a pretty face or an alluring ankle on the back of a menu in a café, and no one be found to quarrel with the engaging trifle, but modelling in the round or in high relief—even if done as quickly as Mr. Simpson is said to do it—is too serious, too strenuous a process to be justified by its result. The labouring mountain brings forth such a very small emotional mouse.

Still we ought to be grateful to him for relieving us from the tedium of landscape etching. He can draw, and in drawing the human figure, incompetency—which may hide itself undetected in a hundred old barns and pretty cottages—is apt to be revealed. His achievements vary considerably; but whatever the average of the results is estimated at, the work can only be fully appreciated by those who have an equal interest in the subject which enthral him. Those who have not that interest will find him in the end monotonous: those who have will find him eternally piquant. He brings the atmosphere of Paris with him, not indeed the atmosphere of Montmartre, or Montparnasse, or wherever may be the latest shrine where High Art is adored, but the atmosphere of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Folies Bergères. They also have their place in the scheme of the Universe.

J. L



## A MYSTERY BINDING



SHORT time ago I acquired a book to which an air of mystery is attached. It is a New Testament, measuring about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  inches, printed by the heirs of And. Wechel at Frankfurt in the year 1600. The binding is calf, with the remains of a gold panel stamp, over thick wooden boards, 2 clasps, and gauffered edges, a typical piece of binding of the period; but on opening the book, the first thing that strikes one is that the doublures are quite out of keeping with the rest, as they are of vellum stained to a beautiful shade of "vieux-rose," tooled in gold in an elaborate Byzantine or Venetian pattern. The second is that the book contains several tablets of asses' skin, with the remains of notes still visible. As the boards seemed unusually thick and the doublures gave to the touch, it was decided to raise them to see if anything were hidden underneath.

When raised, the boards were found to be hollowed out and each contained a cavity of about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches. Both of these cavities

held a piece of paper folded in six. The front board held a long speech with the following heading:—

The Speech of James Sheperd who suffer'd Death at Tyburn, March 4, 1717/18 Deliver'd to Ye Sherriffe at the Place of Execution.

while the back board held a similar sheet of paper in the same hand, commencing with "P.S.," followed by a long political harangue and signed "James Sheperd."

How this unfortunate man's last speech came to find its way under a piece of 15th century Dutch manuscript, used as a doublure, will probably always remain a mystery.

A.E.

[NOTE: We are always pleased to publish voluntary communications like the above from collectors. Such notes on their acquisitions or on problems arising out of their researches are not only of interest to other bookmen, but may lead to solutions, which are not less cordially welcomed.—EDITOR.]

## A RARE HUDSON PAMPHLET



It will be recalled that in the *Bibliography of the Writings of W. H. Hudson*, the compiler appended to the matter dealing with the pamphlet entitled *Osprey; Or, Egrets And Aigrettes*, a note stating that he had not been able at the time of publication to secure a sight of the original edition, which is of great rarity. In consequence a collation of the second edition only was supplied, this being the single instance in the *Bibliography* where the first edition was not collated and described.

Within the last few weeks, however, through the courtesy of Miss Gardiner, Secretary of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, he has been placed in a position to remedy the omission and to give the necessary details of the *editio princeps*. A copy of the original pamphlet having been discovered among some old papers, it was kindly put at his disposal and from it the following collation was made:

OSPREY; OR EGRETS AND AIGRETTES: [1892]

Society For The Protection Of Birds. / (No. 3.) / Osprey; / Or, / Egrets And Aigrettes. / By / W. H. Hudson, C.M.Z.S., / Author of "*The Naturalist in La Plata*," and, jointly with Dr. P. L. Sclater, / F.R.S., of "*Argentine Ornith-*

*ology*." / [*Picture of an Egret*] / Any profits arising from the sale of this pamphlet will be devoted to / the Society For The Protection Of Birds. Copies at threepence / each, or two shillings per dozen, postage free, can be obtained from the / ladies whose addresses are given on the following page.

Collation: Pamphlet, small crown 8vo. ( $7\frac{3}{16}$  in. by  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in.); pp. 16 stitched, consisting of Title-page (verso, a notice concerning the Society for the Protection of Birds), pp. [1, 2]; Text (the first page of which is surmounted by a head-piece and the last closed by a tail-piece), pp. [3]-14. Page [15] is blank. Across the middle part of page [16], below the printers' device, appears their imprint: "Chiswick Press:—C. Whittingham And Co., Took's Court, / Chancery Lane."

According to the latest information available it is now established that this scarce pamphlet was first published in 1892, that is to say, about the time of, or soon after, the publication of *The Naturalist in La Plata*. A second edition of the pamphlet of which a collation appears in the *Bibliography* was issued in 1893, and the work was re-issued again, in a slightly larger format and with a Postscript added, in 1896.

G. F. W.



# BOOKS IN THE SALE ROOMS

DR. AND MATTHEW ARNOLD VOLUMES.

ART BOOKS AND MODERN "FIRSTS."

BOOK PRICES IN PARIS.

FORTHCOMING SALES.



FEW books once in the library of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and others which were formerly in the possession of the late Miss Frances Arnold, formed an interesting little feature of the sale at Sotheby's from December 17th to 19th. Among the first-named one lot, which brought £4 10s., comprised the first edition of Carlyle's *The French Revolution*, 1857 (Vol. 2 lacking half-title), and the second edition of *On Heroes, Hero-Worship*, etc., 1842—the latter bearing the autographic inscription: "To dear Dr. Arnold with kind regards. T.C." The two-volume first edition of Boswell's *Samuel Johnson*, 1791, bearing the autograph of Dr. Arnold, made £28 10s., and the Arnold family *Bible*, containing a register of the births of the families of Dr. Thomas and his son, Matthew, in their respective handwritings, realized £10.

A presentation copy to Dr. Arnold's wife of the first edition of *Tom Brown's School Days*, 1857, inscribed "Mary Arnold, from the Author, 1857," and having two contemporary maps of Rugby loosely inserted, fetched £50. This, bound in blue morocco, was the chief piece catalogued among Miss Frances Arnold's books, a section which also saw the dispersal of the following Matthew Arnold "firsts": *The Strayed Reveller, and Other Poems*, "By A.", 1849, £3 10s.; *Empe-docles on Etna, and Other Poems*, "By A.", 1852 (presentation copy from the author), £4 5s.; *Poems*, first collected edition, 1853-5 (Vol. 1, with autographic inscription by the author, and Vol. 2 by the author's mother), £3 3s.; *On Translating Homer*, 1861 (inscribed "For my dear Mother, Jan. 31st, 1861, M.A.") £1 15s.; and *Essays in Criticism*, both Series, 1865-88 (Vol. 1, with similar inscription to that in *On Translating Homer*), £3 10s.

Books, chiefly on art subjects, from the library of the late Charles Holme, were also dispersed at this sale, the prices here obtained including: J. Cladel's *Auguste Rodin*, Brussels, 1908, £2 2s.; Lady Dilke's *French Engravers and Draughtsmen of the XVIIIth Century*, 1902, £2 10s.; J. J. Foster's *Miniature Painters*, two vols., Author's edition, 1903, £4 4s.; E. Michel's *Rubens*, translated by E. Lee, 1899, £1 12s.; F. Rinder's *D. Y. Cameron, an Illustrated Catalogue*, 1912, £5 15s.; A. Whitman's *The Masters of Mezzotint*, 1898, £3 5s.; A. J. Finberg's *Turner's Water-Colours at Farnley*

*Hall* [not dated], £2 15s.; and (J. McNeill Whistler) *L'Œuvre . . . L'Exposition Commémorative organisée à Paris, Mai-Juin*, 1905, £3 3s.

Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, translated from the French by Lord Alfred Douglas, first edition, one of 100 copies, illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley, 1894, made £13; and *The Sphinx*, first edition, one of 200 copies, decorations by Charles Ricketts, 1894, £8 10s. Max Beerbohm's *The Happy Hypocrite*, first edition, original wrappers, 1897, brought £4; and *A Book of Caricatures*, first edition, 1907, £3 5s. Four leaves from the *New Review*, December, 1897, containing Joseph Conrad's Preface to *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"*, realized £3 5s.: this Preface was suppressed as far as the book itself was concerned, although it was separately printed as an 8 pp. pamphlet in 1902.

\* \* \*

Some prices for first editions of James Elroy Flecker, obtained at Hodgson's sale from January 9th to 11th, are interesting as revealing an upward tendency consequent upon the successful production of *Hassan*. The first edition of that posthumously published play itself realized £1 6s., although published but eighteen months ago at 6s.; while one of the 50 L.P. copies of *The Golden Journey to Samarkand*, signed by the Author, 1913, brought £11 10s., which compares favourably with £9 12s. 6d., realized in October, 1922, for a lot comprising a similar copy, and *The Grecians*. Also in the present sale, *The Bridge of Fire*, 1907, brought £1 8s.; *The Last Generation*, 1908, £2 10s.; *The Grecians*, 1910, and *Thirty-Six Poems*, 1910 (together) £2 12s.; *Forty-Two Poems*, 1911 (with an autograph letter from the Author), £2 2s.; and *The Old Ships* [1915] (with an autograph letter from the Author), £2 10s.

£4 2s. 6d. was obtained for one of the 200 *de luxe* copies which form the only edition of Joseph Conrad's *Laughing Anne*. Signed and numbered by the author, printed on Kelmescott hand-made paper, and bound in limp vellum, it was issued only a few months ago from *The Bookman's Journal Office*.

A number of Walter de la Mare first editions in this sale showed that the collecting interest in this author's works is more than well sustained. His *Poems*, 1906, fetched £3 5s.; *A Child's Day*, 1912, £2 12s.; *Peacock Pie*, 1913 (bearing Siegfried Sassoon's autograph), £4 15s.; *The Sunken Garden*, one of 250 copies, 1917, and *Thus Her Tale*, six leaves, one of 50, 1923 (together), £2 18s.; *Motley and Other Poems*, 1918, and *Rupert Brooke*, 1919 (together), £1 10s.; *Memoirs of a Midget*, 1921 (one of 210 copies, signed by the author),



£3 3s.; and *Poems*, 1901-1918, first collected edition, 1920, 2 vols. (one of 210 signed copies), £4 15s.

Other prices at this sale at Hodgson's included: Garnett and Gosse's *English Literature: an Illustrated Record*, 4 vols., 1903, £4; *The Romance of Tristan and Iseult*, re-told by J. Bédier, translated by H. Belloc, 1903, £2 18s.; A. Hoare's *Italian Dictionary*, 1915, £2 4s.; Stevenson's *Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes*, 1879, first edition, £16; Sir J. G. Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, third edition, 12 vols., 1914-20, £6 12s. 6d.; and Lewis Carroll's *The Game of Logic*, first edition, 1887 (presentation copy from Carroll to his niece), £4.

In the November number of *The Bookman's Journal* was announced the publication by M. Léo Delteil of the third annual volume (October, 1921-June, 1922) of his *Annuaire des Ventes de Livres* (45 fr.). A book-dealers' and book-collectors' "tool" of importance, recording minutely as it does the transactions of forty-one sales in the Paris rooms during that period, it reveals some interesting particulars concerning both "lots" and prices.

A celebrated work of the sixteenth-century poet, Ronsard, *Les Quatre premiers livre (sic) de la Franciade*, in the original edition (Paris, 1572), bound by Masson-Debonnelle in morocco, but with the edges of the last fifteen pages slightly clipped, realised 800 fr. Spanning a century, we find well represented the name of La Fontaine, whose *Contes et nouvelles en vers* made its sale appearances in no less than 22 different editions, at prices ranging from 16 fr. to 13,000 fr., many of them in well known bindings. The first edition of Alexandre Dumas Père's *Le Comte de Monte-Christo* (Paris, 1845), the 18 volumes in 9, uncut, reached 1,600 fr.; while another famous but less fictitious romance, Henri Murger's *Scènes de la Bohème*, in the original issue (Paris, 1851), uncut, morocco-bound, but with covers soiled, and containing an added illustration, realised 300 fr.

Four columns of this closely-printed catalogue enumerate works of Pierre Loti, among the first editions disposed of being *Au Maroc*, one of 20 copies on Dutch paper, with an original aquarelle by P. Avril (1889), 320 fr.; *Mon Frère Yves* (1883), covers, 460 fr.—half-morocco, uncut, 500 fr.—one of 20 copies on Dutch paper, bound in half-morocco, uncut, 1,905 fr.; *Pêcheur d'Islande* (1886), covers, 210 fr.—half-morocco, uncut (Thierry), 410 fr.—do. (Champs), 310 fr.; *Le Roman d'un Spahi* (1881), covers, 195 fr.

The works, chiefly first editions, of Anatole France here occupy nearly five pages, and the following are included among such original issues:

*Balthazar* (1889), bound in *maroquin mosaïqué*, uncut, with autograph signature, in case, 505 fr.; *Les Contes de Jacques Tournebroke* (1908), covers, 130 fr., and, at another sale, 135 fr.—one of 100 examples on *vélín d'Arches*, covers, 400 fr.; half-morocco, uncut, 380 fr.; *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard* (1881), blue covers, 2,220 fr.—bound in morocco by Marius-Michel, in blue-covered box, with autograph letter, 1,940 fr.; *L'Île des Pingouins* (1908), covers, with autograph note, 50 fr.—one of 125 *exemplaires* on Dutch paper, with, in addition, four pieces of the author's MS., 1,500 fr.; *Pierre Nozière* (1899), covers, 42 fr., and, at another sale, 55 fr.—half-vellum, uncut, 60 fr.—one of 10 copies on Whatman paper, 155 fr.—one of 25 copies on Japanese paper, in box, 182 fr.; *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque* (1893), half-calf binding, uncut, presentation copy, 360 fr.—boards, uncut, 260 fr.—one of 40 printed on Dutch paper, bound in half-morocco, uncut, presentation copy, 2,880 fr.

Books of English origin are few and far between; two examples which, in conclusion, may be remarked are the Beardsley *Morte d'Arthur* (1893), 2 volumes in original boards, 250 fr., and Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol* (1898), the original limited edition on Dutch paper, original boards, uncut, 435 fr. Sold at the same sale as the last-mentioned item was its French transcription by Davray, published in the same year under the title *Ballade de la Grôle de Raedind*, and which realised 80 fr.

The sale at Messrs. Sotheby's from February 4th to 6th includes printed books and manuscripts from the library of the late Mr. H. S. Squance of Sunderland, and modern private press books, etc., from the collection of Mr. J. B. Verel of Brooke, Norfolk. From the 18th to 20th, the New Bond Street auction-galleries will be engaged in dispersing a selection of a library from Wiltshire.

First in the February programme at Messrs. Hodgson's is the sale, from February 6th to 8th, of the late Mr. William Crooke's library (which includes a large collection of works relating to the native races of India) and some attractive books from other libraries. From the 20th to 22nd the same house will sell by auction the late Mr. L. L. Duncan's collection of books on the topography and antiquities of Kent, and the collection of books and prints relating to London, which was formed by the late Mr. Thomas Wallis. The sale of the especially interesting third portion of the Milnes Gaskell library, some of the English literature rarities in which were mentioned in these notes last month, has now been arranged by Messrs. Hodgson definitely for February 28th and 29th.



# IMPERIAL FIDDLESTICKS & BEASTS ROYAL

*Poems.* By Laurie Littler (Morland, Amersham, Bucks., 2/6 net).

*Ungodly Jingles.* By Sholto O. G. Douglas (Elkin Mathews, 6/- net).

*Sea Songs and Ballads, 1917-22.* By C. Fox Smith. Illustrated by Phil W. Smith (Methuen, 6/- net.)

*Imperial Fiddlesticks.* By Herbert W. Hartman, Jr. (The Brick Row Book Shop, 7/6 net).

*Parentalia and other Poems.* By J. D. C. Pellow (Oxford Univ. Press, H. Milford, 5/- net).

*Beasts Royal and other Poems.* By Dorothy M. Stuart (Clement Ingleby, 10/6 net).

*Cupid's Auction.* By E. Hamilton Moore (Heffer, 3/6 net).

*Pieces of Eight.* By George Rostrevor (Elkin Mathews, 3/6 net).

*Poems.* By Lady Margaret Sackville (George Allen and Unwin, 5/- net).



R. LITTLER'S *Poems* are as unpretentious as their dressing. There is unmistakable promise among these, his first metrical endeavours, and the time is to be awaited when his muse shall have renounced the concert-ballad style which marks his less inspired moments and renders the present volume uneven. The poet displays the observation of a true nature-lover. He revels in the sights and sounds of the English countryside, and more than once reveals indebtedness to Gray. Of his laudable intention to supplement at a later date these slender first-fruits an earnest is given in the opening poem, "To My Mother":—

Some day, little Mother, when my skill  
Is greater in this winsome art, I have  
A thought to take the virtues you may find  
So ill-depicted in these writings, and  
With abler brush, and palette stored with  
hues

More glowing, blend them in one whole. . .

If one day an editor essays the binding of Mr. Littler's best into one glowing sheaf, he will not fail to garner from this present volume "The Fire," "Down in the Forest," and "Flowers of Night."

It is recorded that a venerable son of Somerseset, questioned on coming out of the village church as to the merits of the sermon, replied: "Why, zur, Passon he be a powerful preacher, but we don't pre-sume to *sense* him!" Mr. Sholto Douglas amazes me by the fluency of his apparently effortless rhyming and his ebbless tide of unsatisfied query and doubt which it is quite beyond the power of any man—save, perhaps, a competent exorcist—to alleviate.

I cannot find the Pure, the Absolute—  
Only the Insecure, God's substitute,  
declares Mr. Douglas in "The Demiurge." One point, however, in his hands becomes a trumpet:  
Nor Devil nor God is supreme  
(I'm content to blaspheme).  
In my genealogical tree  
An anthropoid ape I can see  
By some tertiary stream.  
Not God but that ape is the key  
To man's pedigree.

Mr. Douglas is, of course, a champion of Free Thought. I could wish, all the same, that he had found it unnecessary to introduce, as he has done, the Creator's name on every conceivable opportunity.

Ladies in the House of Commons, ladies on the Bench, ladies at the Bar, ladies in the Jury-box, ladies usurping every post, privilege and profession of the landsman—are we yet to see ladies before the mast? You might well credit Miss C. Fox Smith with a life's experience of the fo'c'sle, so redolent of salt are her *Sea Songs and Ballads*, so full of sailorly sentiment yet free from nauseating heartiness. She has, perhaps, a partiality for the recurrent heady phrases such as "Spanish wine" and "Spices from the Indies"; but a sure touch rules all—whether it be a mere jolly jingle like "Bill's Christmases," an old tramp chanty like "Let Her Go!" or lyrics of real beauty, as are "Missing" and "Resurrection." Coracle, clipper, and cruiser—man has ever endowed his craft with a feminine personality. It is fitting, and, maybe, a return of the compliment, that the sex should disclose this graceful singer of

A song of strength and a song of speed,  
Of the dream made true and the word  
made deed,

In bow and bulwark and ribs and keel  
An epic in iron, an ode in steel.

The six illustrations are by Mr. Phil W. Smith, a young artist of promise whose work has recently been on exhibition. Drawings from life of ships and ship-folk, they display a careful perception of detail, and a deft handling of light and shade. "Sold Foreign" is in particular a charming study.

*Imperial Fiddlesticks: Verses for Men, Women and Children Only* gives Mr. Hartman claim to the title of the Stephen Leacock of verse. It was worth while culling these gems of nonsense, wit and satire from their original sources in the *Yale Daily News and Record*, and various New York journals; likewise to make them, through their London publisher, W. Jackson (16, Took's Court,



E.C.4), accessible to British readers. There are an assurance, a finish, and withal the underlying sense of a penetrating irony about the delightful rhyming of Mr. Hartman that will link him for many readers with the similar prose-vein of the McGill Professor who recently "discovered England." Mr. Hartman must speedily supplement this little cherry-and-black garbed volume with further "Nietzsche for Very Little Folks" and still more verse equal in neatness to his "Requiem":—

When I shall die the thought of Beauty sealed  
Within the marigold,  
Or softly spilt along a moon-drenched field  
Will leave me cold.  
The thought of Truth secreted in a deed  
Or wrapped in stately verse  
Will not perturb me. I shall only need  
A handsome hearse.

Mr. J. D. C. Pellow is known as a contributor to latter-day anthologies, and in that setting more than one of the present collected poems have appeared. From *Parentalia* "English Elegies" are well worthy of such attention, as, too, "London Lovers," with its echo of Drinkwater in those lines beginning:

From Clerkenwell to Cockercombe  
It's many a long mile . . . .

Their author is a master of simple, calm, dignified expression. In fact, the ordered, hard polish of his verses induces the idea that in them the divine fire burns but feebly. And that is far from the truth.

The recollection of a very pleasant acquaintance with "D. M. S." in the pages of *Punch* and other periodicals will cause readers to welcome *Beasts Royal*, wherein Miss Dorothy Margaret Stuart has collected from their original setting some thirty of her recent poems. Her subjects, largely topical, are treated in verse of true and sustained quality, while her assurance with the imaginative theme is exemplified in the "Beasts Royal" series—"Queen Hatshepsu's Ape," "Julius Cæsar's Giraffe," and the others—a delightful conception skilfully executed. Her descriptive power is perhaps at its height in the stanzas on Titian's "The Man With the Glove":

The red pomegranate that the gods let fall,  
Spilling its sweet red pearls o'er Italy  
When dark Lorenzo held the triple ball,  
Was almost dim and almost void when he,  
That noble shadow, first inscrutably  
Glanced from the gloom of a Venetian wall.

National events such as the Burial of the Unknown Warrior, the Tercentenary of the *Mayflower's* voyage, the death of Lord Bryce, find in Miss Stuart's verse echoes of more restrained but poignant beauty. The contents of this little book shall refresh the mind of the

bookman, while Mr. Ingleby's tasteful *format* shall brighten his shelves.

Readers conversant with Miss E. Hamilton Moore's former work will find in *Cupid's Auction* all her accustomed wealth of colour in image and treatment, particularly in the longer poems, such as "The Ascent" and "The Crowd." The latter is a striking essay in mob-emotion, rising to and sinking from a well worked-up crescendo. With less glamour and more delicate beauty are the shorter lyrics invested; they are worthily represented by "Robin" and "The Manor Garden."

In 1918 a volume of poems called *Escape and Fantasy* marked the metrical *début* of a singer possessing ability and charm. The promise of six years since is now amply fulfilled by Mr. Rostrevor's *Pieces of Eight* (a title, by the way, employed by Mr. Le Gallienne for a prose-romance), which breathes the very atmosphere of calm detachment and noble sentiment. Mr. Rostrevor's excursions into Philosophy have included an Essay on the Scope of Intelligence which won the commendation of Bergson himself. His philosophical comparison of men, "Earth's aliens, pursuing change," with the eternal inscrutability of Nature, takes form in more than one among this garland of poems; and always is his lyrical skill equal to his theme. His word-pictures display the clarity of an etching. For sheer beauty of expression he excels himself in "Preference":

Who would prefer a smooth-clipped lawn,  
Though birds hop there at silver dawn,  
To uncouth grass, drugged meadowsweet  
And boggy earth as black as peat?  
Who a trim garden would prefer,  
Though bees hum in its lavender,  
To the green smells and lights and stains  
Of hot, high-banked, sun-filtering lanes?

Mr. Rostrevor's metrical career merits close attention. *Pieces of Eight* confirms his claim to be reckoned highly among neo-Georgian singers. The advent of *Helmon*, his poetic drama that is announced as in preparation, will be anticipated.

The furnishing by Lady Margaret Sackville's pen of a new volume of verses is always a pleasurable event. Her present *Poems*, if not all of equally striking merit, in no wise lack the underlying poignancy and sense of word-beauty of this author's previous work. There is nothing of great distinction about the "Epitaphs"—one would almost prefer the wordy irregularity of "A Fantasy"—but there is the force of sincerity in "Riches" not less than true feeling in "Achievement."

Occasional evidences of hasty if not faulty construction constitute the only defect in a volume fit to rank with the more ambitious of Lady Margaret Sackville's songs.

P. N.



## ROUND THE BOOKSHOPS

*IT is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he hath gone his way then he boasteth.*—PROVERBS XX, 14.

### TACITUS AND A HANDKERCHIEF.

The appearance of Roman type in Venice (1469), though later by some four years than its original Italian adoption, revealed with especial clarity the merits of the new printing medium. Wendelin of Speier employed it for his first book, a *Tacitus* (Venice, c. 1470), with a choice copy of which Mr. Martin A. McGoff heads Catalogue No. 6 from 17, Moorfields, Liverpool. The miscellaneous character of the listed items is perhaps over-accentuated by the fact that next the *Tacitus* comes a silk handkerchief once the property of the late G. J. Danton, and apparently appropriated by the headsman when the said Danton could have no more possible use for a handkerchief!

Indeed, Mr. McGoff's is a pleasantly varied *communiqué*. Therein will be found A.L.s. of Addison and Wordsworth, Americana, books illustrated by the artists (there is a certain magic in the names themselves!), Randolph Caldecott and Kate Greenaway; first and second editions of Defoe's *Shortest Way*, bound with other rare tracts; the *Memoirs* (1764) of the literary imposter, George Psalmanazar; and Edmund Goldsmid's *Catalogue* of Elzevier Press publications (privately printed, 1885). To the quota of "modern firsts" Stevenson, Wells, Bennett, Conrad and Moore are leading contributors.

### GIANTS OF THE PRESS.

Mr. Menno Hertzberger's Catalogue No. 20 (Internationaal Antiquariaat, Singel 364, Amsterdam) does not mean—so runs the foreword—to display all his stock of XVth and XVIth century books. It does, however, afford a very representative glance at his Incunabula from the presses at Harlem, Deventer, Louvain, Antwerp, Venice, Rome, Cologne, Basel and other famous centres; likewise the triumphs of Aldus, Froben, Plantyn, de Breda, Claesz, among other XVIth century typographical giants. What is, I believe, the fourth earliest work in English on medicine is listed in "this extra-ordinary rare book," Hieronymus Braunschweig's *The vertuose boke of distyllacyon* (London, Laurens Andrewe, 1527), with its many woodcuts; Luther's *A commentarie upon the Epistle of S. Paul to the Galathians* ("Galations" in later editions) is in the scarce black-letter first English issue of 1575, of which London sale-rooms show no recent record; and among Mr. Hertzberger's interesting manu-

scripts is a bound XVIth century screed, the *Divan* of Hafiz, in Taalik, formerly the property successively of Langlès, who has added notes, and Friedrich Bodenstedt, an authority upon the Persian lyrists.

### DO-BELLES LETTRES.

Volumes from "the most famous libraries recently dispersed" have their place in a catalogue of Rare and Valuable Books (No. 29) from Messrs. P. J. and A. E. Dobell (8, Bruton Street, Lond., W.1), a list which reveals such true bibliophiles' items as those here noted. Among some eight Milton first editions is one of *Paradise Lost* (1667), having the title-page with author's name in smaller type—that is, as is generally accepted, in the second state; a first issue of Andrew Marvell's *Miscellaneous Poems* (1681) possesses a fine impression of the portrait; John Evelyn's *Sylva*, in the original edition (1664), contains the errata leaf frequently missing; while Matthew Consett's *A Tour through Sweden, Swedish-Lapland, Finland, and Denmark*, etc. (1789) includes the engravings on copper by Bewick, the only examples of this artist's work in that particular medium.

Catalogue No. 30 is the outcome of another dive into Messrs. Dobell's historic post-bag. And post-haste will the collector of "A. Lrs. S." hie him Bruton Street-wards for a glimpse at the Albums, the scripts of American interest, the letters from D. G. Rossetti and J. A. Symonds, and the caricatures by Cruikshank and Gillray. Many of the listed letters are those received by J. A. Roebuck, M.P. for and Mayor of Sheffield, from divers public men of his time. Also figure an invoice of books bought by Nelson of Mr. Jordan Hookham; a 2½ pp. A.L.s. in French from the Old Pretender; and a note from Sir James Bland Burges, Foreign Office Under-Secretary (1795-1820)—of whom it has been said that "official industry was his forte and the author's pen his foible"—desiring Sir William Hamilton, husband of the famous Emma, to forward "two pounds of your famous Naples Soap."

### BODONIANA.

The opportunity is given by M. Rudolph Geering, of Basle, to add considerably to one's Bodoni items or to acquire by a purchase *en bloc* a fine Bodoni library. His catalogue, No. 396, comprises a collection of 277 books printed at this famous Parma press. With its interesting preface, annotations and reproductions, it will doubtless be added to the literature which has grown up around Bodoni, represented here by a further



fourteen items. The catalogue is arranged chronologically and the only fault I have to find with it is its lack of an author-index. Another catalogue (No. 397) is also to hand from this enterprising firm. This contains a variety of good things under all manner of headings. Outstanding items, however, which catch the eye are the very rare French version of Roeslin, 1536, interesting and early Paracelsusiana and an album of English visiting cards, caricatures, autograph letters, seals and engravings relating to the early nineteenth century.

#### THAT MILLIONAIRE TASTE.

The small section of Marees Society Facsimile Reproductions in Mr. A. Zwemmer's Catalogue No. 2 (78, Charing Cross Road, Lond., W.C.2.) is prefaced with a note containing this passage: "They provide the man of moderate means with his only opportunity of indulging on his own walls his millionaire taste for the real thing." And constituting himself a sort of godfather to potential Pierpont Morgans, Mr. Zwemmer prices moderately the many alluring items in his list. It presents books on Art; Private Press works (including the Doves *Sartor Resartus*); Dante texts and critical commentaries; complete sets of many French and German authors; History, Biography, and Travel, mainly written and published on the Continent. Commencing with Applied Art and ending with a *Titus Vespasianus* (Paris, 1530), Mr. Zwemmer's bulletin offers wide scope for assuaging that millionaire taste; exploring its pages will lend your humble briar the savour of a Larranaga!

#### SCIENTIFIC LANDMARKS.

Department No. 18 of Messrs. W. and G. Foyle's all-embracing establishment at 121-5, Charing Cross Road, Lond., W.C.2, recently created for the supply of books scientific, has issued with all the vigour of youth an ambitious catalogue of old and rare works on all branches of science, chiefly in German, Latin, French and Italian. To the Chemistry section Johann

Rodolph Glauber contributes several manuals, notably the *Opera Chymica* (1658-9); while in the Alchemical ranks stands out the *Bibliotheca Chymica curiosa* . . . (1702) of Jacobus Mangetus, a copy that, unlike the popular description of the science, is pronounced "sane and clean." There follow books on Magic Art, Witchcraft, Freemasonry, etc., the chief prize in this connexion being Hartmann Schedel's *Chronicarum Liber* (A. Koberger, Nuremberg, 1493), with its 1,800 woodcuts by Dürer's masters, Wohlgemuth and Pleydenwurf. And having permitted us a glance at some of the awe-inspiring triumphs of science, the omniscient Maison Foyle brings æsthetic balm to the soul in another list—Art and Archæology—from the brother-department No. 17. Alight here for books on Costume, on Heraldry, on Folklore or Mythology; or keep your seats and make the Grand Tour—visit *The Orphan of Pimlico* (1876) with Miss M. T. Wigglesworth (alias W. M. Thackeray); sound *The Stones of Venice* (1857) with prose-poet Ruskin; or explore, in Richard F. Burton's wake (1876), *Etruscan Bologna*.

#### SEVERAL CATALOGUES IN ONE.

When Mr. Ludovic Rodo told us that not so very long ago he came across some of Camille Pissarro's lithographs in one of London's book haunts which he purchased for only a few shillings, he predicted that the time for such happy finds was rapidly expiring, in view of M. Loys Delteil's forthcoming catalogue raisonné of the work of Pissarro, Sisley and Renoir. This book (Paris, 1923) is one among many like catalogues and monographs on artists which abound in List 57 from Mr. F. B. Neumayer (70, Charing Cross Rd., Lond., W.C.2). Selecting from a select company, I notice therein the complete published parts of *The Dial* and of *The Neolith*; the Beardsley *Rape of the Lock* (1896); the Pennell's *Lithography* (1898); and, an author's presentation copy, C. H. Middleton's *Descriptive Catalogue of the Etched Work of Rembrandt* (1878).

BURTON, JUN.

## NOTES, QUERIES AND ANSWERS

#### ADDISON'S WORKS IN 12 MO.

To the Editor of *The Bookman's Journal*.

SIR,—A few weeks ago I purchased from a book-stall the third volume of Addison's works, consisting of 3 vols. in 12 mo. It is dated on the title page 1726, and also on the title-page to "Three Setts of Medals." But all the Catalogues state that Addison's works in 3 vols. in 12 mo. were printed in 1736. In that edition it is

definitely stated, in italics, as "*Consisting of such as were never before printed in 12 mo.*" At the British Museum I carefully compared the two editions, and I find that in at least a hundred details they differ. For instance, all the head-pieces and tail-pieces (scroll and floral decorations) are entirely different; and on many pages the text, although the same, does not agree as to its position in several lines. The 1726 edition states



"Printed for Jacob Tonson"—not *J. and R. T.*

Thinking the foregoing may be of interest to your readers must be my apology for troubling you in so small a matter.

Yours faithfully,

London, W.2. HUBERT BLOODWORTH.

E. E. MILLS (Bournemouth): It is extremely unlikely that your proof engraving *Alexander III rescued from the fury of a Stag* is one of the original proofs. For this plate Bartolozzi, said A. W. Tuer in *Bartolozzi and his Works* (2nd ed., 1885), "received, in 1788, by agreement a sum of five hundred guineas, and only six proofs, including one for Lady Stanley of Alderley, and one for Lady Tweeddale, were printed." Mr. J. H. Slater in *The Bookman's Journal* (Vol. I, No. 7) said the reprints "are of excellent quality and every whit as good as the original impressions taken more than a century ago. But they are very far from being as desirable, however good they may be, as considerable numbers were printed."

Mr. Slater in 1921 computed the value of the reprint at £2 2s. 4d.

E. G. BUTTRICK (Lowell, Mass.): The Johnson House Association issued, in 1902, *Dr. Samuel Johnson and his Birthplace. A Retrospect and Guide* (London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.; Lichfield: A. C. Lomax's Successors), pp. 35. There has been no bibliography of Johnson material since the publication of W. P. Courtney's standard work (1914).

GEORGE CUFF (Southampton) writes in connection with the controversy over the authorship of *The Vampyre*, mentioned in the September number of *The Bookman's Journal* (p. 216), to say that he has a copy of Byron's *Works*, 1845, published by John Murray, containing a facsimile of the letter from Byron to the editor of *Galignani's Messenger*. The facsimile was thus evidently inserted in later (and English) editions of the *Works* as well as in the Paris issue of 1828 referred to in our article.

## FIRST EDITIONS: THE MONTH'S DEMANDS ANALYSED

The following list of the demands, during the four weeks ending Jan. 19, for the first editions of modern British authors, has been compiled from the desiderata of second-hand booksellers appear-

ing in various papers. While extremely interesting, it is indicative only of current demands, and has but a limited relation to appreciation in the wider sense or unrevealed collecting activities.

	Requests for Separate Titles.	Requests for "All Firsts."
Anthony Trollope	50	14
John Galsworthy	50	1
Sir J. M. Barrie	47	9
Charles Dickens	43	1
W. H. Hudson	42	6
Rudyard Kipling	35	3
Max Beerbohm	34	6
Walter de la Mare	31	1
Andrew Lang	30	—
Arnold Bennett	27	—
Thomas Hardy	25	6
Joseph Conrad	24	5
Sir H. Rider Haggard	19	—
Oscar Wilde	19	—
Arthur Machen	18	6
Hugh Walpole	18	1
George Gissing	15	9
Hilaire Belloc	15	1
Maurice Hewlett	14	1
John Masefield	13	3
Sir A. Quiller-Couch	12	2
George Moore	12	2
Aldous Huxley	12	1
W. B. Yeats	11	1
R. Sabatini	11	1
R. L. Stevenson	11	1
J. A. Symonds	11	—
Katherine Mansfield	10	2

	Requests for Separate Titles.	Requests for "All Firsts."
Samuel Butler	10	1
Sheila Kaye-Smith	10	—
Edmund Gosse	10	—
George Saintsbury	9	—
C. E. Montague	9	—
Henry James	8	2
N. Douglas	8	1
H. Austin Dobson	8	—
A. E. Housman	8	—
H. G. Wells	8	—
Lytton Strachey	8	—
Compton Mackenzie	8	—
G. B. Shaw	6	4
Lewis Carroll	6	1
J. E. Flecker	6	—
Thomas Burke	6	—
Eden Phillpotts	6	—
Alice Meynell	5	—
"Ouida"	5	—
Sir A. Conan Doyle	5	—
Lord Dunsany	5	—
R. B. Cunninghame Graham	4	4
Wm. de Morgan	4	1
John Drinkwater	4	—
W. S. Blunt	4	—
R. Jefferies	4	—
W. J. Locke	4	—
Aubrey Beardsley	4	—

## MEN AND MATTERS: DO THE MODERNS NEED DEFENDING?



R. GEORGE T. KEATING, of New York, has been defending our modern authors. Riding into the correspondence arena of the *American Publishers' Weekly*, fountain pen poised and adjectives bristling in the breeze, this St. George throws out the challenge that the recent sale of Conrad manuscripts should give a necessary and crushing answer to the critics of the practice of collecting modern literature. It may be said at once that we are not aware of any considerable desire to attack the moderns or, alternatively—as legal defences have it—that any such criticism of this phase of book-collecting is worthy of the compliment of crushing counter-attacks. But St. George Keating is worth listening to; he has been in the lists before—and by way of our own columns:

I presume [he writes] I represent a considerable portion of the collecting world when I say that we don't collect Joseph Conrad—to give one example—because we cannot afford Burns, Johnson or Dickens. I personally collect Conrad because I consider him not only the greatest living novelist, but the greatest novelist that ever lived. If that is literary treason or heresy or iconoclasm, make the most of it. It is refreshing to find Dr. Rosenbach bidding thousands for every one of the Conrad manuscripts. It is absurd to maintain that Charles Dickens is a greater writer than Conrad; that Thackeray is comparable with Hardy or that Stevenson is the equal of Cabell. It is taking shadows for realities, mistaking caricature for character, affectation for style and sentiment for realism. I would advise any would-be collector whose mind is as yet unprejudiced to read the last chapter of *Lord Jim* and then try and cry over the death of Little Nell; to read *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and next day try and read *Vanity Fair*; to read *A Lodging for the Night* and then read how much better Cabell does the same theme in *In Necessity's Mortar*. Sterne or Swift could have not imagined the stupendous human comedy, *Jurgen*. Shakespeare folios—ah! the man of all time, and also gladly we concede Keats and Shelley matchless songbirds of England and we value their first editions accordingly. However, Yeats, Bridges, de la Mare, Robinson, Masefield, Housman, have all written poetry equal

to the best and better than the average of Wordsworth, Swinburne, Tennyson, Longfellow and Whittier. A contemporary writer has written the greatest travel book in English—Doughty. Shaw, O'Neill, Synge, Dunsany, Wilde, will probably be read just as long as Beaumont, Webster, Fletcher, etc. Marlowe we cannot as yet match, but give us time.

This challenge is sent for inclusion in our columns, and the writer adds, as a wise afterthought, that he is “not so incensed at the Victorian literature collectors themselves as at the self-appointed judges, otherwise known as the critics”—whoever the latter may be. First of all, it would have been better had the ground of controversy been cleared as to the authors constituting the “moderns,” for when he is dealing with Victorians on the one hand and moderns on the other, making the point that “it is absurd to maintain . . . that Thackeray is comparable with Hardy” he forgets that the Wessex Master could very properly be called a Victorian himself. However, we need not stress this anomaly, for from the collecting aspect the distinction which Mr. Keating desires to emphasize is clear enough.

It is the comparisons drawn which we find most piquant. We read in wonderment at the ease with which he compares Dickens to Conrad, Thackeray to Hardy, and Stevenson to Cabell. For, let it be granted that Conrad, Hardy, and Cabell have secured their places among the Masters of Literature; the fact in itself has little relation to the positions of Dickens, Thackeray and Stevenson in literary comparison, and still less from the point of view of collecting which is governed by additional circumstances to those of literary quality. In short, Mr. Keating's comparisons are only a partial statement of the case, and do not help him in his main contention.

But that contention is sound enough, and we do not think, as already stated, that there is any great quarrel with it. The “moderns,” in Mr. Keating's contemporary sense, are, of course, every whit as worthy of the attention of collectors as their predecessors. That fact should not lead us into the error of disparaging the collecting of those earlier authors, and, even so, when this American collector speaks of the silly prices paid for some of the Victorian books, meaning doubtless such items as the rare Dickensiana and Stevensoniana, he forgets that there are other Victorians coming into their own, which, again, may cause



some adjustment of collecting values. With the tendency for collecting to become more popular there is plenty of room for all types of authors. As for the moderns, as represented by Mr. Keating, if they need no defence as against their predecessors, who can say that future collectors shall not—in the enthusiasm of the hunt—find rivals among the contemporaries of present-day “collected” authors as is happening now in the case of the Victorians?

#### A CLUE TO MR. ASQUITH.

You may learn from his recently-published *Studies and Sketches*, if you did not know it before, that Mr. Asquith, while deploring the crowding of our bookstalls with ephemeral rubbish, evinces “an almost insatiable fondness for good detective stories, from the great M. Lecoq and the still greater Sherlock Holmes, down to the latest and least of their French and American rivals.” Whence is derived, it may be supposed, his unflinching capacity amid baffling circumstances to “wait and see.”

Mr. Lloyd George’s partiality for the novels of Nat Gould is almost as proverbial. He delights especially, it is said, in those jockey-heroes who accept all kinds of mounts at a moment’s notice, and ride them one and all to death or glory.

#### THE HUMAN FACTOR IN BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The title of this note was the title of Mr. A. W. Pollard’s recent presidential address to the Edinburgh Bibliographical Society. The human factor in bibliography, he said, introduced an element of uncertainty, since no one could be sure that every worker in an old printing house rigidly observed the same rules, or that when an improvement had been introduced there were no fluctuations in practice. On the other hand, when bibliography assumed that methods which cheapened production or saved trouble would not be likely to be dropped, it was on firm ground. Mr. Pollard proceeded to illustrate his argument by observing that “the accusations of gross carelessness freely brought against the printers of plays, more especially those of Shakespeare, were addressed to the wrong quarter. There was no gross carelessness observable in the printing of learned books of that period, because the authors corrected their proofs, whereas, with the probable exception of Ben Jonson, the dramatists (presumably because, having parted with all their rights to the players, they had no pecuniary interest in publication) left the printers to struggle as best they could with difficult copy. It was only by understanding the difficulties with which printers had had to

contend that bibliographers could rightly understand the books they printed.”

#### STANDARDISATION.

This is another aspect of this question of the human factor in book production and book recording. In the whole history of books there has never been a time in which so much attention was paid to bibliography as is the case now. Not only do collectors and dealers in books realise the value of every source of bibliographical information, but the use of works containing such information is becoming increasingly recognised in literary criticism. It is, therefore, not surprising that more and more attention is being paid to the methods of bibliographical description, as our columns from time to time demonstrate. There is, at the present time, an important Oxford movement (*vide* the reference in last month’s Number of this Journal) to achieve a standardisation of bibliography. This is a far more complicated task than is apparent at first sight, and it is here that the human factor should be kept foremost in mind by those who are endeavouring to bring about standardisation. It seems to us that the aim in formulating a standard method of describing books should be simplicity and uniformity in setting out the essentials of collations, rather than an elaborate set of rules which shall endeavour to lay down the manner of dealing with a whole multitude of varying points, many of which only occasionally arise. If standard methods of describing essentials in collations can be decided upon and generally adopted, the minor points—all of which it would be difficult to incorporate in a prescribed system—can be left for individual treatment as the circumstances demand without impairing the efficiency of accepted principles.

#### THE SEMI-COLON.

While on this subject we may add that in noticing the admirable schemes put forward by the Oxford Bibliographical Society for the standard descriptions of books, our reviewer was unable for reasons of space to call attention to a point which, although small in itself, has its interest to those who are concerned with the most minute details of book-description. Doubtless no such point was too minute to receive prolonged attention by the eminent compilers of the Oxford schemes. We cannot help wondering, therefore, why they decided to banish from the bibliographical realm the semi-colon and all its works. Let us take an example: “Oxonix, Excudebat Iosephus Barnesius: Anno Dom. 1608: small 4°: pp. [8] + 384 + [72], etc.” The first colon in the quotation might very well be transcribed from the book’s imprint, but the employment of the



second and third, used here as everywhere else in the schemes, as a mark of division between items of information, seems to us open to objection. Surely punctuation can be used to show a distinction as to the division between items and also the following-on of matter referring to an item. The use of the semi-colon and colon for these two purposes is usual among all the other practitioners of modern bibliography, whose compilations we have consulted.

#### ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL : A COPTIC MS.

The most remarkable find made last winter by members of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt was described by Dr. R. Kilgour in *The Times* of December 21, 1923. Mr. Guy Brunton, directing operations in an old Christian cemetery at Qau-el-Kebir, about thirty miles south of Assiut, unearthed a jar containing a bundle of papyrus leaves wrapped in linen. Brought to England, the bundle received the expert scrutiny of Sir Flinders Petrie, who found it was a tall, narrow book of 43 papyrus leaves, most of them in good condition, numbered in Coptic letters, and containing the text of St. John's Gospel in scholarly Coptic characters.

Comparison of the screed with the oldest known Greek manuscripts led Sir Flinders Petrie to date it in the region of A.D.400—distinguishing it as the earliest Coptic manuscript of St. John's word, one of the oldest writings of anything like the complete Gospel, and (since it now reposes in the Bible House Library, 146, Queen Victoria Street, available for inspection by those interested) the earliest manuscript of the Gospel in any British Public Library.

#### THE CAMPBELL LIBRARY BEQUEST.

The courtesy of Mr. J. W. Lister, Borough Librarian of Hove, enables a Hove correspondent to furnish details of the library bequeathed by the late Mr. Herbert James Ashburner Campbell to the Hove Public Library. The collection of some eleven hundred books was formed mainly by Mr. J. A. Campbell, father of the testator, and shows his chief tastes to have lain in the fields of the Fine Arts, Classics and Heraldry.

Among the more important of these works now to be housed in the Hove Library are Edmund Lodge's *Portraits of Illustrious Personages* (12 vols., 1835), large paper, with proof illustrations; Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes* (1845); the 1820 *Robinson Crusoe* illustrated by Stothard; Bewick's illustrations to *Æsop* (2nd edition); *Hogarth's Works*, edited by John Nichols; Congreve's *Works* (Birmingham, 1761); Baskerville's *Cambridge Bible* (1783); and Bodin's *Bible*

(Birmingham, 1769). The Classical section contributes good editions of Aristophanes, Aristotle, Cicero, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, and Propertius.

In addition to the examination and taking over of the Campbell collection, Mr. Lister's many activities during January included an admirable exhibition at the Library of the landscapes and still-life paintings of Anderson Hague, R.I. (1850-1916), vice-president and founder of the Royal Cambrian Academy. The success of the display in such a setting, even though another link in the relations between Literature and Art, voices once again Hove's need of an Art Gallery.

#### A DRURY LANE AFFAIR.

Since our last number—on Twelfth Night, to be precise—the ceremony of the Baddeley Cake has been observed at Drury Lane, with all due appreciation both of the time-honoured custom and of the delicacy itself. For the Baddeley Cake has been cut and partaken of by the players of Drury Lane almost without interruption for one hundred and thirty years, the custom arising out of a bequest by Robert Baddeley, originally a cook to Samuel Foote and afterwards an actor himself at the famous theatre, of £100, the interest on which was directed to be expended annually in the purchase of the cake. The terms of the bequest have been faithfully observed, for it is the case where custom hath not staled. On the other hand, it is a case which is an exception to another old saying, namely, that you cannot keep your cake and eat it.

#### THE SPANISH BRUNET.

Claiming the title of "the Spanish Brunet," there is in publication from Barcelona a great bibliographical work for which Messrs. Maggs Brothers are sole agents in England, the Colonies and America. Compiled by Antonio Palau y Dulcet, and entitled *Manual del Librero Hispano-Americano*, it presents, in alphabetical order under authors' names and pseudonyms, books, treatises, pamphlets and engravings printed in Spain and Latin America since the invention of printing to the present day, with the market value of each work. Especially welcome in this country, where booksellers and collectors have hitherto lacked a *vade mecum* of Spanish book prices and collations, Palau's *Manual* will depose the catalogues of Salva, Ticknor, Heredia, Medina and others.

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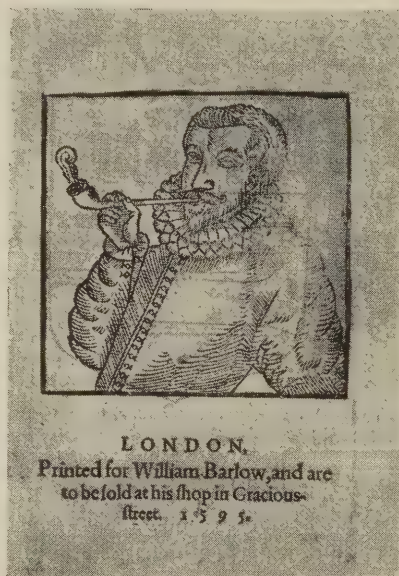
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CONTENTS

MARCH, 1924

	PAGE
SIX UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF LEWIS CARROLL .. .. .	189
XIXth CENTURY BINDING STYLES: NOTES FOR COLLECTORS—Michael Sadleir ..	194
THE GIFT OF THE PIERPONT MORGAN TREASURES .. .. .	197
THE ITALIAN SCHOOL IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY—Arthur Symons .. .	199
AN EPIC OF PIRACY—Philip Gosse .. .. .	200
THE WATERDEN BROADSHEETS .. .. .	201
PEPYS'S MSS. COLLECTION .. .. .	201
NEW LIMITED EDITIONS .. .. .	202
TOOLS FOR BOOKMEN .. .. .	202
OUR PRINT GALLERY .. .. .	205
NOTES ON PRINTS .. .. .	209
THE NUMBERING OF PRINTS, AND MR. HARDIE'S CAT—E. Ambrose Jones ..	211
AMERICAN NOTES—G. H. Sargent .. .. .	213
BOOKS IN THE SALE ROOMS .. .. .	216
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: TWO SHELLEY FORGERIES; "AMBROSE GWYNETT"	219
FIRST EDITIONS: THE MONTH'S DEMANDS ANALYSED .. .. .	220
ROUND THE BOOKSHOPS—Burton, Jun. .. .. .	221
MEN AND MATTERS .. .. .	223

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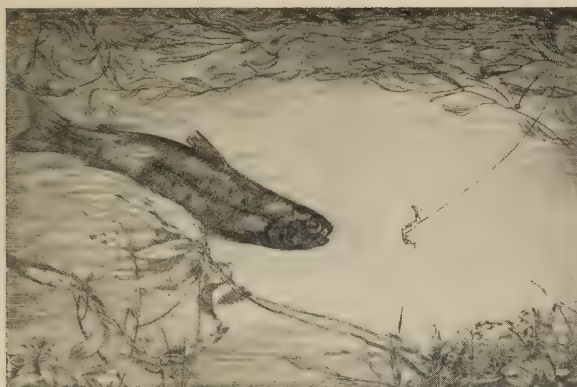
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# THE BOOKMAN'S JOURNAL

## AND PRINT COLLECTOR

Volume IX. No. 30

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March, 1924

### SIX UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF LEWIS CARROLL

**L**EWIS CARROLL is the Peter Pan of Literature. And it is appropriate—understanding and loving children as he did, having for them a wonderful charm, and finding in them the inspiration for his masterpieces—that the best part of his life-story should be revealed through the untiring correspondence with his little friends. Collingwood's *Life* of Lewis Carroll without the letters of C. L. Dodgson would be like the *Wonderlands* without their habitants. The letters alone give the clue to that remarkable personality in whom was combined the mechanical mind of a mathematical expert and that spirit of riotous phantasy destined to delight thousands of children for generation after generation.

Collingwood, then, rightly allowed the Letters of Lewis Carroll to tell their own revealing tale; and it was upon a rich profusion of material that he had to draw. As it happened, however, the accidents of time and distance robbed the biographer of the opportunity of recording one of Carroll's many Peter Pan friendships which was signed and sealed in the usual series of charming letters. This was the friendship with Miss Maud Standen, and the letters which so naturally resulted are here published for the first time. Miss Standen—now Mrs. Maud Ffooks, of Dorchester—is the daughter of the late General Standen, whose young family enjoyed an affectionate acquaintance with the author of the Alice books between the years 1869 and 1893. For a long

period prior to and after her marriage Miss Maud Standen was living abroad, and it was due to that circumstance that her correspondence with Lewis Carroll does not figure in the *Life*. But it has been none the less warmly treasured among the owner's interesting collection of books and autograph letters, which include some rare Carrolliana, the gift of the author.

The six selected letters which the kindness of Mrs. Ffooks enables us to print here are typically Carrollian. They are interesting not only as showing the author's constant delight in his friendship with the youthful members of his privileged circle and the interests which allied them to him, but as emphasising his tremendous enthusiasm in his literary labours. In the latter connection the most important letter is that dated August 28, 1890, in which he describes his method of working, noting that he could not write a story straight on.

The series of letters ends in a sigh. The "hopeless old bachelor" is sending his sincerest wishes for the happiness of his young correspondent on her approaching marriage. "My child-friends are all marrying off, now, terribly quick," he writes. But he found comfort in continuing to be regarded by them as "yours affectionately." And who shall gainsay that every companion of Alice who is led eager-eyed and laughing into the *Wonderlands* must thus regard Lewis Carroll?

W.G.P.

Ch. Ch. Sep. 1/73.

My dear Maud,

Do you mean 'Victoria Place' or 'Victoria Square'? Your letter says 'Place.' I had 1½ hour[s] to-day in Reading (from 12½ to 2) & tried in vain to find you. It was chiefly my own fault, for I had forgotten the number, & stupidly

had left your letter behind. I first went to Victoria Place, but the houses were so small I doubted if you could possibly squeeze into one. I had a vague idea it was No. 3. So tried that house. "Not known there."

Then I tried Victoria Square, which (beginning with an 8) evidently hadn't got a No. 3. So I took up the idea that it was No. 11, & rang that

bell, but again in vain, though the maid seemed pleased to see me—and that was odd, because I couldn't have been the person she expected. I did not dare to go on ringing bells all along that row of houses—I should have had a lot of angry maid-servants following me, which would have been more dangerous than a swarm of wasps: so I simply walked slowly up & down on the opposite side of the road from end to end, in hopes somebody would see me from the windows and then, seeing no friendly faces, I walked back, sad but not broken-hearted, to the Railway Station.

Yours afftly

C. L. Dodgson.

Love to any lovable animals you may happen to have in the house.

\* \* \*

The Chestnuts, Guildford,

Dec. 30, 1874.

My dear Maud,

It is a horrid shame to have left your letter so long unanswered. Often & often it has come into my head, but I always think "Oh, I haven't time today for a real letter," & so put it off: however something shall go today, letter or note as it may happen.

First, to tell you Miss Zimmermann's<sup>(1)</sup> address. It is "Neue Konigstrasse, 67." She is very pleasant & friendly, & I think if you venture to call upon her you will soon become friends. In that case you may give her the enclosed as an introduction (of course you may read it yourself), & ask her if she has made any progress with the game for teaching German which she was inventing.

Your 3 Cornwall friends I have never met (that I know of), but shall be very glad to make their acquaintance if they will call at my rooms in Ch. Ch. Oxford, at about 2 in the afternoon—& if they are very young (say about 10) I might perhaps take their photographs. You may tell Miss Agnes Carus Wilson that I know a lady who I think must be an aunt of hers—a Mrs. Litton, whose husband, the Rev. E. Litton, used to keep a private Hall in Oxford, & now has a living. They had a daughter Edith, whom I remember as a child, & once photographed along with her father.

Jan. 1. The letter got broken off there, & I shall try & finish it today at Hatfield House (the country house of the Marquis of Salisbury, the Chancellor of Oxford University) where I am now staying. I came yesterday, to be present at a children's fancy ball, which was a very pretty

sight. The house is Elizabethan, so most of the dresses were of that period: the eldest girl Maud being dressed as Queen Elizabeth, & the ball began with grand royal procession, which was very well done—a little page to carry her train, and a little Lord Chamberlain with a long wand to walk backwards before her. Then they had a morris-dance, holding ribbons from one to another, & then the regular dancing began. There were about 100 children altogether: they had a supper at 9½, and another supper at 12! This was only for the people staying in the house, about 40 people, including about 20 children. I took my drawing-book into the gallery during the ball, & drew a picture of a little Amy Robsart, who consented to stand still for a few minutes. Have you fancy-balls, or anything of that kind, in Berlin?

I remember the "Unter den Linden" very well,<sup>(2)</sup> & the picture-galleries, & the Jews' Synagogue: I wonder if you ever saw that. We heard part of a service there, & the singing was very beautiful.

Give my love to Isabel, & tell her I hope to write to her before long. I wish you both a very happy New Year, & also to Katie Lester, Agnes Wilson, & Ethel Chilcott.

You ever affectionate friend,

C. L. Dodgson.

What does C/O mean, which you put in your address?

\* \* \*

Ch. Ch. Oxford, England

Dec. 18, 1877.

My dear Miss Standen,

When a correspondent lives at the other side of the world, one always has the feeling, I find, "oh, there isn't time today to write a letter that would be worth sending best put it off to a more leisurely time," and so I have been putting off answering your letter, dated Ap. 25, 1876, till for very shame I am beginning a letter, which shall go, worth it or not! And first thank you very much for the history of the sea-serpent—a fiction, I fear, though a very ingenious one. No other account of it ever appeared that I have heard of: and there can be no reasonable doubt that, if it had been a real occurrence, many others of the witnesses would have published their accounts also. Next, to take the next subject in your letter, the "Hunting of the Snark," I should much like to present copies to you & your

(2) Vide the references to the tour, in 1867, of Lewis Carroll (with Dr. Liddon) on the Continent and to the extracts from his Diary in *The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll*.

(1) Miss Antonie Zimmermann, who translated Lewis Carroll's books into German.



sister (Miss Isabel I fear I must call her now. How years fly away!) and as you have no doubt seen the book by this time, I may as well give you the opportunity of choosing the colour of the cover. I have had them bound in various coloured cloths,<sup>(3)</sup> with the ship & bell-buoy in gold: e.g., light blue, dark blue, light green, dark green, scarlet (to match "Alice"), and (what is perhaps prettiest of all) white, i.e., a sort of imitation vellum, which looks beautiful with the gold. The only objection is that it would get to look soiled & shabby sooner than the darker colours. I am afraid I can't explain 'vorpall blade'<sup>(4)</sup> for you—nor yet 'tulgey wood'<sup>(4)</sup>: but I did make an explanation once for 'uffish thought'<sup>(4)</sup>—It seems to suggest a state of mind when the voice is gruffish, the manner roughish, & the temper huffish. Then again, as to 'burbles'<sup>(4)</sup>: if you take the 3 verbs 'bleat,' 'murmur,' and 'warble,' and select the bits I have underlined, it certainly makes 'burbles': though I'm afraid I can't distinctly remember having made it in that way.

You say croquet has gone quite out of fashion with you: so perhaps, when this reaches you, it may have come in again. On the chance of which I will enclose a copy<sup>(5)</sup> of the rules of a game I once invented with the help of my sisters, though perhaps I may have told you about it before. At all events, my "Anagrammatic Sonnet" will be new to you. Each line has 4 feet, and each foot is an anagram, i.e., the letters of it can be re-arranged so as to make one word. Thus there are 24 anagrams, which will occupy your leisure moments for some time, I hope. Remember, I don't limit myself to substantives, as some do. I should consider "we dish = wished" a fair anagram.

(3) The majority of the copies of the first edition of *The Hunting of the Snark* (1876) were issued in buff-coloured cloth.

(4) From the poem "Jabberwocky" in *Through the Looking-Glass*. The verses in which these invented words occur are:—

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood  
And burbled as it came!

Collingwood states that Lewis Carroll composed "Jabberwocky" one evening when taking part in a game of verse-making.

(5) A 4pp. pamphlet entitled *Castle-Croquet: For Four Players* (1866) by Lewis Carroll, a revised and expanded version of a 4pp. pamphlet *Croquet Castles for Five Players* (1863)—Vide *The Bibliography of Lewis Carroll*, by S. H. Williams.

As to the war, try elm. I tried.  
The wig cast in, I went to ride.  
"Ring? Yes." We rang. "Let's rap."  
We don't.  
"O shew her wit!" As yet she won't.  
Saw eel in Rome. Dry one: he's wet.  
I am dry. O forge! Th' rogue! Why a net?

To these you may add "abcdefgi," which makes a compound word—as good a word as "summer-house."

I made most of the above for some delicious children that I made friends with at Eastbourne last summer. One afternoon, when they were puzzling over "as to," one of the younger ones whispered in my ear, "Tell me what it is!" and I whispered back again "Maccaroni!" whereupon she put on an air of great importance, and said to her sisters, "I know what the answer is!"

Perhaps you may like to try your hand at guessing a charade I wrote for the youngest three of them—Agnes, Eveline and Jessie Hull—the youngest being, of course, the pet & always ready to interpose, if you proposed any plan without mentioning her, "and Jessie." It is a word of two syllables.

They both make a roaring, a roaring all night:  
They both are a fisherman-father's delight:  
They are both, when in fury, a terrible sight!

The First nurses tenderly three little hulls,  
To the lullaby-music of shrill-screaming gulls,  
And laughs when they dimple his face with  
their skulls.

The Second's a tidyish sort of a lad,  
Who behaves pretty well to a man he calls  
"Dad,"  
And earns the remark, "Well, he isn't so  
bad!"

Of the two put together, oh, what shall I say?  
Tis a time when 'to live' means the same as  
'to play':  
When the busiest person does nothing all day.

When the grave College Don, full of lore  
inexpressi  
Ble, puts it all by, & is forced to confess he  
Can think but of Agnes and Evie—

With kind regards to Major Standen, & very  
kind ditto to your sister, I remain

Sincerely yours,

C. L. Dodgson.

\* \* \*

The Chestnuts, Guildford.

Ap. 14/84.

My dear Maud,

I have just come upon a memorandum that I promised to send your mother the address of the Leggatts: so here it is:—

“Colonel Leggatt,  
40, Cheniston Gardens,  
Kensington.”

When does Isabel mean to face the terrors of the briny deep? Not that it matters much to me, as I fear she held out no hope of our meeting in London, & careering about together in hopes of meeting Mrs. Grundy & giving that worthy lady something definite to talk about. Just now she—Mrs. G.—is no doubt busy talking about me & another young friend of mine—a mere child, only 4 or 5 and 20—whom I have brought down from town to visit my sisters. She is the daughter of a deceased artist, a Mr. Heaphy<sup>(6)</sup>: possibly I mentioned her to you, as one who wants to give lessons in drawing, to children, at their own homes. I have been the means of getting her 5 such pupils in London. Coming from Oxford here last Thursday I went to see her & found her quite an invalid, having knocked herself up with too much work at the crowded & ill-ventilated studio she attends. The doctor had recommended rest, & sea-air: so I have taken her on my hands for a fortnight, we are first having a few days here, & shall then have 2 or 3 days with some more of my sisters at Eastbourne: & then I must leave her in their care & return to Oxford. Is it not an ‘outré’ proceeding, well worthy of Mrs. G.’s attention?

Among all the pleasures I look back on in my Jersey trip those conferred by yourself and Isabel are among the highest, & will be long remembered by me. With love to her & any other sisters you may happen to possess, I am

affectionately yours

C. L. Dodgson.

\* \* \*

7, Lushington Road,  
Eastbourne.

Aug. 28, 1890.

My dear Maud,

I’m going to try to answer 2 letters of yours

(6) “Mr. Dodgson took a great interest in occult phenomena, and was for some time an enthusiastic member of the ‘Psychical Society.’ It was his interest in ghosts that led to his meeting with the artist Mr. Heaphy, who had painted a picture of a ghost which he himself had seen.” [Follows a letter from Lewis Carroll to his sister Mary describing a visit to the artist].—Collingwood’s *Life*.

at once—one dated Feb. 24/89, the other Dec. 8/89: but I won’t waste time and space in apologies for this tremendous delay. My life has been, is, and I trust will be to the end, a busy one. I’ll touch on the topics in the order in wh they come. In the 1st letter, you asked me to send ‘Alice’ & the ‘Looking-Glass’ to Mrs. Erschoff, saying that she wd send the money on their receipt. Well, I sent the books accordingly. But, with your second letter came 2 nice little letters from the 2 little girls, thanking me for the book, & evidently understanding them as a present from me! Please understand that I do not mention this as in the least objecting to give them (on the contrary I am most glad to do so), but simply to protest my utter unworthiness of having such warm thanks sent me for what I had never done! However, now the matter has been so understood, please don’t deceive them. They are most welcome to keep the books as my presents. And if ever they choose to give me, in return, their photographs (‘breathes there the’ child who has never been photographed?) those will be very welcome, also.<sup>(7)</sup> My memory is, however, so fallacious (I’m getting to be an old man, now) that I feel it is possible I may have said “let me give them the books,” & then forgotten it! If so, much of the foregoing is superfluous.

Next comes a passage of rapture about the beauty of Moscow. I fully agree with it. There’s a great deal of lovely architecture in Dantzic: but, as a whole, I think Moscow is the most wonderful sight I have seen.<sup>(8)</sup>

Now for your second letter. It begins about the 2 little girls—in whom I feel quite interested,

(7) It is stated in the *Life*, on the authority of Mrs. Bennie, wife of the Rector of Glenfield, near Leicester, that Lewis Carroll once said that he never took portraits of people of more than seventeen years of age until they were seventy. The “rule” indicates his preference for photographing children, but while it provided an excuse on occasion, it was departed from often enough, as witness his many interesting portraits of celebrities.

(8) The following was Lewis Carroll’s description of Moscow:—

“We gave five or six hours to a stroll through this wonderful city, a city of white houses and green roofs, of conical towers that rise one out of another like a fore-shortened telescope; of bulging gilded domes, in which you see, as in a looking-glass, distorted pictures of the city; of churches which look, outside, like bunches of variegated cactus (some branches crowned with green prickly buds, others with blue, and others with red and white) and which, inside, are hung all round with *eikons* and lamps, and lined with illuminated pictures up to the very roof; and, finally, of pavement that goes up and down like a ploughed field, and *drojky*-drivers who insist on being paid thirty per cent. extra to-day, ‘because it is the Empress’s birthday.’”



though I suppose I shall never, at least in this life, set eyes on them. Will you give me their names, in Russ (in printed capitals please: the written Russ bothers me), with the pronunciation? I used to know the alphabet pretty well: but that was when I went to Russia, in 1867, & I'm beginning to forget it now. I think I should spell "Vetia" thus, Вѣтѣ. Is that anything like it?

You talk in your letter of a probable return to your home in March—now 5 months past; so in what part of the world you are now I haven't the remotest idea. I had better send this letter to your mother to forward.

Now what can I tell you, likely to interest you, of myself? When you hear that I came down here on July 5, & have been here ever since (nearly 8 weeks) all alone, and scarcely ever interchanging 'sweet words of human speech' with any one, you will perhaps pity me! But your pity would be thrown away. I am as busy, & as happy, as the day is long; in fact, it isn't nearly long enough, for me to do all I want to do in it. My chief purpose, in coming to my hermitage here, was to get on with my new book. Last Xmas I brought out 'Sylvie & Bruno' (which perhaps you've never even heard of—shall I send you a copy?) & what I'm now at work at is "Sylvie & Bruno Concluded." The book had been on hand for about 7 years, until I had accumulated a chaotic mass of fragments (I ca'n't write a story straight on!): & when I came to arrange & piece them together, I found it had grown so much too big for one volume, that I decided on cutting it in two, writing a kind of ending to the first part, & keeping the rest for another volume. Only one of my correspondents (a child, who is a perfect stranger to me, but had taken it into her head to write to me) found out that 'Sylvie & Bruno' wasn't a complete story! She writes: "I'm so glad there's no wind-up to

it, as it shows there's some more to come!"<sup>(9)</sup>

Original writing is very slow work with me. I don't think I've done more than 60 pages in the 8 weeks. I write a bit in one part of the book, then a bit in another part, & so on, all consecutively, & send it off to the printer, to be set up in slip, & rearranged hereafter. Once when I jumped, out of one of the last chapters, into one of the early ones, he wrote, in the margin of the M.S., "is there not some want of connection here?"!!! I should rather think there was!

If this finds you with your little pupils, please give them my love: and accept the same yourself, from yours always affectionately

C. L. Dodgson.

\* \* \*  
7, Lushington Road,  
Eastbourne,

Sep. 17/91

My Dear Maud,

Accept the very heartiest congratulations of a very old friend, & his sincerest wishes for the happiness of yourself & your future husband. My child-friends are all marrying off, now, terribly quick! But, for a solitary broken-hearted hopeless old bachelor, it is certainly soothing to find that some of them, even when engaged, continue to write as "yours affectionately"! But for that, you will easily perceive that my solitude would be simply desperate!

Always affectionately yours,

C. L. Dodgson.

P.S. No chance of "Sylvie & Bruno Concluded" this year. I am now hoping to bring it out in the summer of 1892.

P.P.S. Kindest regards to your parents & love to any of their daughters who do not resent it.

(9) Carroll was very fond of recalling this example of a child's perspicacity. It appears in a letter, dated two years later than the above, to the Rev. C. A. Goodhart and quoted in the *Life*.

[NOTE: The above Six Letters of Lewis Carroll have been printed in a pamphlet of which there are 26 numbered copies for private distribution only.]



# XIXth CENTURY BINDING STYLES: NOTES FOR COLLECTORS—By MICHAEL SADLEIR

(Continued).

**W**HEREFORE the late 'thirties and the years from 1840 to about 1855 saw a large output of rococo, demy-octavo novels bound in bright-coloured cloths and blocked in gold with ornate lettering and frequently also with reproductions of small illustrations selected from the decorations in the text. Examples could be multiplied. The books to which I refer are of the class of Marryat's *Poor Jack*, of Mayhew's *Paved With Gold*, of the novels of Cockton, Carleton and Smedley.

But illustrated fiction was also issued in post octavo, and such books, like their more bulky colleagues, were likewise published in full cloth. *Sketches by Boz* (1836), *Peter Simple* and *Jacob Faithful* (illustrated editions, 1837), *Jack Sheppard* (1839), and *The Paris Sketch Book* (1840), occur to me as early issues in full cloth, but of ordinary novel format. Unillustrated novels in three volumes were not long in adopting the material used for their illustrated rivals. The earliest works by well-known novelists issued unillustrated in full cloth and without labels that I have observed are Dickens' *American Notes* (1842), and *Jane Eyre* (1847). I am not aware that these books were published in boards with labels as well as in cloth, although, as will be seen, such dual issue was a common habit among publishers during the years before and after 1850.

With the general adoption by novel publishers of binding cloth, lettered in gold from a brass and blocked in blind, gold or black, came the regular custom of setting the publisher's name at the foot of a book's spine. This had, in the days of paper-labels, been unknown, and it is evidence of the growing strength of the publisher's position that an imprint should not only have become an integral part of a binding case, but also should have come to serve as an earnest of the book's quality and as a guide to the bookseller in stocking his shelves.

\* \* \* \* \*

It must not be thought, because by 1840 cloth binding was generally in use, that the board-and-label style had immediately disappeared. The two styles ran concurrently for many years, and were frequently used for different copies of the same book. Doubtless there survived many book buyers who clung to their old taste for individual and uniform binding. They had always been accustomed to receive books in boards and they preferred still to do so. Perhaps certain of the

old-fashioned libraries also liked their purchases to conform to traditional appearance. But there was another reason, and one particularly interesting for the evidence it provides of an interaction between general politico-economic conditions and publishing methods. During the cotton famine, during the Crimean War and during the American War of Independence, cloth for binding became very scarce and costly, and the publisher was driven to shifts and economies, very much as his unlucky successor in 1918 and 1919 was harried by a shortage of paper and strawboard. I can find no evidence of a double scale of retail or even of trade prices for a novel in boards and for the same novel in full cloth.\* Presumably bookseller and public were content; or, if they protested, protested vainly.

Perhaps other students can add to or modify these explanations of the continuance of the board-binding. Suggestions will be welcome, for it is striking how gallantly the half-cloth label style persisted, and particularly with the famous firm of Bentley. Among my own books, the four most recent titles in boards and labels are: *Christie Johnstone*, by Charles Reade (1853); *Cyrilla*, by the Baroness Tautphœus (1853); *Very Successful*, by Lady Bulwer Lytton (1856), and, most important as well as most surprisingly late in date, Anthony Trollope's *The Three Clerks*, published in 1858. Of these books three were published by Bentley, and of them the novels by Reade and Trollope are more frequently found in full cloth than in boards. It may be surmised that *Cyrilla* was also issued in cloth, though I have never seen it so bound. Lady Lytton's novel should perhaps not be adduced as evidence on either side; for it is the work of a very eccentric author, was produced in the provinces by an obscure book manufacturer, and shows generally an exaggerated and rather wilful style. I record it, however, as a book issued in 1856 that outwardly conforms to regular board-and-label standard.

One would like to pursue in greater detail the fascinating tale of binding development. The introduction of black ink-blocking on cloth in the mid-'forties; the subsequent experiments (failing a coloured ink suited to commercial use) with inlaid coloured papers; the final achievement, during the late 'seventies, of a feasible process of

\*I am speaking, of course, of novels in conventional post 8vo form. Little books, like Reade's *Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth*, were issued in styles differently priced; and a few books, extra or leather bound for gifts or prizes, were put on the market at special rates.



blocking in ink of various shades; the eccentric vagaries of the 'eighties and early 'nineties, when the three-volume novel, inexorably sliding to extinction, decked out its dying years with every fantasy of binding trick and fore-edge decoration that ingenious publishers could devise—those and other subjects tempt the amateur of book-making. But this article is for collectors and their purpose is, within the limits of my moderate capacity, already served. Further to point the moral of this summary of a century of binding history were to insult persons of exceptional intelligence. I would, however, call attention in a postscript to two considerations—by-products of the binding problem—that merit comment.

I. REMAINDER BINDINGS.—The three-volume novel in a remainder binding is a common phenomenon of the mid-Victorian period. Publishers of the board-and-label epoch were less prone to this abomination; partly because their bindings were already so cheap and so literally "cases for the sheets" that there remained little scope for economy in a simplification of the design; but more importantly because they published fewer ephemeralities and more titles with staying power. I have spoken above of the long period, over which and at intervals, single books of those early days can be proved to have been bound to meet a permanent demand. Such books do not make remainders, and they were proportionately more numerous in the catalogues of the 'twenties, 'thirties and 'forties than in those of the 'fifties and of succeeding decades. Once, however, full cloth binding with elaborate gold-lettering and designs had become general; once the output of fiction became a contest of quantity rather than of quality, publishers found it very convenient, in offering at a cheaper price the unsold sheets of three-volume novels, to adopt a plainer and more economical binding than that originally used.

When, as frequently, they put out their two or three volumes in a single case they laid no trap for an unwary posterity. No collector of to-day will buy two-volumes-in-one or three-volumes-in-one unless he sees little prospect of finding the book in its proper state.\* Often, however, a novel was remaindered with the volumes separate as originally issued and the collector (where no bibliography exists to guide him) may be forgiven if he buys such a remainder under the impression that it is a genuine first issue. The following cautions may save him from the purchase of remainder bindings:—

(a) Distrust any two or three-volume novel

\*There are, for example, many of us who would welcome three-volumes-in-one of *Desperate Remedies* in their remainder cloth case, pending the millennium or the death of a rich relation.

bound in full cloth and *lacking a publisher's imprint at the foot of the spine*. I know of books issued by Bentley, by Chapman and Hall, and by Tinsley, which were jobbed in cases lacking this imprint, but otherwise almost identical with those of the original issue.

(b) Distrust a book of which *the title, gold-lettered on the spine, might have been printed from ordinary type*. The use of ornate (and often repulsive) spine lettering was a fetish of mid-Victorian publishers, and such lettering was printed from a specially cut binding brass. When it came to economizing in cost of binding this brass was sometimes discarded and plain type lettering employed. The best example of this habit that occurs to me is Henry Kingsley's novel, *Reginald Hetherege*, which was originally issued in a dark green cloth, elaborately blocked, and then remaindered in brown cloth, complete with publisher's imprint, but with lettering obviously set from type.

(c) *Train the eye to the essentials of Victorian design*. Ainsworth's novel, *Cardinal Pole*, provides an example of one more method of remainder binding not always easy of detection. This book was originally issued in brown grained cloth with a rather striking scroll design in gold on the spine. The unsold copies were later issued in green cloth, identically grained, but with the spine blocked *with a portion only* of the original design. The change was sufficiently skilful to make it difficult for the unpractised eye to guess that the second binding is in any way less elaborate than the first. On the other hand, to the collector accustomed to Victorian binding designs, there is an evident want of proportion in the blocking of the remainder issue. As without doubt other remainder bindings of this type exist, the student may be advised to acquire an instinctive eye for balance and completeness which can, of course, only be gained by experience.

(d) Take note of the habit of certain wholesalers (like W. H. Smith) or of certain "jobbers" (like Tegg or Newby) of purchasing in sheets an edition of (respectively) a "likely" or an unsuccessful novel from the original publishers. Arrangements of the kind were as normal and recognized then as now. Smith, having made his terms and bought a quantity of books in quires, would bind them in cloth according to his own design. Such non-official bindings are to-day difficult to identify. Indeed, only their strangeness to the eye accustomed to the usual cloth of a well-known book betrays their unconventionality. Within my own experience came a Smith-bound copy of George Eliot's *Felix Holt*. It was in bright blue cloth, elaborately blocked. Only the shock

of an encounter with a novel, familiar in brown, thus vigorously blue caused me to pursue the history of this very handsome book. It was traced to a sheet purchase made by Smith from Messrs. Blackwood shortly after the story first appeared.

The enterprise of the "jobber" is, on the other hand, self-revealing; for he would case *with his own imprint* sheets already bearing the imprint of the original publisher. The collector, therefore, noting a duality of imprint, will suspect that he is in the presence of a re-issue of a very obvious kind.

(e) Finally, look out for *books cut down from post 8vo. to crown 8vo., and from uncut crown 8vo. to the same size shaved*. A glance at the title-page will usually tell if the proportion between type area and paper is correct. If it is not, beware lest you are handling a remainder.

II. END-PAPERS.—The evolution of the end-paper does not call for analysis so detailed as that given to binding design.

To begin with, the end-paper with which the collector of to-day is concerned did not come into existence until there was a binding of some pretension to permanence. This took place about 1810, when became fully established the board-bound book with printed label. End-papers were in those days almost uniformly white, generally of a cheap quality of paper thinner than that used for the text. Flowered end-papers were also sometimes used, either for the greater adornment of *éditions de luxe* or by library binders when casing their sheets or their board copies in half-calf; but the average end-paper of the board-and-label, or the half-cloth-and-label, or the full-cloth-and-label book was an unambitious, greyish white. It would not be possible to instruct the student, otherwise than by comparative demonstration, to distinguish between this paper and common qualities of whitish paper in use at any later date, or even at the present day. Fortunately, however, he is usually in a position to detect renewals or replacements by the traces of the original end-paper which, with paper of so common a quality, inevitably remain on the board and can be seen or felt through the overlaid paper, which must itself be poor and thin if it is to suit adequately its surroundings.

And there is another point to which a collector's attention may with profit be directed. It was the custom with many board-and-label books (particularly those of the 'twenties and 'thirties) for the back-stitching to come *through* the end-papers. The thread-holes will in such cases bear witness to any earlier stitching that may have preceded that existing at the time of a book's examination.

Broadly speaking, the cheap white end-paper

gave place to one surfaced and coloured as the cloth-bound, gold-blocked book gradually ousted that with a paper-label. There were indeed volumes of very early date issued in presentation style, or with some pretension to special magnificence, which were provided with coloured and shiny-surfaced end-papers; but these were not of the common herd. It was reserved for the late 'thirties and 'forties to popularize the true Victorian end-paper, which may be found in many qualities and colours, but is most frequently something between a cream and a bright yellow in shade and opaque and often chalky in surface texture.

When examining end-papers of this kind take special note :—

- (1) of their general tone. If this be very clean and uniform the end-paper may be new;
- (2) of the edges where the end-papers lie along the fold-over of the cloth. Here, at one point or another, a previous end-paper (if such existed) is almost bound to have left a trace or to show itself nestling coily beneath its supplanter;
- (3) of paste-stains that may appear at front or back of any of the volumes. These stains should have a general uniformity of emphasis; to discover one set of end-papers out of six clean and stainless is to have a query in the mind;
- (4) of foxings on the leaves of text-paper that adjoin the end-papers. Sometimes these foxings are not "set off" so regularly as one would expect if text and end-paper are co-eval.

In conclusion, let me remind the collector of the lessons that may be learnt from end-papers printed with publisher's advertisements. Not only may different issues (*i.e.*, different "bindings" of the same edition) of one title thus be occasionally detected; the printed end-paper is also often a sure indicator of a book's transference from one publisher to another. During the 'sixties and 'seventies Chapman and Hall, then in full publishing supremacy, took over large numbers of titles from Parker, Virtue, Isbister, Tinsley, Hurst and Blackett, and other houses. The books were for the most part works by authors the bulk of whose output was already on Chapman and Hall's list; wherefore the process of "taking over" was a normal one enough. To collectors, however, the interest of the proceeding lies in Chapman and Hall's tendency to use unaltered the sheets and cases of the earlier régime, but to end-paper the books with leaves printed with their own publications. Volumes so



treated have therefore a superficial appearance of "rightness"; but it should be sufficient to see end-papers with an imprint different from that appearing elsewhere on the book to know that the copy, however legitimate its metamorphosis, is not a copy in original condition.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is tempting to pursue the end-paper into by-paths of eccentricity. But such indulgence must, in company with vagaries of binding style, await a more convenient moment. Some day I shall write an article on "Freaks of Victorian Book-making"; but it will be an article for amateurs of oddity, and will hardly be able to claim that general utility for the collector to which the pages here offered at least aspire.

#### THE BINDING OF BYRON'S WORKS (1832).

To the Editor of *The Bookman's Journal*.

DEAR SIR,—I notice in your first article of your February number Mr. Michael Sadleir says that in the 1832 edition of Byron's works published by John Murray, "Vols. I and II were originally issued with dark green labels printed with the title and device in gold," etc. It may

interest him to know that in my copy of that edition the *first volume only* has the printed label on the back. Vol. II, as well as the others, is gold printed actually on the cloth itself.

This rather seems to point to there having been two issues of the second volume.

Yours truly,

ERNEST MARCHETTI.

Halifax.

[Mr. Michael Sadleir writes :—

Mr. Marchetti is undoubtedly correct in deducing from his possession of a Vol. II of the Byron works with a binding blocked in gold that there were two issues of that volume. Probably his copy is one bound after the date of its actual appearance and after the style of gold blocking had been introduced for the series. Strangely enough the facts as given by me are almost the only ones in my article that admit of no dispute. I owe my information (together with other valuable facts) to Messrs. Leighton, the well-known binders, who have Archibald Leighton's actual set of Byron with a note to the effect that it was after the publication of Vol. II and before the publication of Vol. III that his process was perfected.]

## THE GIFT OF THE PIERPONT MORGAN TREASURES

**J**OHAN PIERPONT MORGAN confined his achievements in the collecting arena to the final thirty years of his life. Heredity had invested him with the appreciative instincts and the tastes of his father, Junius Spencer Morgan; that parent bequeathed him also the taciturnity and extreme discretion that for many years denied the outside world, intrigued by the reports of the £10,000 purchase of the Ashburnham *Evangelarium* (1901) and the famous Toovey collection of bindings two years earlier, details of the great private library that should prove worthy of a Wall Street colossus. It was not until 1902, after the stabilising of America's credit following the panic of '93, and other masterly financial moves had been made, and the United States Steel Trust (J.P.M.'s *œuvre*) was an accomplished fact, that the expenditure of some quarter of a million pounds, and the acquirement in one purchase of seven hundred books and manuscripts, placed the Pierpont Morgan library definitely among the great. From that year till its founder's death in 1913 the collection moved, of course, from strength to strength, absorbing—an interesting parallel with the case of the leading banks might here be drawn—other whole collections,

the amassing of years; known throughout the civilised world by repute and by the sumptuous, faultlessly-illustrated catalogues distributed freely among the other foremost libraries of the globe.

When death in 1913 removed the mainspring of this enterprise, the ultimate fate of the collection became a matter of conjecture. So it remained until on February 16 just past Mr. John ("Jack") Pierpont Morgan announced that as a memorial to his father the famous library of books and manuscripts should be handed over to six trustees for the public, together with the New York structure which houses them, and an endowment of \$1,500,000; a gift bringing a collection unrivalled for its illuminated and authors' manuscripts, if in some respects inferior to the Huntington library and less rich in Shakespeare folios and quartos than Mr. H. C. Folger's, within the practical ken of accredited students and scholars the world over.

The famous library building in Thirty-Sixth Street, New York, adjacent to Mr. Morgan's Madison Avenue roof, was completed by Charles F. McKimm in 1905. The rather forbidding austerity of the exterior—opposed to the warm, southern, exotic frontage of Mr. Huntington's San Marino palace—belies the radiant warmth and tasteful

grandeur reposing behind the bronze doors. The paved entrance hall is a wonder of marble and golden panelling; the east room, three storeys high, holding most of the books, is shelved with Circassian walnut; rays from a central skylight pick out the gilt of rich bindings, and the gold-relieved portrait plaques above the shelves. In this opulent setting, the background of more than one *haute finance* transaction of international significance, the audience-chamber of Wall Street magnates after the panic of 1907 and at other times when, as has been often jokingly declared, "millionaires ran clucking like chickens to the hen, J. P. Morgan," repose treasures of more than the chief among which space does not permit the recapitulation.

Mr. Morgan's earlier triumphs of acquisition included the Gutenberg Bible, the Psalter of 1459, the already-mentioned collection of James Toovey, the Piccadilly bookseller who specialised in Aldine Press works and French bindings by masters of the craft, and the ninth century Ashburnham *Evangelarium*. In 1902 came the huge purchase recalled above; it covered over a hundred illuminated manuscripts in many European tongues, among them the Huntingfield Psalter, a late twelfth century vellum screed, and a *Roman de la Rose*, executed about 1380. The Bennett collection of early printed works and MSS., the A. J. Morgan library, the de Forest private collection, went down before this indefatigable buyer, aided as he was by the expert knowledge of his nephew Junius S. Morgan, the able superintendence of his librarian Miss Belle Greene (who still retains that position), with her colleague Miss Thurston, whose duties related to English books alone, and the activities of his agents in London, Paris and New York. In 1908 the Caxtons from Lord Amherst's library fell to him; and two years later Quaritch purchased for £1,290 the Van Antwerp *Compleat Angler* on behalf of "an American," whose identity was not far to seek.

Behind the prim portico of the Thirty-Sixth Street library rest the most intimate of literary links with countless giants of the pen. Here is the only extant manuscripts of *Paradise Lost*—a fragment of Book I; Keats's *Endymion* in manuscript is preserved; here, too, are the

originals of *Don Juan*, *The Corsair* and *Marino Faliero*; many of Burns's poems are in autograph; nine of Sir Walter Scott's narratives and his *Journal*, *A Christmas Carol*, and *Vanity Fair*, are also in manuscript. Letters range from the epistles of St. Francis de Sales to the wonderful self-revelations of James Boswell to Temple, and ten volumes of Dickens's letters.

The late Mr. Morgan's collections are computed to have embraced about fifty different spheres of craftsmanship. The acquiring of pictures and prints was graced with triumphs no less renowned than those of books, porcelain or bronzes. To mention but one: he secured the original drawings by Blake—the tiny, exquisite water-colours—for the Book of Job. Many of his art treasures found lodgment in his Prince's Gate *pied-à-terre*, to the no small displeasure of some among his compatriots. Leslie A. Shaw, an erstwhile Secretary of the Treasury, relates Mr. Carl Hovey,\* once asked the financier-collector why he did not bring these prizes to America.

"I can't afford to."

"I knew you were a poor man," said Shaw, "but I didn't realise you were as poor as that."

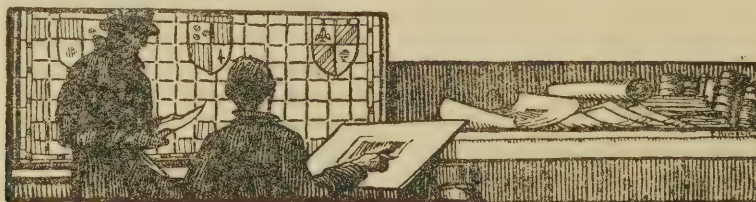
"Mr. Shaw," returned Morgan, "how much do you suppose the duties on my collections would amount to if I should bring them to New York?"

"Perhaps two or three hundred thousand."

"They would amount to at least six millions."

The incisive, close-lipped manner that the late John Pierpont Morgan assumed in business transactions communicated itself to his collecting activities. The whole procedure of the sale-room would have appealed to him—one could keep one's cigar in one's mouth, and a single nod to the auctioneer disposed of the business. That was J.P.M.'s way. It is not even now possible to do more than guess at the value of his accumulated books and manuscripts. They are to pass—like so many great treasures of art and literature—beyond the ken of the auctioneer's room and the risks of changing ownership, a monument to the power of wealth made graceful by the beneficence which ordains it to the use of scholars and to the delight of lovers of rare and beautiful things.

\*The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan (Heinemann, 1912).





# THE ITALIAN SCHOOL IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY—By ARTHUR SYMONS

**T**HE Director of the National Gallery has written a book that comes, as it were, traditionally, after Morelli, who discovered the authenticity of many pictures and who solved many problems in art, and Berenson, who is so narrow-minded as to confess that he hates everything Leonardo da Vinci painted. What I admire in this remarkable volume\* is that the writer's point of view is so often that of the painter, besides being that of the art critic. He has limited himself to the pictures in the National Gallery which, considered together with the Hermitage—I have been assured by several Russians that it is now practically what it was when I saw it in 1897—the Prado in Madrid, the Uffizi and the Pitti, and the Louvre in Paris, is one of the greatest collections in the world. I cannot compare Sir Charles Holmes with Fromentin. *Les Maîtres d'autrefois* is an absolute masterpiece, in which the writer wisely confined himself to a minute study of the Dutch and Flemish painters: Rubens, Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Van Eyck and Memling.

" John Memmeling and John Van Eyck  
Hold state at Bruges. In sore shame  
I scanned the works that keep their name.  
The Carillon, which then did strike  
Mine ears, was heard of theirs alike:  
It set me closer unto them."

So wrote Rossetti. Baudelaire said subtly of Fromentin: "L'esprit de Fromentin tient un peu de la femme, juste autant qu'il faut pour ajouter une grâce à la force."

It seems to me that Sir Charles Holmes has solved the question in regard to *The Knight in Armour*; that he has found out, for certain, that Giorgione painted it from the model he used in the Castelfranco *Altarpiece*, "who is listless and weary from carrying the weight of half-a-hundred-weight or more of metal. The thing is evidently a most accurate study from a tired living model: you can almost feel the weight of the leg-pieces as they press towards the ground. There is rust on the armour. The little study must have preceded the altarpiece and must be a genuine work of Giorgione dating from about 1503. It is thus a precious historical landmark."

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\* *The National Gallery: Italian Schools.* By Sir Charles Holmes (G. Bell and Sons, 21/- net).

He says of Raphael's *The Madonna of the Tower*: "Only the artist who designed this noble Madonna could have planned those gentle sinuous curves to combine so happily with the contours of her form, and to suggest so cunningly the vast tract of country which she dominates. The masses of the design and the folds of drapery are more grand and simple than in any other sacred picture by Raphael." Of Raphael two things may be said, which are really the right side and wrong side of a single quality: that he is Greek and that he is commonplace. He had no prejudices, no preferences, but an infinite desire to learn and to do. Pater said of the *Madonna* I have referred to: "Keep to that picture as the embodied formula of Raphael's genius. He still seems to be saying, before all things, 'from first to last, 'I am utterly purposed that I will not offend.'"

When I was in Dresden in 1899 it seemed to me that Giorgione's *Sleeping Venus* was the most beautiful picture in the world, the most divine, the most perfect. That essence of things which the mystics saw in a sub-conscious soul, to which neither action nor words can ever give full expression, the Greeks saw in a not quite possible physical harmony, a harmony not quite possible in a single person, but symbolising the visible beauty of life as it crystallizes in the Venus of Melos. It was in this that Giorgione was so Greek. He realised, perhaps, more than any painter, that human beauty is embodied joy, and he painted, here, a perfect body at the moment in which the joy of sleep rendered it in harmony with the inarticulate delight of nature. And so one could kneel before this quite Pagan picture and thank God for human beauty; whereas before Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto* in its neighbouring room, one is conscious only of the delightfulness of any Italian Peasant, and the consummate skill of an idealising painter.

Titian's *Bacchus and Ariadne*, one of the most glorious, Pagan, passionate, subtle and wonderfully-coloured pictures ever painted—"the very matter of which the picture is composed seems in fact to have the sparkle and translucency of a precious stone, or rather of many precious stones, for there is no sameness in this excellence"—was praised by Lamb in prose which is at once lyrical and rapturous: "Precipitous, with his reeling satyr rout about him, re-peopling and re-illuminating suddenly the waste places, drunk with a new fury beyond the grape, Bacchus, born in fire, Jove-

like, flings himself at the Cretan." The *Entombment* of Michelangelo has something in its unfinished figures, in its violence, in the almost corpse-like dead body of the Son of God, which, together with the ogival type of design, reminds me of certain pictures of El Greco; for instance *The Martyrdom of S. Maurizio* in the Escorial. There is a wild kind of beauty, harshly and deliberately unsympathetic, in this turbulent, angelic host, these figures of arbitrary height, placed strangely, their anatomy so carefully outlined, under clinging draperies of crude blues and yellows, their skin turned livid under some ghastly supernatural light. One needs a double portion of the spirit, such as Botticelli and Greco and Blake possessed, if one is to cast out devils.

" ' Mary, fear not ! Let me see  
The seven devils that torment thee ! '  
' But this, O Lord, this was my sin,  
When first I let those devils in  
In dark pretence to charity,  
Blaspheming Love, blaspheming Thee,  
Thence rose secret adulteries,  
And thence did covet also rise.' "

Vasari tells us that under the influence of Savonarola, Botticelli for a time "totally abandoned painting." In the *Nativity* in the National Gallery one sees his invention of a new form, in which suavity is replaced by an ecstasy, where little devils from Hell hide like snakes among the clefts of the rocks. His imagination is troubled by the sayings of a man who hated Art; so much so that his rhythm contracts; the pensive expression in the faces becomes a personal truth; and in the *Pietà* at Munich—which, having seen it, seems to me very likely to have been done by him—there is almost the

grimace of over-strong emotion, as in the wonderful fantastic, tragic S. Zenobio panels, where one finds a hurry of movement which is almost feverish. Pater's exquisite study of Botticelli—he was the first in England to reveal his genius—is after all a speculation before a canvas, a literary fantasy; a possible interpretation of one mood in the painter, a single side of his intentions; it is not a criticism, inevitable as that criticism of Wordsworth's art, of the art of Botticelli.

Tintoretto's *Origin of the Milky Way*, of which Sir Charles Holmes says: "The picture would illuminate Tintoretto's reported saying that he combined the colouring of Titian with the design of Michelangelo"—seems to me, on the whole, the most obviously lascivious picture I have ever seen. Audacious and violent it is, like most of his work. I can only compare it with Bernini's representation in the Church of S. Maria della Vittoria, of his wholly wrong conception of Santa Teresa, the saint, who has the fine hands of a patrician lady, lies in an attitude of sharp, luxurious, almost active abandonment, the most sensual attitude I have ever noticed in stone. When I saw Tintoretto's explosive *Crucifixion* in the Scuola di San Rocco, it struck me that Tintoretto is the Zola of painting. Here, in this immense drama of paint, is a drama in which the central emotion is lacking; Christ is no more than the robber who is being nailed to the Cross, or the robber whose cross is being hoisted. Every part of the huge and bustling scene has equal interest, equal intensity; and it is all an interest and intensity of execution—which in its way is stupendous. The beauty of detail is enormous, the energy overwhelming; but there is no subtlety; it is a tumultuous scene painted to cover a wall.

## AN EPIC OF PIRACY

It was time that a new edition of Esquemeling's famous book in its English translation was published, for there has been none since 1911, when George Allen reprinted the 1893 issue of Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein. This has now become a book not easy to procure, and as the subject of the *Buccaneers and Pirates* is one of apparently ever-green interest to all children between the ages of eight and eighty-eight this new member of the *Broadway Translations\** should prove a wise

venture on the part of Messrs. Routledge. How many editions this book has been through since its first English appearance in 1684 is difficult to say. It was an instant success on its first publication in Dutch, and was immediately translated into German, French and Spanish.

The English translation was taken from the Spanish one of Alonso de Bonne-Maison, Doctor of Physick, and differed, as did every translation, from the original in certain details with the object of pleasing the particular public to whom it was offered. Thus in the volume before us that greatest of all the *Buccaneers*, Sir Henry Morgan, is presented in a much kindlier light than he had been in the original Dutch edition, or in the German or French translations. To say more about the bibliography of the "*Buccaneers of America*"

\**The Buccaneers of America*. Written originally in Dutch by John Esquemeling. Translation of 1684-5 revised and edited by William Swan Stallybrass, to which is prefixed an Introductory Essay by Andrew Lang. (Routledge's *Broadway Translations*, 12/6 net.)



is uncalled for, as an article dealing with the very subject appeared in *The Bookman's Journal* as recently as September, 1922.

Esquemeling wrote from first-hand observation. He was a Fleming by birth who became a barber-surgeon, and in that capacity shared in most or all of the bloodstained adventures of the West Indian Buccaneers from 1666 until his return to Holland in 1672. The fascinating narratives to be read in his book, by the very simplicity of their style, carry the delighted reader along from one bold assault to another; and a great addition is the inclusion in the present volume of an article on Buccaneers by Andrew Lang, reprinted from his *Essays in Little*.

The printing of the book is good and the binding

both effective and original. All the plates of the first edition have been well reproduced with one exception, on page 22, which represents, or should do so, an angel reclining, most uncomfortably, on a very substantial cloud while he—or is it she?—pours down riches at the feet of a kneeling and rather overdressed Hidalgo of Hispaniola. The charming delicacy and fineness of the original line engraving is quite lost, no doubt owing to the process of reproduction.

But it would be churlish to complain seriously of this one comparatively small defect, considering the size of the book, the handsome binding and the number of plates; ten full-page illustrations, as well as cuts without number, contributing to the generous fare.

PHILIP GOSSE.

## THE WATERDEN BROADSHEETS

The accompanying collation of the new poem *The Witch-Ball* by Mr. John Drinkwater, issued as No. 1 of The Waterden Broadsheets, tells its own pleasant tale of a publication outside the usual channels, and constituting an item which will be one of the not least interesting in the bibliography of this author. In the blue glass ball which, pendant from the cottage-rafter, keeps the witch from the door, Mr. Drinkwater finds to his hand a theme wherewith to fashion a little characteristic, fancy-free idyll. A theme, too, that admits all the poet's subtle variations in chiaroscuro—that ranges the chaste, crystal-pure

All blossoms, when sweet  
Stars of even have birth,  
Lying orb'd at our feet,  
Pale planets of earth. . . .  
side by side with a vista of  
. . . . gathering bees,  
And blossoms in clusters,  
And orcharded trees,  
All mirrored in flame  
From our acre of light. . . .

And, moulded with all the Drinkwater magic of neatly-turned inversion and alliteration, it may be said of this lay "Here melody lives" as surely as in the poet's Hesperides,

Where witch never came  
From fogs of the night.

### COLLATION.

Broadsheet, white wove paper (14½ × 8⅜ ins.), having on recto the following:—

/The Witch-Ball [*in red*]/by/John Drinkwater/The Waterden Broadsheets/First series./No. 1/[*headpiece*]/In some country places they hang up a blue/glass ball as a charm against witches/[*two columns of verse, the first column (commencing with initial letter N in red) having 51 lines, the second 50 lines*]/[*tailpiece*]/This Broadsheet is for private distribution only among the author's friends, and is not for publication or sale/The head and tail pieces are designed by Albert Rutherford/November 1923/[*rule*]/[printer's imprint]/The verso is blank.

## PEPYS'S MSS. COLLECTION

The third volume of *A Descriptive Catalogue of the Library of Samuel Pepys. Part III.—Mediæval Manuscripts* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 12/6 net) is compiled by Dr. Montague James. Scholars have sometimes been known to grumble at the tardy and inadequate cataloguing of manuscript collections in this country and elsewhere, but they are always amply compensated when such collections have awaited the attentions of the Provost of Eton. Readers of Mr. Shane Leslie's recent biography of Sir Mark Sykes will doubtless remember his amusing description of the quiddities of Dr. James's erudition. Indeed, his peculiar

memory and his sleuth-like hobby of tracking down *provenances* are now proverbial. When he tells us, for example, that he believes the remarkable XIVth Century Sketch-Book in this collection to be unexampled elsewhere in this country, it is not much use anybody else trying to find one.

We can well imagine the interest with which Dr. James endeavoured to fit into their proper palæographical places the contents of the Pepys Scrap-Book of manuscript fragments. Generally speaking, Pepys made an unusual collection of manuscripts, and where he obtained them it is impossible to say. His library possessed only

one (and an interesting) Book of Hours, and none of the usual Bibles and service-books. Naturally, musical works attracted him and one of these contains religious verses which Carleton Brown could find nowhere else. There are also interesting selections of history, medicine, magic and science, in which Pepys's interest in two items followed that of a very different collector, Dr.

Dee. In the *Diary* we learn how important Pepys regarded the proper listing of his books, and how to this end he enlisted the services (and made the backs ache) of his brother, his wife, and his maid. With what "very good satisfaction" would he have contemplated the culminating efforts of such cataloguing as Dr. James gives his manuscripts! H. G.

## NEW LIMITED EDITIONS

The following are notes for collectors of recently issued limited editions:—

Of the new and desirable edition of *The Imitation of Christ*, that most beautiful piece of Tudor prose by Thomas à Kempis, there is a de-luxe edition (£3 3/- net) of 100 copies—each numbered and signed by the editor, P. B. M. Allan—printed on hand-made paper in two colours, with border decorations to the title and half-titles, by Miss Violet Dale, which are in complete harmony with the text. In what spirit the editor and the producers have done their work may be conveyed by quoting the publishers' imprint:—"Printed for Philip Allan and Company, at 5, Quality Court, Chancery Lane, in the City of London, and published by them on the thirtieth day of November, in the year of our Lord God, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three. Praise be to God. Amen."

\* \* \* \*

The second (if I am not mistaken) book from the Golden Cockerel Press (Waltham St. Law-

rence) to carry on the recto of the last page the cockerel device in gold, is Thornley's delightful translation *Daphnis and Chloe*. The type used is from the now familiar fount of this Press and arrangement and presswork are well up to the previous standard realised, the reprint being from the edition of 1657. The edition is limited to 450 numbered copies at 18/6 net.

\* \* \* \*

An attractive privately printed item comes to me from The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa—*The Love of Books* by Luther A. Brewer, with a Reprint of Leigh Hunt's Essay on "My Books." The edition is limited to 300 copies, having been privately printed for the friends of Luther Albertus and Elinore Taylor Brewer. Mr. Brewer's contribution is as sympathetic as the subject is fruitful, while of Leigh Hunt's essay nothing more appreciative can be written than the tributes already paid to this classical lover of books. The item, let it be added, is in the best traditions of American typography. ROXBURGHE.

## TOOLS FOR BOOKMEN

The undermentioned books—which carry their own recommendation—have been sent to us for notice. Most of them will be the subject of extended reference in our next issue:

*The Ashley Library*: A Catalogue of Printed Books, Manuscripts and Autograph Letters. Collected by Thomas James Wise. Vol. IV. (Printed for Private Circulation only).

*The Two Mona Lisas*: Which was Giocondo's Picture? By John R. Eyre (Ouseley, 5/- net.).

*The English Catalogue of Books for 1923* (The Publishers' Circular, Ltd.).

*The Library of Edmund Gosse*: Being a Descriptive and Bibliographical Catalogue of a

Portion of his Collection. Compiled by E. H. M. Cox. With an Introductory Essay by Mr. Gosse (Dulau and Co., 18/- net.).

*The Subject Index to Periodicals, 1920* (The Library Association, 5/- net.).

*The Road-Books and Itineraries of Great Britain, 1570 to 1850*. A Catalogue with an Introduction and a Bibliography by Sir Herbert George Fordham (Cambridge Univ. Press, 7/6 net.).

*A Bibliography of First Editions of Books illustrated by Walter Crane*. By Gertrude C. E. Massé. With a Preface by Heywood Sumner (Chelsea Publishing Co., 7/6 net.). This may be more properly called a bibliographical check list.

### A BURTON FIRST EDITION.

*Selected Papers on Anthropology, Travel and Exploration* by Sir Richard Burton, edited by N. M. Penzer (A. M. Philpot, 18/-) is not only extremely interesting on account of its contents, but because it constitutes a Burton first edition. Mr. Penzer, by his Bibliography of Burton,

rendered a great service to students and collectors of the writings of the great traveller; while the bibliography itself must have whetted many an appetite for the rare miscellaneous Burton contributions therein noted, which have never been collected from their hiding places in the journals



of learned societies, official journals, rare pamphlets and periodicals. This volume will do something to allay that appetite, though the appeal of its contents and the success of the editor's selection and annotation should stimulate further collection.

As the title implies, Mr. Penzer has made the book well representative of Burton. The papers lead with that early fragment of autobiography, "The Early Days in Sind," which was part of the "Postscript" to Burton's scarce *Falconry in the Valley of the Indus*, and though it has been quoted in three *Lives*, it was an appropriate opening. The reprinting of it here is the occasion for the editor to draw attention to the scarcity of our knowledge of Burton's life and work prior to 1856. Here, surely, is a field for a courageous investigator—a difficult field maybe, but not hopeless, not if there is anything in the personal theory which the present reviewer holds. "The Guide-Book to Mecca" is the next paper, and how useful is its inclusion here may be judged by the fact that only six copies are known to exist of the little pamphlet from which it is reprinted. "A Trip to Harar" is reprinted from the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*; "A Day Among the Fans," "Notes on Scalping" and "Notes on the Dahoman," from the Anthropological Society's Transactions; and "Notes on Rome," "Spiritualism in Eastern Lands," "Chapters from Travel" and "Giovanni Battista Belzoni," the great Egyptologist, are the subjects of the remaining essays contributed to periodicals. If we have not space to give more than these indicative headings, they show in themselves the breadth of knowledge of this amazing man and are sufficient to commend a praiseworthy volume.

#### A LOVING HEART AND AMANDA.

Master Nicholas Hookes, of "Trinity-Colledge in Cambridge" was one of those stout fellows of the seventeenth century who could love and live and sing as a poet and a man, robustly or delicately as the mood dictated. There are some excellent things in his *Amanda, A Sacrifice to an Unknown Goddess, or, A Free-will Offering Of a loving Heart to a Sweet-Heart* (London. 1653); and Messrs. Elkin Mathews should give satisfaction to many purchasers by their choice reprint (10/6 net) of these pieces, which are as varied and delightful as the flowers of a garden. It was indeed a loving heart that could pen with unwearying fervour and no slight poetical inspiration such a series of rhapsodies to Amanda "after she had wash't," to her dimples, to her "lying in bed," to her "supposing and wishing she were with childe," etc., etc. Mr. Hooke did not love in vain, and the introduction to this present

evidence of the fact is as confidently given as the acquaintance of Amanda will be found pleasant.

#### LEVI'S "TRANSCENDENTAL MAGIC."

More intelligible and more interesting than Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, broader and infinitely profounder than *The Perfect Way*, Eliphas Lévi's *The Doctrine and Ritual of Transcendental Magic*, translated by A. E. Waite (Wm. Rider and Son, 25/- net), shares with the above-mentioned works (perhaps doubtful) honour of being the foundation of all the popular schools of modern occultism.

Mr. Waite rather belittles his author; he speaks slightly and pompously of one who, whatever may be his shortcomings as an exact and pedantic scholar, is in the opinion of many judges the most human and most amusing writer upon Occultism who ever gave his theories to mankind. "He was to be found commonly *chez lui* in a species of magical vestment, which may be pardoned in a French Magus," says Mr. Waite irrelevantly in his preface. And one cannot help wondering why Mr. Waite should grudge the Master his robe of honour? Why translate a work wherewith one is essentially out of sympathy?

Like most of the great teachers, Lévi was many things in the course of his life. Only little people are permanently consistent; but Mr. Waite makes the inevitable vicissitudes of a Master's life the foundation of a silly charge of "insincerity." But in truth Lévi is clear and sincere enough to any intelligent and sincere student.

Lévi's thesis is the age-long tradition of an esoteric secret that informed all cults, and is essentially and finally one in essence. His "Catholicism" is as broad as mankind, and his sympathies are with all forms of human activity. This could be proved a hundred times from the present work, which, more interesting than his *History of Magic*, is less difficult than *The Key of the Mysteries*.

This present issue is larger by over a hundred pages than the old Redway edition of 1896, and in its new make-up *The Doctrine and Ritual* is a bulky and noble piece of book-making. All the illustrations of the former edition remain. Our thanks are due to the publishers for a worthy and welcome reprint of a great book, which has been for years out of print. V. B. N.

THE RICCARDI PRESS ATALANTA.

First published by Edward Moxon in 1865, and since attaining more than one separate edition, incorporation into the Kelmscott Press series just a generation ago, and translation into most European languages, *Atalanta in Calydon* now adopts the pleasing guise of a Riccardi Press Book—thereby yet adding to a meed of appreciation commensurate to the ever-present beauty of Swinburne's tragedy. Of this new issue the

Medici Society issue three editions.

That bound in boards (15/- net) exhibits all the charm of Riccardi hand-made paper, and, typographically, of the Eleven Point of H. P. Horne's Riccardi Fount. It is a book to enrich the shelf of the book-lover; albeit a handy shelf, for he will not deny himself frequent recourse to this thing of sublime choruses in such a *format*.

#### THE BRITISH ARTISTS SERIES.

Three new works in the British Artists Series (Philip Allan, 5/- each) will be welcomed after acquaintance with those which have preceded them, and which have been noticed at length in these columns. The subjects of the new books are *Morland and Ibbetson* by B. L. K. Henderson; *Crome, With a Note on the Norwich School* by S. C. Kaines Smith; and *Wilson and Farington* by Frank Rutter. Mr. Kaines Smith, the editor of the Series, is again to be congratulated, not only on his choice of contributors, but on his very considerable share in the series which is unmistakable.

Considering the size of the books, the authors have packed their "canvases" to the utmost advantage. Mr. Henderson's biographical story of Morland is a piece of effective painting, and the survey of his great art side by side with that of Ibbetson—two men whose lives have so much in common—provides a short cut to comparative study. The significance of Crome and the Norwich School has so rightly been emphasised in recent years that there should be much interest among painters, etchers, collectors, and students in this new addition to the bibliography of the subject. How high is the standpoint from which Mr. Kaines Smith studies Crome may be gathered from the disclaimer of Mr. Collins Baker, who, in his Introduction to the volume, says that he is not sure that he can go as far as Mr. Smith, who feels that Turner owes the inspiration for his *Frosty Morning* (1812-13) to Crome. But Mr. Smith, summing up the artist as one of the few painters in history to whom painting itself was nothing more than a means to an end, that he was one who "saw past the incidents and accidents of beauty to their source," impresses the reader by his insight into the psychology of the man and the inner quality of his artistic achievements.

#### AN ANTIPODEAN ANTHOLOGY.

In 1921 Dr. A. T. Strong, Jury Professor of English in Adelaide University, and Mr. R. S. Wallace, Professor of English in Melbourne University, collaborated to produce a *Short History of English Literature* which has proved its value to both teachers and students of the language. Their present joint compilation, *English Verse and Prose: A New Anthology* (Oxford Univ. Press: Humphrey Milford, 12/6 net), should be regarded

as a complement to the earlier work. It supplies the need of the modern University curriculum for an anthology that presents in one whole the force and beauty of our national prose and the harmony not only of the English lyric but the longer poem, in all its chief forms but the dramatic.

The novel, which demands long extracts for adequate illustration, is but scantily represented—Thackeray and Dickens between them claim less than three pages of the six hundred that constitute this solid volume—but we may give thanks for the justice that the compilers' inclusion of the longer English poem does to, among others, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley. Living writers are without exception barred from the collection—a formula that, if in a way justifiable, admits Austin Dobson, J. E. Flecker, Rupert Brooke and Wilfred Owen while refusing Hardy, Conrad, De la Mare, Drinkwater, and Masfield. The editors have quitted themselves of the task of selection conscientiously and well. Their aim, simply to keep the student and the general reader in touch with English verse and prose—from the thirteenth-century lyricist to the recent War-poet, is amply fulfilled.

#### A QUAIN STORY.

*The History of Mr. Moland and Little Henry* (priv. printed, 2/6), edited by Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson from notes written by his grandfather, is a pretty and quaint little story of more than a hundred years ago, and the editor throughout has ably kept to the style of the period. The characters are well drawn and appealing in their simplicity, the interest in little Henry and his kind benefactors being consistently sustained.

The story is an episode of a bygone age and gives an intelligent idea of the life and speech of a century ago. Although a note on the front page of the book states that the story is issued for the edification of Sir Guy's little god-daughter, Anne, the book may well prove even more interesting to older readers. For "the little people" will certainly love and enjoy the pathetic and realistic story of Henry, while the grown-ups will not only find interest in the story itself, but be absorbed by the quaint old-world style in which it is told.

#### ANATOLE FRANCE.

Two additional volumes in Mr. John Lane's cheap and excellent reprints (2/6 net) of the works of Anatole France are *The Opinions of Jerome Coignard* and *The Elm Tree on the Mall*, and those who want to make or renew acquaintance with the philosophy and satire of the immortal Abbé and Monsieur Bergeret can here adequately do so through the translations of Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson and Mr. M. P. Willcocks.



Our  
Print  
Gallery



THE ZUYDER ZEE: From the original etching by James McBey.

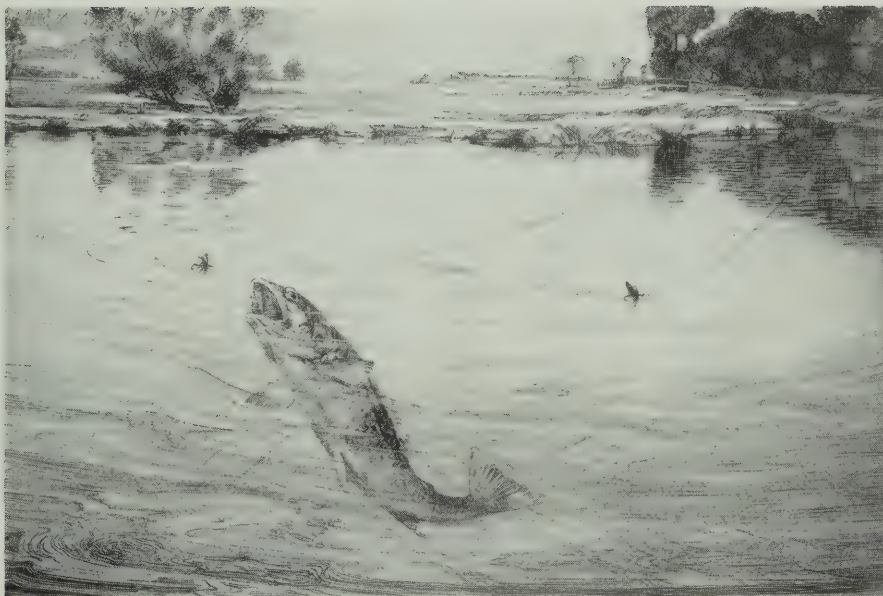
*Published by P. and D. Colnaghi and Co.*

*Size of original 8½ × 14¾ ins.*



SAN GIOVANNI DI BELLAGIO: From the original aquatint by Percival Gaskell, R.E.  
*Published by L. H. Lefèvre and Son.* *Size of original 10 × 14½ ins.*





THE RISE: From the original drypoint by George Marples, A.R.E.

*Published by A. Greateorex, Ltd.*

*Size of original  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 12$  ins.*



COME HITHER : From the original wood-engraving  
by Alec Buckels ; frontispiece to the delightful  
anthology *Come Hither*, by Walter de la Mare.

*Size of original 5 × 3 ins.*



# NOTES ON PRINTS : THE PAINTER-ETCHERS' EXHIBITION

**T**HE first view of the Society's Gallery in Pall Mall is a trifle disappointing ; nothing seems to stand out, and the casual visitor is apt to go away and complain of monotony. A closer inspection, however, reveals that the standard of work is as high as ever, and that there are many prints which would shine with real lustre in a less competitive setting—in the portfolio, or on the wall of a small room.

The "old hands" are nearly all represented, and few of them have lost their cunning. The President has a typical *Hobbs Hawth, South Downs*, and Mr. Rushbury exhibits his successful blend of dry-point and line-engraving, *St. James', Clerkenwell* (2). Miss Winifred Austen's bird studies are always attractive ; *The Entry of the Consul* (67) is one of the best things Mr. Walcot has done, and Mr. Robert Spence continues his George Fox series with another plate of angular and sombre forms. There is an elaborately-textured *Leopardess Sharpening Her Claws*, by Mr. Herbert Dicksee, and three slightly sentimental dry-points by Mr. Wyllie. Mr. Blampied leaves the farm-yard of his usual choice and, coming indoors, gives us an amusing study of a fat man asleep on a sofa (71). Mr. Martin Hardie also departs from his usual economical line and concentrates on tone-contrasts in his *Sunset in Scotland* (46)—a wild and lurid sky seen beyond a crofter's cottage, jet-black on the edge of a moor. There is an interesting self-portrait by Miss Sylvia Gosse, showing her manner of obtaining with the etching needle the soft and delicate effect of a pencil drawing. It will be interesting to see the final state of *St. Botolph's, Boston* (18), of which Mr. Griggs exhibits a trial proof ;—its meticulous accuracy will be less apparent when it has been properly "pulled into the picture."

A special word must be spared for Mr. Alec Buckels' admirable little wood-engravings, *Respectable People* (48) and *Solitude* (80). They make the most of their medium, and owe nothing to any other art. It would be difficult to praise too highly Mr. Ray-Jones' etching *Wellington Arch, Constitution Hill (with Quadriga)* (68). There may be some who preferred the earlier state, without the prancing horses, but it is well, perhaps, to make some concession to topographical accuracy. It is unfortunate that the farther wing of the figure of Victory seems, except on very close inspection, to distort the head, but this is the only flaw on a very fine plate.

Many individual works deserve notice which it is impossible to give in a short appreciation. Perhaps Miss Molly Campbell should be singled out for her plucky attempt in the Hogarthian manner—an attempt which just fails through lack of drawing ; and I should like to mention also Mr. Percival Gaskell's aquatint, *The Lonely Tower, Roman Campagna*.

J. L.

## NEWLY-PUBLISHED PRINTS.

Among the prints recently published, or shortly to be published, are the following, dry-points and etchings being indicated by (d) and (e) respectively :—

By L. H. Lefèvre and Son : *Joy Ride* (d), and *Fisherman's Pet* (d), by Edmund Blampied, R.E. ; *San Giovanni di Bellagio* (aquatint), *The Hillside—Autumn* (e), and *The Tidal River* (e), by Percival Gaskell, R.E.

By P. and D. Colnaghi and Co. : *The Zuyder Zee* (e), *Zaanstreek* (e), *Veere* (e), and *The Squall, Kampen* (e), by James McBey ; *The Alcantara Bridge, Toledo* (e), and *A Modern Bethseda* (e), by E. S. Lumsden, R.E. ; *Le Casquin de Laine* (e), *Nadejda* (e), *Study for a decoration* (e), and *Phémie* (e), by G. L. Brockhurst, R.E. ; *The Last Furrow* (woodcut printed in colours), by E. A. Verpillieux.

By A. A. Bailey : *Pets of the Court* (e), by E. J. Detmold.

By Arthur Greatorex, Ltd. : *The Nursery* (e), *The Viaduct* (e), *Isle of Rhum* (e), and *The River Blythe* (aquatint), by J. R. K. Duff, R.E. ; *Curiosity!* (d), *The Rise* (d), and "*Sauve qui peut*" (d), by George Marples, A.R.E. ; and *The Thames from Westminster* (soft ground etching), by Percy Robertson, R.E.

By The Fine Art Society : *The Offering* (aquatint and etching), by Charles Sims, R.A. ; *The Five Sisters of York* (e), and *The Rose Window, Chartres* (e), by Albany E. Howarth.

## FORTHCOMING PRINT SALES.

On March 6, at Messrs. Sotheby's, an assemblage of modern etchings and lithographs, including the collection of the Rev. W. Fothergill Robinson, of Reading, will be sold.

The next sale of Baxter colour prints at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's takes place on April 10, and, in addition to a number of rare impressions, includes some important documents relating to George Baxter and Abraham Le Blond. The Baxter Society, by the way, held their fourth

annual meeting recently, when Dr. Page Robinson, of Glasgow, was elected President for the current year.

#### MR. JAMES LAVER.

A new contributor whose services have been exclusively secured to add to the Print Section of this Journal is Mr. James Laver, of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Mr. Laver will be responsible for a series of monographs on prints and their makers, beginning in these columns with our next Number, in addition to contributions to the ever-flowing bibliography of Art which will be published under our auspices.

Mr. Laver graduated at Oxford, where he took his B.A. (Hist.) and B. Litt.; a New College man, he is one of the succession of authors who



have won the Newdigate Prize, in his case with the poem "Cervantes." After a tour in Germany studying art, he was appointed assistant to Mr. Martin Hardie, to enjoy what must be a pleasant and valuable colleagueship with so experienced and generous an official as the Keeper of the Department of Engraving, Illustration and Design at South Kensington. At this introduction to our readers, we have had the assistance of Mr. W. P. Robins, R.E., whose impressionistic pen-drawing of our new contributor is here reproduced.

#### IN AN AMSTERDAM SALE ROOM.

The following prices (Dutch guilders) are selected from those realised at a sale of prints and drawings by R. W. P. de Vries (Singel 146,

Amsterdam) a short time since. Etchings and lithographs are indicated by (e) and (l) respectively:—

By M. A. J. Bauer: *Rue à Constantinople* (e), f. 100; *Cavaliers sous une porte* (e), f. 105.

By F. Brangwyn: *London Bridge*, No. 2, 3rd state (e), f. 80; *Sawyers* (e), f. 80; *The Rialto, Venice* (e), f. 75; *Church of St. Austrebert, Montreuil*, 2nd state on Jap. paper (e), f. 90; *Santa Maria della Salute, Venice* (e), f. 120; *The Monument*, 3rd state (e), f. 110.

By E. Degas: *Au Louvre, Musée des Antiques*, 5th state (e), f. 200.

By J. L. Forain: *L'Avocat parlant au prévenu*, No. 2, 2nd state (e), f. 190; *A la table de jeu*, No. 2, 1st state on Jap. paper (e), f. 190; *Avant le repas à Emmaüs* (e), f. 360; *La rencontre sous la voûte*, No. 1 (e), f. 210; *Le Christ portant sa croix*, No. 4 (e), f. 400; *Pieta*, No. 3 (e), f. 430; *Lourdes, La Miraculée*, No. 1, 2nd state on Jap. paper (e), f. 250; *Au restaurant* (l), f. 240; *Rue Laffitte* (l), f. 115; *Un Nattier* (drawing), f. 115.

By F. de Goya: *La Tauromáquia* (series of 33 etchings), f. 550.

By Sir F. Seymour Haden: *The Towing-path*, 1st state (e), f. 62.

By A. Legros: *Procession dans une église espagnole*, 2nd or 3rd state (e), f. 200; *La mort du vagabond*, 2nd state (e), f. 200.

By W. Leibl: *Buste d'une femme âgée* (e), f. 200; *Paysan à mi-corps* (e), f. 150; *Portrait du peintre Horsteg* (e), f. 170; *Tête de paysan* (e), f. 135.

By H. de Toulouse Lautrec: *Elles* (album with cover, frontispiece and 10 other lithographs), f. 400; *Partie de campagne* (l), f. 160; *Au Hannelon* (l), f. 110; *Napoléon* (l), f. 60.

By J. McN. Whistler: *Conversation under the statue* (l), f. 110; *Girl with bowl* (l), f. 115; *Count Robert de Montesquiou*, 3 states (l), f. 300.

By A. Zorn: *L'Orage*, 4th state (e), f. 1350; *Oscar II roi de Suède*, 2nd state (e), f. 290; *Mrs. Grover Cleveland*, 4th or 5th state (e), f. 200; *La mère*, 3rd state (e), f. 510; *Mme. Emma Rasmussen* (e), f. 520; *Edo* (e), f. 395; *(Braddjup) La pente de rocher* (e), f. 410; other Zorn etchings were sold for 200-350 guilders each.

#### MODERN ETCHINGS IN THE SALE ROOMS.

A feature of the sale of modern etchings and lithographs at Messrs. Sotheby's on February 12 and 13 was the prices realized for Daumier lithographs, evidencing the great interest in this artist's work at the present time. A selection of prints and prices is as follows:—

By H. Daumier: *Les Bohémiens de Paris* (set of 27 lithographs, before letterpress on backs),



£16 10/-; *Types Parisiens*, Nos. 2 and 25, others from *Les Baigneuses*, etc. (10 lithographs, before letterpress on back, all coloured), £10 10/-; Lithographs from the *Charivari* (a parcel), £7 10/-; *Croquis d'Expressions*, Nos. 18 and 45, etc. (9 lithographs, all before letterpress), £6; Lithographs by Daumier, Gavarni and others, before letterpress, coloured, bound, £19 10/-.

By W. Strang, R.A.: *Adoration of the Kings*, £1 10/-; *Furnes from the Dunes*, £2 5/-; *The Errand*, £2 15/-; *Self Portrait*, £6 5/-; *Rudyard Kipling*, £20; *The Woodcutter*, £3; *Thomas*

*Hardy*, £17.

By W. Walcot, R.E.: *Battery Place*, £4 15/-; *The Doge's Palace*, £2; *Piazza, San Marco*, £2; *London*, £6 10/-; *Ludgate Hill*, £4 5/-.

By W. Lee Hankey, R.E.: *Meditation*, £5 5/-; *Ninette*, £5; *L'Enfant Satisfait*, £1 1/-.

By James McBey: *A Norfolk Village*, £50; *The Story Teller*, £23; *Gun Fire, Mount of Olives*, £5 5/-; *The Silk Dress*, £16 10/-; *Strange Signals*, £48; *Dust: Beersheba*, £21; *A Deserted Oasis*, £15; *Repairing a Barge, Bermondsey*, £20; *Night in Ely Cathedral*, £64.

## THE NUMBERING OF PRINTS, AND MR. HARDIE'S CAT—By E. AMBROSE JONES



HE correspondence which has appeared in these columns as the result of my original letter on the limiting and numbering of editions of prints proves, I claim, that the time was ripe for a discussion of this subject. Stated briefly, my main contentions were that

(a) Most prints are sold to-day under either the direct statement or implication that the editions are limited in number;

(b) The prices charged for prints include a consideration for such limitation;

(c) Artists, printers, publishers and collectors are all parties to the practice of limiting editions; and

(d) That therefore the plan should be generally adopted of stating on each print its number and the limit of the edition to which it belongs.

I will add here, what I did not originally specify, that such certificate should be written in ink, as well as the artist's signature—a procedure to frustrate, as far as possible, the faker of prints, who does exist however much we may dislike admitting the fact.

The letters from artists, publishers, and experts which my contentions evoked must have been read with great interest and with considerable respect (which I shared) for the views expressed. I further claim that taking the correspondence as a whole the support for my proposal was greater and far weightier than the opposition. For the moment there is no need to justify this claim further than by quoting the words of that experienced and esteemed authority, Mr. Campbell Dodgson, when he said:—

I agree with Mr. E. Ambrose Jones that the proofs of prints issued in limited editions should be numbered. There is no system of numbering more concise and definite than the

French system of which "20/60" is a typical example. Can we persuade our artists to adopt it, or to insist that their printers shall do so? . . . I have before me an etching by Lepère signed "1er Etat, 6/9." There is the whole history of the impression briefly recorded.

Having given myself the satisfaction of recalling Mr. Dodgson's views—for I stated my case with the best intent and without the slightest desire to cast reflections on contrary practices—I feel it incumbent on me to turn to my critics and to reply to them, of whom the chief representative was another esteemed authority, Mr. Martin Hardie. I am a little uncertain where Mr. Hardie stands in the matter, but I will take his letter, as a statement of the arguments against the precise certifying of prints, as having been put forward with the laudable desire to see both sides of the question presented. Very well.

I am somewhat surprised that his first arguments should rest on the objection that the subscriber suspects a late numbered print, say, 59/60, should be inferior to an early impression, say 5/60. When he himself admits (among many others who know) that proofs get shuffled before signature and "that No. 59 may be . . . a better proof than No. 1" he practically "knocks the bottom out of his own contention" to use an expressive colloquialism. Those who don't already appreciate this fact will soon learn with such channels for the dissemination of knowledge as our Print Collectors' Clubs and periodicals like *The Bookman's Journal and Print Collector*.

Mr. Hardie's second argument is a little more complicated and difficult to follow. Space forbids me to quote it, and I hope I am summing it up fairly in saying that it rests on the assumption that an artist may not at first know to what limit he wants an edition to go, either because it is

from an unrepresentative plate or because he is not sure of the strength of his market. Frankly, these do not seem to me to be very convincing reasons for hesitancy. Surely either the artist, or his publisher, or both, ought to be able to decide both points and that before the edition is issued. After all, editions are not rushed off the press and conveyed by aeroplanes *à la films* to the printsellers. On the score of a plate being representative or not, does not Mr. Hardie largely destroy his argument by excepting the "best-seller," who certainly has precisely the same decision to make? We know that not every plate of an etcher is representative, and equally we know that some may not sell as well as others; but are these reasons why the subscriber should not know how many were published and what number his proof is of that edition?

Mr. Hardie's third argument involves the case of an accident to a numbered proof after the limit of the edition has been certified on it, citing, as examples, 66/70 over which a cat with muddy feet has trespassed, or another numbered proof which on consideration he finds to be below the printer's standard. My reply is this: That in the first case it is a domestic affair for Mr. Hardie to settle with his cat; in the second, a professional matter for him to settle with his printer. If a numbered print is so destroyed it makes not the slightest difference to the edition or to the subscriber: it merely means that No. 66 (or whatever it is) will never be seen again, and that the artist pays for the sins of his cat, or his servant, or his printer, or anything that is his. The occasional lapses of a cat, a servant, or a printer should surely not be an obstacle to the adoption of a principle which is not only the fairest to the subscriber, but of great value as a record.

Mr. Hardie's fourth ground concerns steel-facings. He says my arguments may be ruled out, and he brings up against me the combined and unrivalled experience of Sir Frank Short, the late Mr. Frederick Goulding, and himself. I will retire and allow my arguments to be ruled out. But for this simple reason that the question of steel-facing is, after all, a side issue. It doesn't matter a button whether the artist decides to steel-face a plate or not. For the purpose of the principle I am contending for, all that *does* matter is that *once an artist has printed all the proofs from his plate that he wants and rejected what he does not want, the length of the edition is then known and each proof should be numbered over (or against) the numbering representing the edition.*

Lastly, Mr. Hardie concludes with some generalities such as that (a) the whole matter is one of personal integrity; (b) that he might

number a proof 63/70 and a dishonest collector might rub out the "6" to make it 3/70 (note the fallacious argument about late numbers again); and (c) that I may examine his books and, allowing for the cat, I shall find no room for suspicion. Taking (a) and (c) together, as being related, let me say once again that it is not a question of integrity. It is a question of simple logic and consistency. If the collector is asked to buy something that is limited, then let him know what the limit is or else abolish the idea of limitation altogether. And the only way to define the limit is to number the proofs. As to his point (b), the obvious way to lessen greatly the chances of fraud on the part of an unscrupulous collector, who would rub out a number, is surely to use ink.

I have dealt with Mr. Hardie's letter at such length, believing it to sum up the strength of the opposition, that I have little of my allotted space to refer to the views of other correspondents. When Messrs. Colnaghi say that "in theory" they "would like to agree" with my suggestion of numbering every impression, I am inclined to leave it at that. But when I read on and note them saying, "but in practice this would be found excessively difficult to carry out and to get artists to agree to," I am constrained to reply that it is a matter for regret that they cannot give the weight of their position in *general* support of a practice which is followed by some at least of the etchers whose works they publish.

Another publishing view was that of Mr. A. A. Bailey, who supporting the principle of numbering, suggested that publishers should reconsider their independent attitude on this matter.

Mr. Percy Smith's sympathies are with the etcher who "cannot be bothered to number each one, partly because his mind is fully concerned with points more vital to the artistic worth of the proof . . . and partly because of a desire to retain 'the right to destroy.'" But, somehow, I seem to remember that our masters of literature can be bothered to number limited editions of their books, concerned as they are for the artistic products of their pens; while as for the right to destroy, surely the etcher has time enough to exercise that right to the full before he starts numbering his edition? But I confidently claim Mr. Smith on my side, nevertheless, for he says that if an edition is announced as limited, the limit should be stated; and as to numbering (which is the correct and advisable way of defining the limit) "there seems," he adds, "to be no practical reason why this should not be carried out if generally desired, provided the entire edition is printed before proofs are issued."



# AMERICAN NOTES—By G. H. SARGENT

STEVENSON LETTERS AND THE *MONMOUTH* MS. IN THE QUINN SALE—  
AUTHORS' SELF-REVELATIONS—  
LONDON BUYING IN NEW  
YORK—BOOK SALES.

"If you keep my letters and I keep yours, what a curious retrospect it will be for us? My letters to you would form a history of myself which, as I am too indolent to write a diary, I would like to have for future instruction and amusement." So wrote Robert Louis Stevenson to his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, at the age of eighteen, when he sought to enlist that relative's interest in the writing of the play of *Monmouth*, which Stevenson ultimately did alone. Fortunately R. A. M. *did* preserve at least some of these letters, and they appear this month, at the Anderson Galleries in New York, in the fifth sale of the library of John Quinn, with the unpublished autograph manuscript of the play which Stevenson characterised, when he had finished it, as "rotten." These thirteen autograph letters are indeed revealing, for Stevenson wrote to his cousin: "I have no confidant and solemnly . . . no friend to whom I can speak; so I pour out all . . . upon you and in pen and ink." In one of these early letters he writes of his dream of literary achievement, and says: "Did I ever become great this letter would figure in my life." In describing them, the anonymous author of the catalogue says that:—

"Taken altogether the letters present a picture that is very well worth while. They show a man in the making, a craftsman testing the tools of life—and sometimes cutting himself. There is nothing in them that should be withheld from the public, and there is much that a part of the public would be glad to have, and perhaps better for the having; for the elucidation of a character is not an unimportant thing, or one which should be opposed. Stevenson belongs to the world; he has an exceptional position in the affections of mankind; his story is not a private affair, and anything which helps toward fuller, clearer comprehension should certainly not be buried."

No more interesting series of Stevenson letters have ever come into the market. They reveal an astonishing observation, reflection and introspection for a youth of his age, and he has no hesitancy in expressing his opinions. The earlier letters, written in 1868, are concerning his play, *Monmouth*, originally intended to be in eight acts

and written jointly, but the Dedication, in a letter accompanying the manuscript, which was sent to R. A. M. Stevenson in September, 1868, shows that it was written entirely by Robert Louis. The author was then eighteen years of age, and had previously published only the two pamphlets, *The Pentland Rising*, 1866, and *The Charity Bazaar*, 1868. The third verse of the Dedication reads:

Worthier had been this offering of thee—

A fairer garland for a nobler brow—

Had'st thou agreed to share the work with me

And been co-author and not critic now;

Therefore if aught is bad, the blame is thine;

Remember that, and spare me, critic mine.

The manuscript, written on ruled foolscap on fifty-nine folio pages, is apparently complete with the exception of two pages (13-14). The only mention of it appears in the fragment of Stevenson's autobiography written in San Francisco in 1880, where he says "In *Monmouth*, a tragedy, I reclined on the bosom of Mr. Swinburne."

The earliest letter, written at the age of sixteen, gives the chorus of a song at a "Reform Demonstration—Horror of Horrors," to which is added his own parody of the same:

While angel voices shout aloud,

Amid the gath'ring storm,

Upraise once more, ye British men,

The Banner of Reform.

While husky voices hiccup out,

Amid the ale-house storm,

Upraise once more ye tipling brutes

The banner of Reform.

One of the letters consists mainly of an unpublished essay on Keats and Swinburne, of which the author says: "I shall copy out the bit about Keats and Swinburne; I may write an article in which it would suit." An exceptionally long letter contains another unpublished essay, "Night Outside the Wick Mail,"—about 1,200 words, giving an account of "a passionate longing realized . . . my Mail journey from Wick to Golspie." The last letter is written the day before he sailed for America to be married, and says, "I hope to be back in a month or two; but indeed God alone knows what may happen; it is a wild world."

These Stevenson letters and the play of *Monmouth* were sold at Christie's on July 11, 1922, at very low prices, the general impression being that Sotheran, who purchased them all but one, had bought them in for the owner. Actually, however, they were purchased for Mr. Quinn, who

through an agent also secured the one letter from the sale which was purchased by Maggs Bros. The avidity with which any Stevenson manuscript is seized upon by American collectors has paleed the prices at the Stevenson sale here into insignificance, and the Christie catalogue to-day would be an unsafe guide to bidders in the Quinn sale.

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What amounted practically to an autobiography of Washington Irving was in a collection of 211 autograph letters signed and seven fragments of letters, written by Irving to his mother, his sister and his niece, from August, 1816, to February, 1858, the year before his death, comprising more than a thousand pages. These letters figured in a sale at Anderson's in January, and brought \$3,950. Pierre M. Irving in his *Life* used only a part of them and much interesting detail is omitted. The letters written by Irving while minister to Spain give an intimate view of people and events of the time, and are delightfully written. There were also some letters to Irving, one from Sir Walter Scott (May, 1818) asking him to take the editorship of an Anti-Jacobin magazine. A large number of the letters deal with literary men and for obvious reasons were not published in the *Life and Letters*, as the persons mentioned were still living. One, for instance, written at Seville, is addressed to "Don Juan Wetherell," an American, who, with Mr. Everett, had encountered difficulties with the local police.

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When *A Critical Fable* set the literary world guessing last year as to its authorship, there were not a few who attributed it to Miss Amy Lowell, whose relative, James Russell Lowell, set the literary world by the ears two generations ago on the publication of *A Fable for Critics*. Others stoutly averred that Miss Lowell would not have followed so closely the style of her predecessor. It was evident, however, that *A Critical Fable* was the work of no 'prentice hand, and the keen, incisive and just criticisms of our leading American authors of the present day revealed the analytical mind. But the secret of the authorship has now been disclosed by the appearance of *A Critical Fable* among the acknowledged writings of Miss Amy Lowell in the new 1924 edition of the English *Who's Who*. The book was published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company in Boston, and had a large sale. It is now due for another "boom" in the book-stores, and a re-reading by the possessors of the first edition. Even the bitterest opponents of "free verse" must now admit that Miss Lowell is not hampered either in her critical

faculty or its expression by the use of the metrical form which her relative adopted in the *Fable for Critics*.

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The amenities of book collecting were strikingly shown recently by the receipt at the Harvard library of a letter from Andrew Keogh, librarian of Yale University, informing Mr. Lane, the Harvard librarian, that the Yale alumnus who secured at an auction sale the manuscript of the valedictory oration of Jonathan Trumbull (Harvard 1759) regretted that Harvard was the underbidder. Had he known so, he would not have taken it from Harvard, and being unwilling to reveal his identity, presented it to Yale with the request that it be sent to the Harvard library as a gift from the Yale library. Very few of these early Commencement parts at Harvard have been saved, but curiously enough the Trumbull valedictory is one of the two parts of the year 1759 that Harvard now has, the other having been given the library in 1901 by a New York book dealer, Walter R. Benjamin.

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"New lamps for old" is an old story, but the story of old lamps had never been written in America until Arthur H. Hayward's book on *Colonial Lighting* appeared recently. Mr. Hayward has broken new ground. He has been an enthusiastic collector of early colonial lamps for years. From his store of knowledge he has made a readable book of 160 pages octavo, with 114 plates and eight drawings by the author. Mr. Hayward has done his work carefully, and has had access to valuable material in some important American collections. English dealers in antiques will find his book useful in the study of lamps of the period of American colonisation, for neither has Mr. Hayward, nor have the American collectors, neglected the early lamps brought from England. The illustrations show rare examples from the collections of Henry Ford, the automobile manufacturer, V. M. Hillyer, of Baltimore, and others who have followed this hobby without the expert guidance which is now available in Mr. Hayward's book.

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In these days, when so much is written about the stream of rare books flowing from England to this country, it is of interest to know that some of them occasionally return. English dealers frequently buy at the New York auctions, and the Brick Row Book Shop reports that from its last catalogue it sold to a customer in London an annotated copy of *Platonis Opera* which was bound and annotated by Grolier. Of the five annotated books known from Grolier's library four are in the



Bibliothèque National and one is now in London. The price was \$2,500. This catalogue, by the way, contained not only a fine display of English literature before 1700, but a large Johnson collection and five Shakespeare Folios, three of which were at once sold.

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The auction season in February was lively, and several notable collections passed under the hammer, competition being usually keen and prices firm. The feature of the third Quinn sale of first editions at Anderson's was the high prices for works by Kipling, Joyce, Landor, Meredith, Moore, and Lionel Johnson. Walter M. Hill, of Chicago, paid \$1,150 for Kipling's *Echoes By Two Writers*, Lahore, 1884, and for a presumably unique copy of Lionel Johnson's *Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower* (the Queen's Gold Medal English Verse at Winchester College) he gave \$570. \$620 was obtained for Kipling's *Ballads and Barrack Room Ballads*, New York, 1895, on the title page of which Kipling had written: "This volume and the rest of the Author's works were not presented to Uncle John by 'Rud' but that was entirely the fault of Uncle John, who bought them in the open market instead of asking for them like a relative. R.K. January 1896." The original manuscript of James Joyce's *Ulysses* was bought by Dr. Rosenbach for \$1,975 and a copy of the Paris, 1923 edition of the work went for \$130. George Meredith's *Poems*, London, 1851, with the errata slip, went for \$125, while the MS. of his *Napoleon, An Ode*, in Meredith's hand, fifty-nine pages, fetched \$750, and his *Alsace-Lorraine MS.*, \$650. An autographed copy of George Moore's *Pagan Poems* fetched \$670, and eight chapters of the MS. of *A Mummer's Wife*, in three portions, brought \$400. The autograph manuscript of *Esther Waters*, chapters 1-14, brought \$600, and an autograph synopsis of *Evelyn Innes*, ninety-five pages, went for \$240. Some of the first editions sold were: Kipling's *Quartette*, \$320; *Departmental Ditties*, with the flap, \$165; *Wee Willie Winkie*, \$100; *The Science of Rebellion*, \$115; Walter Savage Landor's *Tales from the Arabic and Persian*, Warwick, 1800, \$100; *Ode ad Gustavum Regem*, 1819, \$160; *Imaginary Conversations*, 1848, \$145; *Epistola ad Romanos*, a leaflet printed on both sides, Bath, 1849, \$180; *On Kossuth's Voyage to America*, a leaflet printed on satin, 1851, \$250; *The Hellenics*, Edinburgh, 1859, author's corrected copy with presentation inscription to Browning, \$320; D. H. Lawrence's *The Rainbow*, 1915 (suppressed) \$32, and *The White Peacock*, 1911, \$43; Arthur Machen's *The Chronicles of Clemency*, Carbonnek 1888, \$107.50; *Fantastic Tales*, Carbonnek, 1890,

large paper presentation copy, \$210; John Masefield's *Salt Water Ballads*, 1902, \$140, and *On the Spanish Main*, 1906, \$65; Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Aria da Capo*, New York, 1911 (a work still in print), \$20, and *Renascence*, one of fifteen copies on Japan vellum, signed, \$92; Alice Meynell's *Poems on the War*, n.p., n.d., \$34; Richard Middleton's *The Ghost Ship*, New York, 1912, \$20; and George Meredith's *Modern Love*, a presentation copy with author's corrections, \$195.

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Several Americana sales have been held this year, and prices were still high for early Western material, which composed a large part of the offerings. At a sale at the American Art Galleries of the literary properties of H. C. Holmes of San Francisco, a file of the first California newspaper, *The Californian*, 1846-7, thirty-eight numbers, brought \$1,950, and a manuscript journal of a gold hunter, Silas Newcomb, who made the overland journey to California and Oregon gold-fields in 1850-51, brought the remarkable price of \$2,050.

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Library sets of standard authors formed the principal feature of the library of Mrs. Ellen B. Roberts, which was sold at the American Art Galleries late in January, but there were some important letters of George Washington and other letters and manuscripts. The original autograph manuscript of Dumas Père's novel *Black*, about 132,000 words (in French) brought \$250; three autograph letters of General Grant on the capture of Fort Fisher in the Civil War, \$225; a series of ten autograph letters by President Monro, \$230; three autograph letters signed, of General (afterwards President) Zachary Taylor, \$250 each; autograph letters signed of George Washington, \$375 and \$325. Several collected sets of first editions were sold, uniformly bound in full morocco. George Eliot, thirty volumes, brought \$255; Thomas Hardy, forty-nine volumes, \$610; Scott's *Waverley Novels*, seventy-four volumes, \$750; and J. A. Symonds, thirty-seven volumes, \$600. An uncut copy of the Kelmscott *Chaucer* went for \$550.

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The death of Thomas E. Kirby, founder of the American Art Association, which occurred at his home in Haverford, Pa., in January, removes a striking figure from the auction world. Mr. Kirby had been in the auction business for more than forty years, and up to the time of his retirement, a year ago, had sold more than sixty million dollars' worth of literary and art properties.

# BOOKS IN THE SALE ROOMS

PRICES AND NOTES FROM THE H. F.  
HOUSE SALE—DR. WILLIAM CROOKE'S  
INDIAN LIBRARY—MODERN  
"FIRSTS" AND OTHERS—  
FORTHCOMING SALES  
IN LONDON AND  
BRUSSELS.

UARTO plays of the seventeenth century were the outstanding thing in the dispersal, at Sotheby's from January 21-24, of the library of the late Mr. H. F. House, whose own MS. writings were burnt recently in accordance with the terms of his will. If there were no books of the highest monetary value (the first edition of Ben Jonson's *Volpone or the Foxe*, 1607, brought the largest sum—£125—in the sale, and was one of three items which ran into three figures), there were many rare volumes in dramatic literature, and several possessing interesting bibliographical points, among the close upon a thousand lots.

John Dryden was perhaps most strongly represented. His *The Indian Emperour* occurred in no less than 13 editions, the first, 1667, realizing £20. The second edition of this play, 1668, here contained the preface "A Defence of an Essay of Dramatique Poesie" which was withdrawn soon after publication and accordingly is found in exceedingly few copies; this copy brought £8. The third edition was exemplified by two copies, which in one lot fetched £2; although both called "the third edition" they are distinct editions with variations in spelling throughout, including "Emperour" and "Emperor" respectively on the titles. The rare first edition of Dryden's *Amphitryon; or, The Two Socias*, 1690 (the 1691 edition is almost invariably described as the first) fetched £16 10s.; and his *Troilus and Cressida*, first edition, 1679 (containing the rare leaf of verses by R. Duke), £6 5s.

Alphabetically selecting a few of the other rarities in seventeenth century dramatic literature, we note the following prices:—Sir William Alexander's *The Monarchicke Tragedies*, third edition, 1616 (in the original limp vellum, and containing the portrait of the author of which only three impressions are known), £65; Barnaby Barnes' *The Devil's Charter*, original edition, 1607 (a copy believed to be unique in that it contains an otherwise unknown leaf of dedication), £76; Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Wild Goose Chase*, first edition, 1652, £19; George Chapman's *Al Fooles: A Comody*, first edition, 1605 (a very rare issue, with "Comody" on title-page,

which is not recorded by Mr. Greg), £41, and another copy of the same work, first edition, 1605, but with the title correct—that is, *Al Fooles: A Comedy*, £19; Henry Chettle's *The Tragedy of Hoffman, or a Revenge for a Father*, first edition, 1631 (the plot of which bears a similarity to that of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*: Henslowe's Diary says that it was written in 1602, a year before the publication of *Hamlet*), £14 10s.; William Congreve's *The Way of the World*, first edition, 1700 (of almost topical interest now that it is being revived at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith!), £5; Thomas Heywood's *The First and Second parts of King Edward the Fourth*, 1613 (of which edition only five copies have been recorded), £24, and the same work, 1619 (of which edition only one other copy has been traced), £21; *The Famous Historye of the Life and Death of Captaine Thomas Stukeley* . . . "As it hath been Acted," 1605, £88; and J. Webster and W. Rowley's *Two New Playes: viz. A Cure for a Cuckold: A Comedy. The Thracian Wonder: A Comical History*, 1661, £26. The last mentioned is the only known copy of this work possessing a general title-page.

Shakespearian books in the sale were mainly sets of the variously-edited issues of the *Works*, of which indeed there was a most comprehensive array, and some facsimiles of the folios and quartos. Outstanding was a set of "the largest and most sumptuous edition of Shakespeare's *Works* ever printed" which, edited by J. O. Halliwell from a new collation of the early editions, was issued in 16 volumes, 1853-65, and limited to 150 sets: the set here realized £48. The first edition edited by Dr. Johnson of the *Plays*, 1765, brought £8. An undated edition of *A most pleasant Comedy of Mucedorus*, "Printed for Francis Coles," which, first printed in 1598, was believed by some of the older Shakespearian editors to be the work of Shakespeare, brought £120.

Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy* was present in all editions from the first to the eighth, the copy of *editio princeps*, 1621, bringing £56. The second edition, 1624, made £9; the third, 1628, £4; the fourth, 1632, £4 5s.; the "fift" 1638 (the interesting story of this printing, partly at Oxford, partly at London and partly at Edinburgh, was told by Mr. Gordon Duff in *The Library*, September, 1923), £7 5s.; the "sixt," 1652, £5; the seventh, 1660, £5 10s.; and the eighth, 1676, £2. Also interesting in this connection was the first edition of Timothy Bright's *A Treatise of Melancholie*, 1586, which realized



£17 10s.: this work is credited with having influenced Burton in writing his *Anatomy*.

Among other books which here changed hands may be mentioned the following:—*Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London*, 1554-1640, 5 vols., privately-printed, 1875-94, £49; A. H. Bullen's *Collection of Old English Plays*, original series, 4 vols., 1882-5, and the new series, 3 vols., 1887-90, all privately-printed, £30.

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The sale at Messrs. Hodgson's from February 6 to 8 was chiefly notable for the inclusion of the library of the late Dr. William Crooke, C.I.E., whose writings and researches will ensure his place in the annals of Anglo-Indian literature. His was essentially a workman's library, but even so it was surprising to find in it such a small number of early books on or concerning India. The trade competitors in the Eastern field were present in force, with the result that on the whole good prices were realized for nineteenth and twentieth century works relating to India and the East. For example, there were two antagonistic bidders for Waddell's *Buddhism of Tibet* (1895), a repaired copy, who ran the price to £5. Crooke's own *Tribes and Castes of the North Western Provinces*, 4 vols. (1896), realized £6; Risley's *Tribes and Castes of Bengal*, with 4 A.L.s, £4 17s. 6d.; Skeat and Blagden's *Pagan Races of Malay*, with *Malay Magic*, £2 3s.; and Lane-Poole's *Mogul Emperors* and Holden's work on the same subject, together £2 6s. Bigger items which are less often seen in the sale rooms were a complete set of McCrindle's *Ancient India*, £15; a clean set of Elliott and Dowson's foundation work, *The History of India, as told by its own Historians*, £23; Watt's *Dictionary of the Economic Products of India*, 6 vols. in 9 (1889-96), £24; and De Groot's *Religious System of China*, £9 5s. On the other hand, the 1899 edition of Tod's *Rajasthan*, in a lot of 5 vols., including Ward's *View of the Hindoos*, at £1 18s., did not reach the value of Crooke's own finely edited Tod in three vols. (O.U.P. 1920). A good set of 27 coloured lithographs, the famous Anglo-Indian artist Sir C. D'Oyly's views of Calcutta, realized the excellent price of £16 10s. In the section of Egyptology, Religion and Folklore, long runs of the Anthropological Institute's *Journal* (vols. 1-52), of *Man* (vols. 1-23), and 79 vols. of the Folk-Lore Society's *Publications* went for £28, £9 15s., and £31 10s., respectively.

In other collections dispersed at the same sale the first edition of Samuel Butler's translation of the *Odyssey*, an unopened copy, but with the back of binding badly faded, realized £2 6s.; a

clean set (3 vols.) of *The Savoy*, £8 5s.; and a "first" of Pater's *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, £2 10s. Other interesting prices were £7 10s. for Monkhouse's *History of Chinese Porcelain*; £10 for Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, a 1st with numerous MS. marginal notes—one of those items with possibilities; and £6 15s. for Strang's *The Earth Fiend* with eleven signed original etchings by the author, one of 55 copies.

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Copies of two treatises on water-colours by that master water-colourist, David Cox, were sold on the first day at Sotheby's sale from February 4 to 6: *A Treatise on Landscape Painting and Effect in water-colours*, 12 parts, in original wrappers, 1813-14, which made £6, and *A Series of Progressive Lessons intended to elucidate the Art of Painting in water-colours*, 1841, half-roan, which fetched £2 5s. Catalogues of the work of three master etchers were also sold here at these prices: Karl Aspland's *Zorn's Engraved Work: a descriptive Catalogue*, translated by Edward Adams-Ray, 1 vol. in 2 parts, Stockholm, 1920-1, £14 10s.; Campbell Dodgson's *Etchings and Drypoints of Muirhead Bone, 1898-1907: a Catalogue*, 1909 (one of 275 copies), £4 15s.; and *Catalogue of the Etched Work of Frank Brangwyn*, 1912, £2. Three interesting bookplate items in this sale were: Charles Dexter Allen's *Ex Libris, Essays of a Collector*, 1896 (No. 2 of 50 copies on hand-made paper), £1 8s.; Walter Hamilton's *French Book-Plates*, 1896 (No. 18 of 38 copies on Jap. vellum), £2 5s.; and C. D. Allen's *American Book-Plates, a Guide to their Study*, 1895 (No. 24 of 78 copies on Jap. vellum), £2. Here, too, these prices were registered: A. W. Pollard's *Last Words on the History of the Title-page*, 1891, £4 10s.; the Riccardi Press edition of *Alice in Wonderland*, 1914 (No. 8 of 12 copies on vellum), £5 5s.; E. Dowden's *The Life of Shelley*, 2 vols., 1886, first edition, £1 18s.; and Thomas Gray's *Odes*, first edition, 1757, £12 12s.

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Prices for a few modern first editions dispersed in the sale at Hodgson's on January 24 and 25 included: R. L. Stevenson—*A Child's Garden of Verses*, 1885, £18, *Treasure Island*, 1883, £7, *Underwoods*, 1887 (with 32 pp. advertisements dated July, 1887), £2; Andrew Lang—*Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*, 1872, £1 9s.; Oscar Wilde—*The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, "by C.3.3.," 1898 (unopened), £2 10s.; Alfred Noyes—*The Loom of Years*, 1902, £1 10s., *The Flower of Old Japan*, 1903, £1 10s.; Joseph Conrad—*Almayer's Folly*, 1895, £7, *An Outcast of the Islands*, 1896, £5, *Tales of Unrest*, 1898, £3 17s. 6d., *Lord Jim*, 1900 (blind-stamp on title), £6, *Youth*, 1902, £5.

*Nostromo*, 1904, £4 4s., *The Mirror of the Sea*, 1906, £3 3s., *Some Reminiscences*, 1912, £3; Walter de la Mare—*Poems*, 1901 to 1918, 2 vols., 1920, £2 10s.; D. H. Lawrence—*Women in Love*, 1920 (one of 50 signed L. P. copies), £3 11s.

Other prices in this sale included: The Roxburghe *Lord Byron and his Detractors*, by John Murray, 1906 (presentation copy from the author), £5 15s.; J. M. Barrie's *Works*, Kirriemuir Edition, 10 vols., 1913, £5 5s.; the Hakluyt Society's Publications, vols. 1 to 49 (except vols. 4 and 43) and vol. 63 and one duplicate volume, 1847-81, £51; J. S. Farmer's *National Ballad and Song prior to the year 1800*, 5 vols., 1897, £6; Moreau le Jeune's *Monument du Costume Physique et Moral de la Fin du Dix-Huitième Siecle*, 1789 (a few plates and leaves repaired), £45; and J. Alt's *Donau Ansichten*, 1820-4 (about 200 lithographic views on the Danube by Kunike: 50 parts in wrappers), £6.

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Forthcoming book sales at Messrs. Sotheby's make a most important programme. The first dispersal there in March takes place from the 3rd to 5th, when a selection of printed books and manuscripts from the library of the late W. P. Ker, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, will be sold. The 10th and 11th will be devoted to a sale of printed books, illuminated and other MSS., and autograph letters, including the property of Sir F. Colchester Wemyss, K.B.E.

On the last day in March and the first four days in April, Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling another rich selection from the famous and apparently inexhaustible Christie-Miller collection formerly at Britwell Court. The 858 lots are again strongest in rare early English poetical works; and "only copy known," "unrecorded edition" and similar annotations again appear not infrequently in the catalogue.

An exceedingly rare Tobacco item adds to the diversity of interest of this Britwell Court selection. It is a slim 8vo. volume with the imprint "London, Printed for William Barlow, and are to be sold at his shop in Gracious-street, 1595." The upper part of the title-page in this copy being cut away no title appears on it; but there seems to be no doubt that it is a specimen of the pamphlet mentioned by Hazlitt at the beginning of his article on "Tobacco" in his *Handbook*, in which case the title of the pamphlet is *Tabacco*, which, indeed, is the headline throughout the little work. The title-page has a woodcut of a man smoking; on the verso of the title-page is a woodcut shield of tobacco interest; and on another page is a woodcut of the tobacco plant. The head-

ing at the opening of the tract is: "The Destinct and seuerall opinions of the late and best Phisitions that haue written of the nature of Tabacco: Gathered together for the better assurance and confirmation of the diuers natures and qualities thereof." Apart from Hazlitt's mention and a one-line entry by Herbert (who quotes the Stationers' Register) the pamphlet is apparently unrecorded. It appears to be the earliest work on tobacco printed in English. According to the *Bibl. Soc. Dictionary of Printers* . . . 1557-1640, so little is known of William Barlow, the publisher of this pamphlet, that his "address has not yet been found." "The imprint [says the present catalogue] would supply this defect, but it is more probable that Barlow was really William Barley, the music-printer, whose shop was in Gracechurch Street in 1596."

The following sale at Sotheby's (April 7 to 9) comprises a still further portion of the Britwell Court Library.

The first March sale at Messrs. Hodgson's will be from the 5th to 7th and includes seventeenth century books and pamphlets, French illustrated books and others with coloured plates, and modern first editions, to which miscellaneous properties is added the library of the late Athol Maudslay. The library of modern literature and historical works of the late Thomas Seccombe is next in this programme, the dispersal of this being fixed for the 19th and the following two days.

Two other collections to be sold at the Chancery Lane house at the end of the month are: the rare books, notably relating to Shakespeare and Shelley, garnered by the late Dr. Morris Cock; and the considerable theological library of the late Very Rev. Henry Wace, Dean of Canterbury.

An important Continental sale takes place on March 27 and April 3, when there will be dispersed, at the Salle J. De Winter, 10 Rue Sainte-Gudule, Brussels, a collection of ancient and modern books, illuminated manuscripts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and engravings by and after old masters. The books are noteworthy alike for the number in fine bindings and for examples of early and renowned presses, including Aldus, Vêrard, Plantin, Elzévier, Didot, and others from Paris, Strasburg and Antwerp. French illustrated books of the eighteenth century are also well represented; and Rowlandson, Alken and others add an English quota to the books with coloured plates. The auctioneers are to be congratulated on an interesting catalogue, and not less on the folder which accompanies it, holding nine splendid reproductions of bindings printed on cards and one in colours of a miniature from a 1619 MS. album.



## Letters to the Editor.

### TWO SHELLEY FORGERIES

To the Editor of *The Bookman's Journal*.

SIR,—May I be permitted, through the columns of *The Bookman's Journal*, to enter a warning against two impudent forgeries of rare books, of which a number of copies appear to have been planted upon the unwary, and which are certainly enjoying an unfortunate success? The two books in question are the first editions of Shelley's *Adonais*, printed in Pisa in 1821, and *Hellas*, printed in London in 1822. The forgeries now circulating have been prepared by taking copies of the very close reprints issued by the Shelley Society to its members in 1886, removing my own introductions, and then rubbing them in dust to impart an appearance of age. That the result is sufficiently misleading is testified by the fact that among the persons who have fallen victims to the fraud are two of the foremost and most widely-experienced antiquarian booksellers in London, each of whom was misled by the apparently genuine appearance of the books. How many of the smaller dealers and private collectors have been likewise defrauded, and how many copies of the books have crossed the Atlantic, it is impossible to say. Both books are valuable (the *Adonais* in mint condition is now worth about £350), so the temptation to the fabricator to do his best—or worst—is a strong one.

In the spring of 1886 I produced for the Browning Society a facsimile reprint of Browning's first book, *Pauline*. Almost immediately copies of this reprint, "faked up," were offered as originals. Warned by this experience, I sought to render a repetition of such an imposition impossible by employing a water-marked hand-made paper for the reprints of the books of Shelley. If only an intending purchaser of these would pay attention to the following points, he would sufficiently safeguard himself.

The original Pisa *Adonais* was printed upon a thick white hand-made wove paper, water-marked with a monogram formed of the letters G. W. The leaves measure exactly  $10\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $7\frac{9}{16}$  in. The first edition of the Shelley Society's reprint was worked upon a white laid hand-made paper, water-marked with the name of the manufacturers, Messrs. John Dickinson and Co. The leaves measure  $10\frac{3}{16}$  in. by  $7\frac{7}{16}$  in. For the second edition of the reprint a Dutch hand-made paper, with the Van Gelder water-mark, was made use of. The leaves of this edition measure  $10\frac{1}{8}$  in. by  $7\frac{3}{16}$  in. The third edition was also printed upon Van Gelder paper; the leaves measure  $10\frac{1}{8}$  in. by  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in.

The original edition of *Hellas* was printed upon

light wove machine-made paper. Sig. A is without water-mark. One leaf of Sig. B is water-marked with the date 1820, and one leaf each of Sigs. C, D, and E is water-marked 1821. The leaves measure  $8\frac{7}{8}$  in. by  $5\frac{5}{8}$  in. For the first and second editions (1886) of the society's reprint the Van Gelder paper was again adopted. The leaves measure  $9\frac{1}{16}$  in. by  $5\frac{15}{16}$  in. Thus the reprint is substantially a larger as well as a thicker book. Unfortunately, as the result of a misunderstanding on the part of the printers, the third edition (1887) was printed upon ordinary wove paper without water-mark. This paper, however, is of so distinctly modern a character that no reasonably careful buyer ought ever to be taken in by it.

In order to produce the spurious books the reprints have to be detached from the green boards in which, accompanied by the introductions, they were issued. This process leaves the backs in a broken condition. Any copy of either book offered as "with the back neatly repaired," should therefore be regarded with suspicion, and should be examined with attentive care. Upon a copy of either volume in a modern binding an equal amount of attention should be bestowed.

THOMAS J. WISE.

25, Heath Drive, Hampstead.

[NOTE.—Mr. Wise once again earns the gratitude of book-collectors and booksellers by this *exposé*. While we understand that he has considerable information as to these Shelley forgeries, it can be appreciated that further action in the direction of bringing them home to their perpetrators is fraught with considerable difficulty. Any information on this matter, especially from private collectors or others who have been in touch with persons having suspicious copies of the "first editions" of *Adonais* and *Hellas* for sale, should be sent to Mr. Wise.—Editor, *The Bookman's Journal*.]

### "AMBROSE GWYNETT"

To the Editor of *The Bookman's Journal*.

SIR,—The alleged narrative of this "Lame Beggar Man," in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1768-69, and in the tract printed in 1770 by John Lever at Little Moorgate, states that his fateful journey from Canterbury to Deal ended on the night of the 17th of September, 1709; and that he was arrested next day on the charge of murder, and suffered "long and rigorous imprisonment" at Maidstone, before being brought to trial, sentenced, and hanged. After he had been cut down and revived, the narrative states he was six months at sea, and then three years in "close confinement" by the Spaniards at Havana. After that, it is said, he was three months a free

man in Havana before the arrival of Richard Collins. He left Havana, so says the narrative, on the 18th November, 1712. That is to say, three months, plus three years, plus six months, plus "long" imprisonment at Maidstone, calculating from 17th September, 1709, somehow only works out at three years and two months!

He is represented as saying that, while he was incarcerated at Maidstone, his friends advertised for the missing Richard Collins in the *London Gazette*. I have seen all the advertisements in that paper, from the beginning of September, 1709, till the 19th of September, 1710; and there is no such advertisement among them.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN KIRKBY.

H. B. P. (Rochford): Some particulars about the books mentioned:—(1) *Eikon Basiliké* (1649): A sale room record (June, 1921) prices this book, finely bound, at £3 15s.; your copy, with the plate repaired and defective covers, would not be worth as much; (2) *Typographia*, by J. Johnson (1824): Current value is in the region of £1 5s.; (3) the worth of Boswell's *Johnson* (1824) is largely dependent upon condition; your copy might be valued at £2 10s.; (4) in January, 1913, Walton's *Lives* of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, etc. (1825) fetched £1 6s., and in Oct. of the same year, 16s.

L.P. (Wye): Blewitt's "Widow Mahony" (with Cruikshank's vignette) is found with imprint "T. E. Purday" (*vide* Douglas) and sometimes "Clementi, Collard and Collard" (*vide* Reid).

## FIRST EDITIONS: THE MONTH'S DEMANDS ANALYSED

The following list of the demands, during the five weeks ending Feb. 23, for the first editions of modern British authors, has been compiled from the desiderata of second-hand booksellers appear-

ing in various papers. While extremely interesting, it is indicative only of current demands, and has but a limited relation to appreciation in the wider sense or unrevealed collecting activities.

	Requests for Separate Titles.	Requests for "All Firsts."		Requests for Separate Titles.	Requests for "All Firsts."
Anthony Trollope	78	15	G. B. Shaw	12	—
John Masefield	77	1	Henry James	11	—
Rudyard Kipling	60	2	Sir Walter Raleigh	11	—
Sir J. M. Barrie	55	9	W. J. Locke	11	—
Arthur Machen	51	5	John Drinkwater	10	—
R. L. Stevenson	50	3	Gordon Bottomley	10	—
John Galsworthy	39	4	Algernon Blackwood	10	—
W. H. Hudson	37	5	W. Somerset Maugham	10	—
Charles Dickens	34	2	R. Le Gallienne	10	—
Joseph Conrad	32	5	Sheila Kaye-Smith	9	2
Arnold Bennett	32	3	Hilaire Belloc	9	—
George Gissing	29	13	"Ouida"	9	—
Max Beerbohm	29	6	H. G. Wells	8	2
Walter de la Mare	29	2	James Stephens	8	1
Hugh Walpole	28	1	John Buchan	8	1
N. Douglas	26	1	Arthur Symons	8	—
Sir A. Quiller-Couch	25	—	Robert Bridges	8	—
Sir A. Conan Doyle	24	1	Aldous Huxley	7	1
George Moore	22	2	Sir R. F. Burton	7	1
Oscar Wilde	22	1	R. Hodgson	7	—
Thomas Hardy	21	6	George Saintsbury	7	—
A. E. Housman	20	1	Lytton Strachey	6	1
R. B. Cunninghame Graham	19	3	C. E. Montague	6	1
Andrew Lang	18	1	Thomas Burke	6	1
D. H. Lawrence	18	1	G. K. Chesterton	6	—
Sir H. Rider Haggard	17	2	Vernon Lee	6	—
Katherine Mansfield	16	—	Wm. de Morgan	6	—
Lewis Carroll	15	—	Alice Meynell	6	—
J. E. Flecker	14	4	Siegfried Sassoon	6	—
Maurice Hewlett	13	—	Leonard Merrick	5	2
E. V. Lucas	12	2	Kenneth Grahame	5	—
Compton Mackenzie	12	1	R. Jefferies	5	—
Samuel Butler	12	—	F. Brett Young	5	—



# ROUND THE BOOKSHOPS

*IT is naught, it is naught, saith the  
buyer, but when he hath gone his  
way then he boasteth.*—PROVERBS XX, 14.

## DICKENS AS DONOR.

Presentation copies, from the author, of first editions of Dickens's works are not such frequent entrants into the traffic of the sale room and the catalogue that one can deny them pride of place in list 72 from Chas. J. Sawyer, Ltd., 12-13, Grafton Street, Lond., W.1, packed as it is with covetable items. *Great Expectations*, the first issue of the original edition, in its pristine plum-coloured cloth, contains Dickens's autograph inscription, as do *David Copperfield* and *Pickwick*. The last-named is in the first library edition, called by the author "the largest typed *Pickwick* extant."

*Chacun à son goût.* Would you have bindings, here are fine examples from Mearne and Derome to de Sauty; printing triumphs—take heed, then, of the Grolier Club Bibliography of Blake and the Doves Press Bible; rare "firsts"—behold a "Kilmarnock" Burns and an uncut George Cruikshank-illustrated *German Popular Stories* (1823-6); documents in famous hands—choose between an unpublished 5-stanza poem by Meredith and a cheque drawn by Shelley. And to set off that childhood's bane, the omniscient Cocker (his *Arithmetic* is listed in the first, 1678, edition, with the advertisement leaf), there is offered in bulk a notable gathering of Children's Books—1,200 volumes dating circa 1650-1850.

## HISTORY'S TREASURED PAGES.

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by as "just another of these booksellers' lists" Catalogue 241 from Myers and Co., of 59, High Holborn, Lond., W.C.1. The many items of first-class importance receive the adequate presentation of large format, pleasant illustration, and annotation often really illuminating. The only other copy known of the 1524 Sarum *Horæ* (here in a rich Mearne binding) reposes, we may see, in the St. Paul's Cathedral library. A contemporary MS. of Edmund Spenser's *Complaints Containning sundrie small Poemes . . .* (1591) has variations from the printed text of the same year, some of which the cataloguer has revealed by comparison. English Art in the reign of bluff Hal finds expression in the 1526 manuscript *Horæ* executed by Walter Cromer, the Royal physician; many of the brilliant illuminations thereon being traced to earlier and foreign influences. Certain misprint variations from Professor Pollard's collation, and the possession of the separate leaf

(recto blank) of Ben Jonson's verses in large type, confer additional distinction on a fine, large Shakespeare Third Folio.

Swift mention must be accorded to a hitherto unknown issue (black letter) of *Euphues and his England*, 1601; the first Aldine Press *Horace*; autograph letters of Lord Treasurer Burleigh, Voltaire, Catherine II of Russia, Dr. Johnson, Shelley and R.L.S. Messrs. Myers respond to a lively present collecting vogue in including seven choice, uncut copies of books illustrated by George Cruikshank, and a collection of tracts (1818-21) possessing 85 satirical woodcuts by the same master and 14 by brother Robert.

## SMART SETS.

This is a very closely-packed catalogue, this No. 84 from Messrs. Suckling and Co., and very heterogeneous to boot, but despite the trees one can view an extremely flourishing wood. Here is a giant of the forest—the second issue of Lamb's anonymous *Prince Dorus* (1818), with the Blake engravings, in original wrappers; and there appear some vigorous growths in the shape of sets of first editions. John Dennis boasts some ten of these, of their number being his tragedy—now scarce—*Liberty Asserted* (1704); a collection of Austin Dobson "firsts" musters near a score in the original cloth; offered *en bloc* are 45 volumes of the Library edition of Lytton and the first issues of 9 of his works, all Rivière bound; and a 74-tome set of Marryat's novels includes nearly 30 original two- or three-volume issues. A presentation copy from Samuel Rogers of the initial state of the first edition of his *Italy: a Poem* (1830) contains proof vignettes before letters by J. M. W. Turner and Thomas Stothard, and of the last-named artist Mrs. Bray's *Life*, extra-illustrated, figures on an adjacent page.

A supplementary Catalogue, No. 85 from 13, Garrick Street, Lond., W.C.2, delves interestingly, by the medium of old prints, maps, plans and drawings, into historical and topographical London of the Past.

## A THIRD IN THE HAND.

"Wisely hath shunned the broad way and the green"—thus, in passing, a sonnet of Milton. The modern bookman is wiser. There may not be a Green at Bromley, Kent, but there is certainly a Broadway, and from No. 25 thereat Mr. G. H. Last starts his lists in life. Mr. Last is a man of parts. Part III of his "Great Clearance Catalogue" is the latest arrival, and seems to prove that a third in the hand is worth two in the press. Its alphabetical scope, I to N, embraces the

literature of Ireland; a first issue of Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*; Kipling and Lever original editions; Gerard Langbaine's *An Account of the English Dramatick Poets* (1691), which credits Shakespeare with the authorship of *Mucedorus*; Law and Medical manuals; Military works, including R. Cruikshank's coloured plates in portfolio of Wellington's battles; Thomas Moore's inscribed gift copy of his *Poetical Works* (1846); Music treatises; and a long section enumerating Natural History in all its ramifications.

#### ENGLISH LITERATURE—AS YOU WERE.

Mr. Francis Edwards's cable code-word is *Finality*—which is, I suppose, "as far as thought can reach." List No. 456 from 83, High Street, Marylebone, Lond., W.1, if it does not take us back to—you know whom—at least shifts the scene to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. From the English Literature of that period Mr. Edwards draws rich catalogue-material, the Second, Third (second issue) and Fourth Folios of Shakespeare deserving paramount place, and the First Folio of "rare Ben" also demanding notice. A "consternation" of Milton first editions includes copies of *Paradise Lost* with the fifth and sixth variations of the title-page. The original issue of the indissoluble Beaumont and Fletcher's *Comedies and Tragedies* (1647) has the portrait in an interesting state—the second. Dryden's essay, *Of Dramatic Poesie*, and *Absalom and Achitophel*, are both firsts, as are Sir Francis Bacon's *Proficiency and Advancement of Learning* and two other works. As might be conjectured, the period provides plenteous Civil War, Cromwell and Commonwealth pamphlets.

#### TAKING THE LOW ROAD.

The Aberdeen mail brings in Nos. 19 and 20 two interesting little bulletins from Low's Book-stalls, 39-50, New Market Gallery. In that the abbreviation denoting Scotland is the same as that for "nota bene" is a reminder for the Southron that the land of Burns may be the land of book-bargains. The Modern Books, chiefly first editions, which compose No. 19, yield many such issues of Bennett, Binyon, Conrad, Hewlett, Kipling, Stevenson and Swinburne, also examples of limited editions signed by Masfield and de la Mare. The Beardsley *Morie d'Arthur*, the original issue of Davidson's *Plays* (1894), "firsts" of Morley's *Rousseau* and *Diderot* and Pater's *Imaginary Portraits*, are distinctive items.

Catalogue 20 is a mixed bag, some supplementary modern first editions leavening the general mass of books on Philosophy, Theology, Biography and Travel. I note the Florence Press

*Songs Before Sunrise* (1909), Froude's *The English in Ireland* (original issue, 1872-4), and Carlyle's presentation copy from the author, J. L. Sandford, of *Studies of the Great Rebellion* (1858).

#### WHAT YOU WILL.

"We can thoroughly recommend it," quoth the annotator of Catalogue 17 sponsored by Messrs. R. Fletcher, Ltd.—on the subject of a fine "first," *The Battle of Life*, "to any conscientious collector of Dickensiana." In my turn, I can thoroughly recommend this list to any but the conscientious objector to a mixed literary grill, presenting as it does miscellaneous items from the stock at 23, New Oxford Street, Lond., W.C.1, and the Bayswater tributary. Other Dickens first issues back up that already mentioned; Trollope's novels in similar state add their quota. Had I a handy abbreviation for "first issue of first edition" I could the more speedily describe the 6-volume *Tom Jones* of 1749, the rare Hudson *Hampshire Days*, and Cruikshank's *Omniбус*, bound from the parts, with the 16-page cr. 8vo. advertisements.

Other palatable ingredients of this "mixture as before" are the Burton Club reprint (1906) of the Kamashastra *Arabian Nights*; R. Ackermann's aquatint galaxy, *Microcosm of London* (1808-9), and his *History of Oxford University* (1814); also a fine "run" of books with Hugh Thomson illustrations.

#### THE DRAGON IN BLOOMSBURY.

Mr. Arthur Probsthain concludes the Prefatory Note to his List No. 35, which is the first part of a 3-section Catalogue of Books on China and Neighbouring States, with the Confucian precept: "To learn and to practise on occasion what one has learnt—is this not true pleasure?" The bookman interested in the subject who now learns how his "wants" may be supplied at 41, Great Russell Street, Lond., W.C.1, will not fail to practise—on very early occasion—that knowledge. Part I of the present List enumerates Journals referring to China and the Far East, including the complete 25-volume set of *The China Review* (1872-1901); Part II covers General Collections; Part III Early Missionary Accounts.

Part IV, listing the country's Historical, Political, Scientific and other literature (ranging from A to Pekin), re-introduces the student to the geographical works of E. Bretschneider; Lord Curzon's *Problems of the Far East* (first edn., 1894); the basic mediæval researches of Professor Friedrich Hirth; four studies by "Morrison of Pekin," and the mezzotint by C. Turner representing him occupied on the translation of the Bible into Chinese (1830).

BURTON, JUN.



# MEN AND MATTERS: AMERICA AND OUR BOOKS— A SEQUEL TO THE *BOOKMAN'S JOURNAL* COMMENT.



OUR recent comment on the new U.S.A. postal restrictions, which threaten to hinder further the sending of English books to America, has apparently aroused a lively interest in certain circles in the States, and pens have been busy in frank and vigorous correspondence over what one writer calls this Journal's "sarcastic slam at our Government." We reproduce an example of this correspondence in the following series of letters which have passed between leading members of the Grolier Club and The American Institute of Graphic Arts, the ultimate issue of which will be watched by book-lovers on each side of the Atlantic.

Before proceeding to set out this correspondence, we may recall that we briefly summarised in our issue, Vol. IX, No. 26, the new U.S.A. regulations which require the fullest customs declarations as to value, etc., to accompany packages (either private or for trade purposes) whether forwarded by parcel post, book post or otherwise, and give the American Customs the most drastic powers in the event of default or accidental omissions in complying with these involved restrictions. We made the comment that such hindrances to the trade in books existing between two countries—united by a common literary bond—can only rebound upon the American Revenue's head and that "Perhaps in time, the U.S.A. authorities will enact that he who desires to place a book in America shall take it over personally to ensure that it receives the full attention of the Customs." It was this comment which has led to the following correspondence and the movement described therein:—

The Editor, *The Bookman's Journal*.

DEAR SIR,—The reference in your latest issue [Vol. IX, No. 26] to new United States postal restrictions interested me, and I took it up at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the American Institute of Graphic Arts. I thought that possibly by working together with the Grolier Club and other organizations we might help matters eventually. Accordingly, a committee was appointed.

My letter to the chairman of this committee [Mr. Stephen Horgan] and his reply are enclosed, and I am sure that you will find them interesting. Mr. Horgan's answer to my letter is very enlightening to me and leaves me with the impression that the U.S. authorities (and also perhaps the British postal authorities, in making quite similar restric-

tions) may after all know what they are doing.

Yours very truly,

BURTON EMMETT.

*Copy.*

Mr. Stephen H. Horgan,  
Powers Reproduction Co.,  
205, West 39th St.,  
New York, N.Y.

DEAR MR. HORGAN,—Regarding the question of U.S. postal rulings on imported books, which I brought up at the directors' meeting last Tuesday evening, I believe the item entitled "More U.S.A. Restrictions" on page seventy-six of *The Bookman's Journal* will interest you. It may help you also in discussing the matter with Mr. Frank Altschul, who was appointed to serve with you on this committee.

This subject is something which I am sure will be of real interest to members of the Grolier Club and to collectors of books throughout the country.

At your convenience (no hurry) I would like to have *The Bookman's Journal* returned to me.

With best wishes,

Yours very truly,

BURTON EMMETT.

Mr. Burton Emmett,  
Newell Emmett Co.,  
120, W. 32nd St., City.

DEAR MR. EMMETT,—It was good of you to let me see *The Bookman's Journal* containing that sarcastic slam at our Government in the prediction that later to place a book in America it will have to be carried over personally.

I don't see anything in the Customs regulations that are not necessary. I am just now sending Christmas presents to my daughter and granddaughters in England, and I am obliged to fill out a *similar Customs regulation* on every little article to conform with the *British Customs regulations*, though they charge no duty. This is most annoying, because I don't want the recipients to know what I pay for the articles.

Another thing, there are just now a flood of indecent books coming sealed into this country that should be stopped at the Custom House. Besides, book-covers are being stuffed with diamonds, etc. Uncle Sam know his "biz" and that does not please these European grouches who are envious of our success.

I am with you, dear Emmett, against any restrictions that will prevent beautiful old editions of books coming here, but I am opposed to in-



decency and obscenity in books and pictures, and believe that our Government is justified in insisting that every package be examined before such poison is admitted through neglect of such inspection. . . .

Sincerely yours,  
S. H. HORGAN.

There is no need for us, on this occasion, to discuss the regulations themselves more fully than has already been done. They are merely one phase of a wide subject in which are involved such tremendous matters as the American import taxes and the Copyright Laws. But the letter of Mr. S. H. Horgan and the setting up of a committee do call for comment. It should be pointed out that Mr. Horgan, by the second paragraph of his letter, supports (inadvertently, it may be) our view when he admits finding similar British Customs regulations, "though they charge no duty" most annoying. As to the "flood of indecent books coming sealed" into America from Europe, we must confess that we have no information on this point. But if we observe that there would be no senders of such literature if there were no buyers, it is not because we desire to support an undesirable traffic, but because by the raising of such a side-issue there is a danger of the main question being prejudiced. It ought to be possible to deal with such traffic as may exist in this class of book without impairing trading or friendly relations which are to the benefit of both countries. That anomalous and oppressive conditions in the Customs and other regulations, whether of one country or the other or both, are fraught with undesirable consequences is evidently not being lost sight of by our friends on the other side. We can think of no better development than that representatives of the Grolier Club, the Institute of Graphic Arts, and similar influential bodies in the States should invite a representative body in this country to set up a committee with a view to joint discussion and representation.

#### STRAINING AT A ROEBUCK—

When in May 1832 Wellington failed his Sovereign by inability to form a Ministry, and William IV, under pressure, authorised the creation of a sufficient body of peers to ensure the passing of the Reform Bill, he did so by a communication with Lord Grey, fully set out in his Lordship's correspondence with the King (1867); and, so generations of historians would have us believe, by the following document:

The King grants permission to Earl Grey and to his Chancellor, Lord Brougham, to

create such a number of peers as will be sufficient to ensure the passing of the Reform Bill—first calling up peers' eldest sons.

Windsor, May 17, 1832. WILLIAM R.

J. A. Roebuck's *History of the Whig Ministry of 1830* (1852) first gave currency to the script, and since then among historians of the period to quote it have been Molesworth, in his *History of the Reform Bill*, Erskine May, in his *Constitutional History* (1912), Sir J. A. R. Marriott in *England Since Waterloo* (1913), and Clive Bigham in the recently-published *Prime Ministers of Britain*.

Doubt, however, was first cast on the document's authenticity in the April, 1867, *Edinburgh Review*, by a writer who revealed that the King on May 17, 1832, was at St. James's Palace, where, on the following day, Grey and Brougham, in an audience, wrung from him his consent to the coup. The disputed letter, said Roebuck, had passed to Lord Brougham's care, but was missing from his papers.

#### —AND SWALLOWING A BROUGHAM?

Now (February 22) *The Times* announces the discovery of the lost original among family papers of a direct descendant of Roebuck by marriage. Two points spring to the eye—the date is simply "May, 1832"; the writing tallies with no extant autograph of William IV. Did Roebuck, undoubtedly encouraged by Brougham, fill in the day's date, perhaps to create the impression of more exact authenticity? And did Brougham, that strong-headed, but on occasion weak-principled, statesman, pen the original—the calligraphy, by British Museum testimony, greatly resembles his own—to exhibit for self-glorification and the good of the cause? These questions will, perhaps, never find solution; but *The Times's* revelation vindicates nobly the conclusions of the *Edinburgh* reviewer and those writers of more recent date who, deterred by doubt, ignored, or, like Mr. James R. M. Butler, of Trinity, Cambridge, vigorously discredited, the document.

#### NEW BRITISH MUSEUM APPOINTMENTS.

Consequent upon the retirement of Sir Ernest A. Wallis Budge on April 9 and Dr. Arthur Smith Woodward on May 23, there will take effect the appointment of Dr. H. R. Hall and Dr. F. A. Bather, to be Keepers respectively of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities and of Geology, at the British Museum.

Sir E. A. Wallis Budge's researches into Near East languages, antiquities and history are far-famed. Dr. A. Smith Woodward's name, a byword in palæontological and geological circles, will always be associated, conjoined with that of Charles Dawson, with the Piltdown discovery.





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